



THE GOSPEL CALL

CHOICE SONGS

FOR

CHURCH, REVIVAL, CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR
AND
SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY

J. V. COOMBS AND
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

IRVINGTON, INDIANA

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Revivals, Sunday-Schools and the Church.

—BY—

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PRICE, Single Copy, by Mail, 25 cts.; per Hundred, \$20.

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PREFACE.

In offering "THE GOSPEL CALL" for public favor, we desire to call attention to a few important features:

1. We have used no worthless pieces merely to fill up the book. All songs are to be used. We asked a music firm for permission to use one selection. The reply was: "You can use it for \$25. The book from which it is taken sells on account of three or four good songs. One good hymn carries fifty worthless ones." This firm confesses that forty-nine out of fifty of their songs are worthless. Why buy 800 or 900 songs in order to get twenty or thirty?

2. We have selected but 185 hymns, 100 entirely new songs; 50 choice songs, suitable for Gospel meetings, revivals and Sunday schools, and 35 standard hymns, dear to every Christian. The evangelist can find the book he needs in the Gospel Call.

3. Each year every Sunday-school wants a new book, no matter how good the book in use. Many schools cannot afford to purchase the costly books. We furnish the GOSPEL CALL from 33 to 50 per cent cheaper than ordinary Sunday-school and church books.

4. We have secured a few songs from the leading musicians in the land.

5. Books for Sunday-schools are generally filled with light, frivolous music. We have selected both words and music with reference to the wants of the church. The GOSPEL CALL may, therefore, be used in Sunday-schools, church or gospel meetings.

6. Books of this nature generally sell for from 35 cents to 60 cents per copy. We furnish the GOSPEL CALL for 25 cents a copy.

Trusting that this little book may cause many to "sing with the spirit, and with the understanding" also, we send the GOSPEL CALL on its mission of love.

THE AUTHORS.

THE GOSPEL CALL.

1. That's Enough For Me.

M. W. S.

M. W. SPENCER.

1. I know not what's before me, My way I can-not see,
 2. Though friends may all forsake me, And earth-ly com-forts flee,
 3. I may be poor and need-y, My home may hum-bly be,
 4. Tho' fall the tears of sor-row, Let grief my por-tion be,

But I know that Je-sus leads me, And that's e-nough for me.
 There's one who'll never leave me, And that's e-nough for me.
 I've a pal-ace o-ver yon-der, That's wealth e-nough for me.
 I've Je-sus ev-er with me, That's joy e-nough for me.

CHORUS.

And that's e-nough for me, And that's e-nough for me,
 Yes that's e-nough, yes that's e-nough,

But I know that Je-sus leads me, And that's e-nough for me.
 There's one who'll never leave me, And that's e-nough for me.
 I've a pal-ace o-ver yon-der, That's wealth e-nough for me.
 I've Je-sus ev-er with me, That's joy e-nough for me.

2. Follow Me.

Mrs. J. V. C.

Mrs. J. V. COOMBS, Arr. J. T. R.

Earnestly.

1. Have you heard the in-vi - ta - tion, Which the Lord extends to thee?
 2. Now the call to you is giv - en, From your sins would you be free?
 3. Still the "Gospel Call" is sounding, Will you heed the earn-est plea?

It has sounded down the a - ges, "Leave the world and follow me."
 Hear the Savior gen-tly plead-ing, "Leave the world and follow me."
 Je - sus calls you gently, sweet-ly, "Leave the world and follow me."

CHORUS.

Fol-low me, Fol-low me, I will lead thee all the
 Fol-low me, Fol-low me I will lead thee

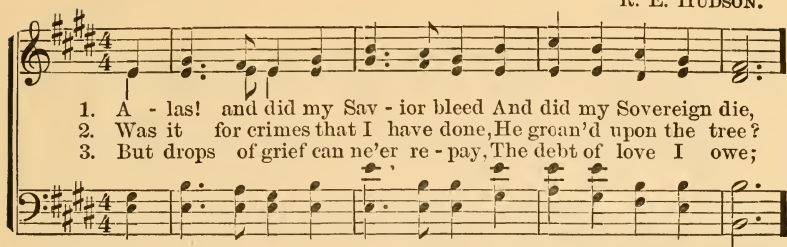
way,
 lead thee all the way, We will fol - low,
 We will fol - low,

We will fol - low, To the realms of end - less day.
 We will fol-low,

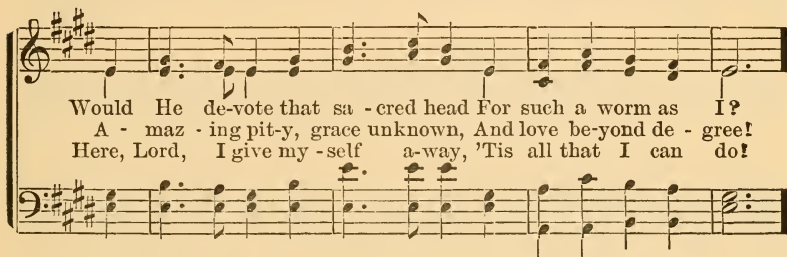
3. At the Cross.

The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseeth from all sin—1 John 1: 7.

R. E. HUDSON.

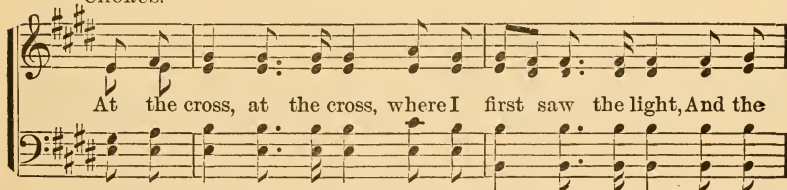


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed And did my Sovereign die,
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay, The debt of love I owe;



Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit-y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

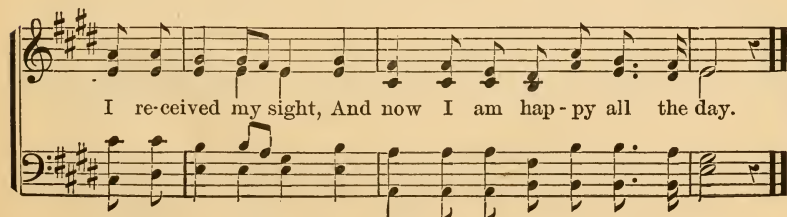
CHORUS.



At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the



bur-den of my heart roll'd a-way— It was there by faith
 roll'd a-way,



I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

4. The Best Friend is Jesus.

P. B.

P. BILHORN.

DUET. Sop. (or Ten.) & Alto.

1. Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus, When the cares of life up-
 2. What a friend I have found in Je - sus! Peace and comfort to my
 3. Tho' I pass thro' the night of sor - row, And the chil-ly waves of
 4. When at last to our home we gath - er, With the loved ones who have

on you roll; He will heal the wounded heart, He will
 soul He brings; Lean-ing on His might-y arm, I will
 Jor - dan roll, Nev - er need I shriek or fear, For my
 gone be - fore, We will sing up - on the shore, Prais-ing

strength and grace impart; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
 fear no ill or harm; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
 Saviour is so near; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.
 Him for ev - er - more; Oh, the best friend to have is Je - sus.

The Best Friend is Jesus. Concluded.

CHORUS. *Spirited.*

The best friend to have is Je - sus, The best friend to have is Je - sus, He will
Jesus ev'ry day, Jesus all the way;

help you when you fall, He will hear you when you call: Oh, the best friend to have is Jesus.

5. Blest Be the Tie.

H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ ian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;

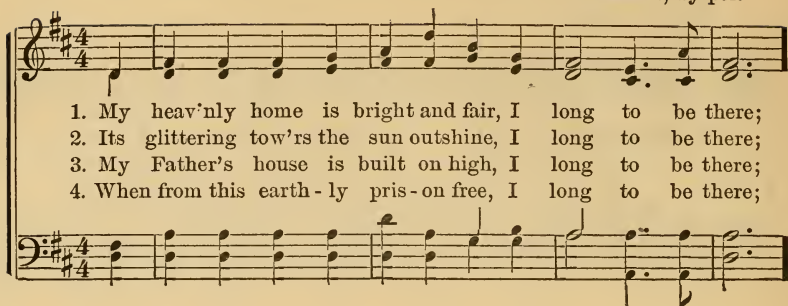
The fel - low - ship of kiu - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares,
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.

4. Though often called to part;
Amid these scenes of pain;
Yet we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

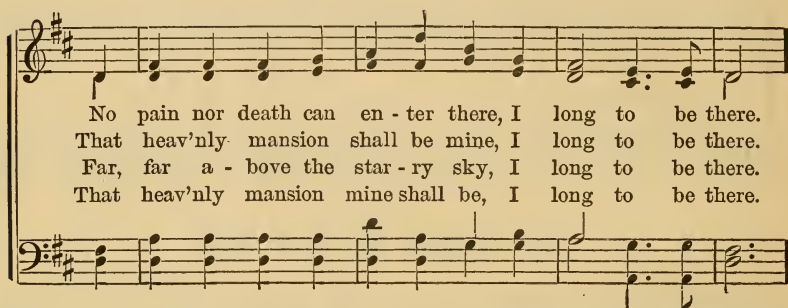
5. This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
Which each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6. I Long to be There.

WILL I. THOMPSON, by per.

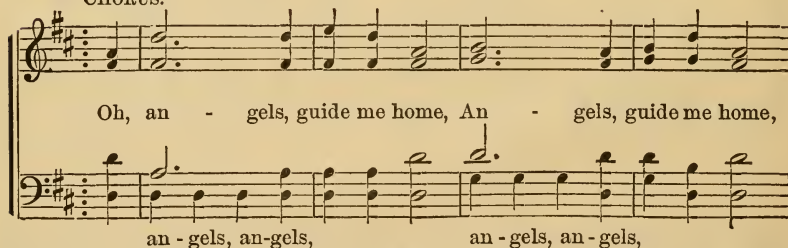


1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair, I long to be there;
2. Its glittering tow'rs the sun outshine, I long to be there;
3. My Father's house is built on high, I long to be there;
4. When from this earth - ly pris - on free, I long to be there;

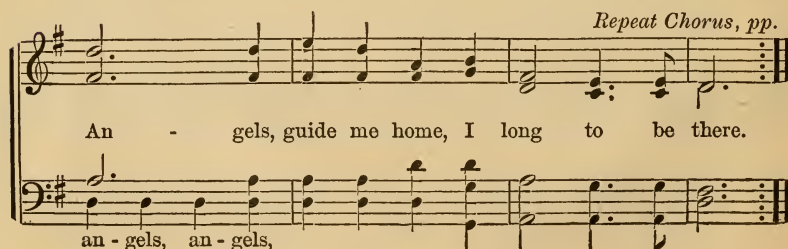


No pain nor death can en - ter there, I long to be there.
That heav'nly mansion shall be mine, I long to be there.
Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky, I long to be there.
That heav'nly mansion mine shall be, I long to be there.

CHORUS.



Oh, an - gels, guide me home, An - gels, guide me home,
an - gels, an - gels, an - gels, an - gels,

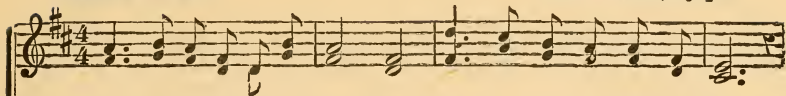


Repeat Chorus, pp.
An - gels, guide me home, I long to be there.
an - gels, an - gels,

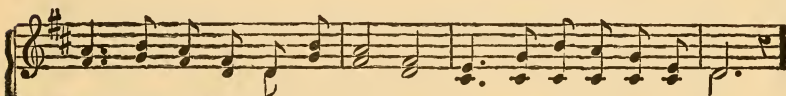
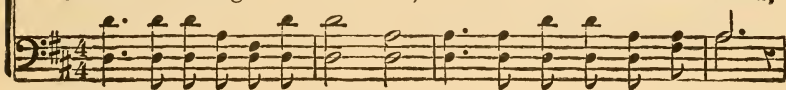
7. Healing at the Fountain.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

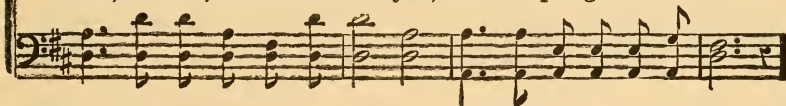
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.



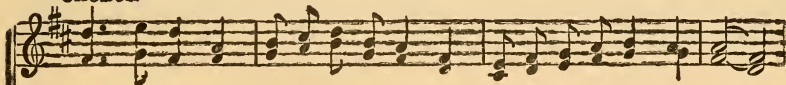
1. There is healing at the foun - tain, Come be-hold the crimson tide,
2. There is healing at the foun - tain, Come and find it, wea - ry soul,
3. There is healing at the foun - tain, Look to Je - sus now and live;
4. There is healing at the foun - tain, Pre-cious fountain filled with blood;



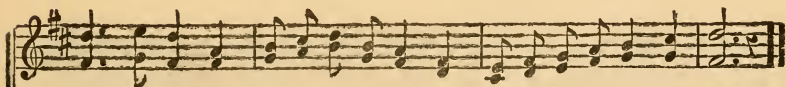
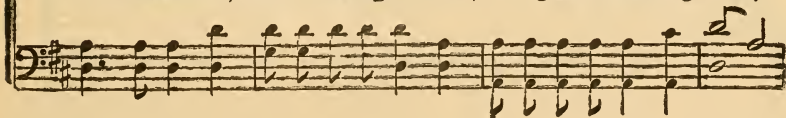
Flow-ing down from Calv'ry's mountain, Where the Prince of Glory died.
There your sins may all be cov - ered; Je - sus waits to make you whole.
At the cross lay down your burden; All your wand'rings he'll forgive.
Come, O come, the Sav-ior calls you; Come and plunge beneath its flood.



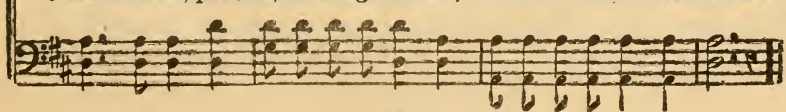
CHORUS.



O the fountain, blessed healing fountain, I am glad 'tis flowing free;



O the fountain, precious, cleansing fountain, Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.

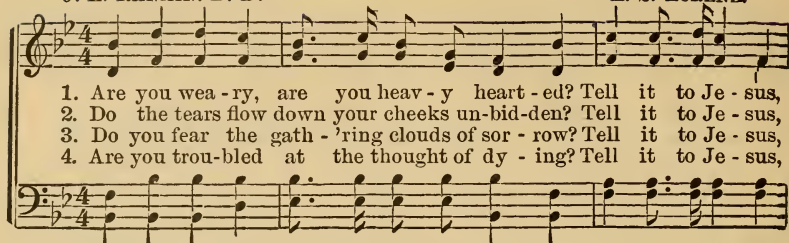


8. Tell it to Jesus.

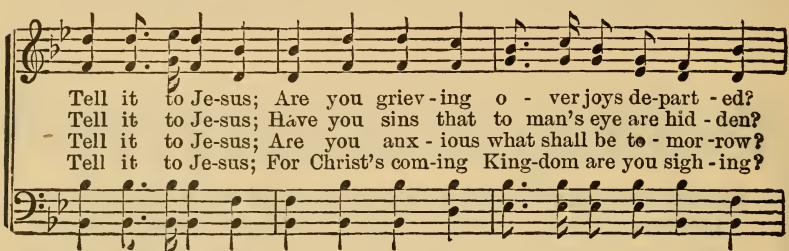
Matt. xiv. 12.

J. E. RANKIN. D. D.

E. S. LORENZ.

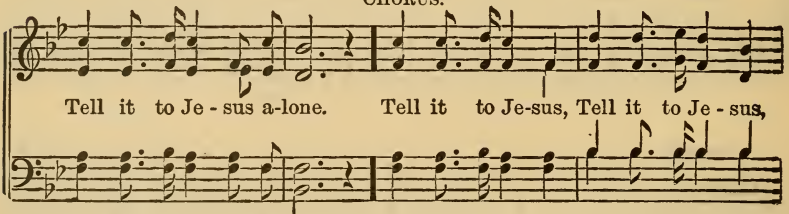


1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus,
 3. Do you fear the gath - 'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
 4. Are you trou - bled at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

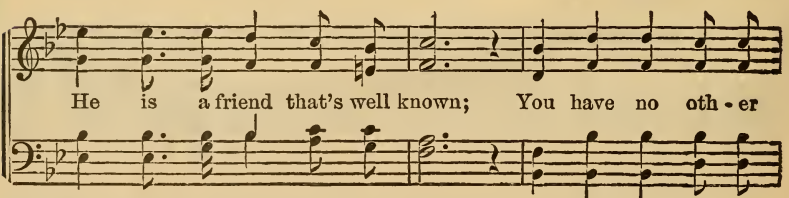


Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
 Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's com - ing King - dom are you sigh - ing?

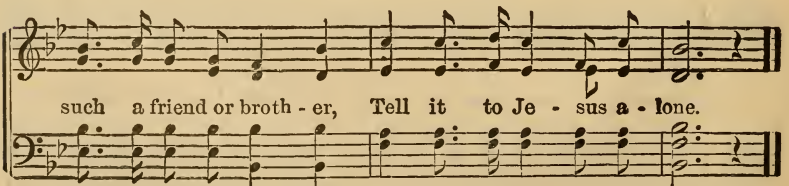
CHORUS.



Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,



He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er



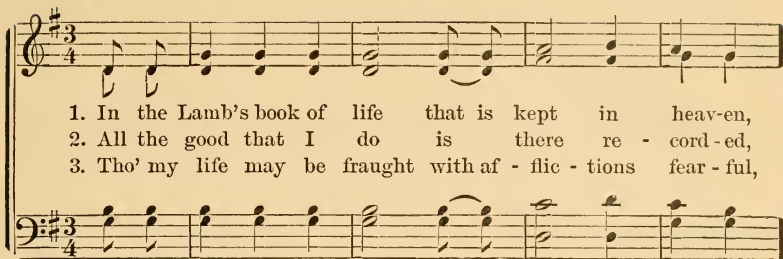
such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

From "Gates of Praise," by per.

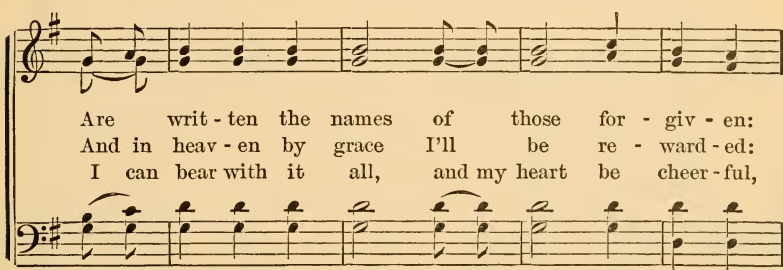
9 Is My Name Written There?

W. T. G.

W. T. GIFFE

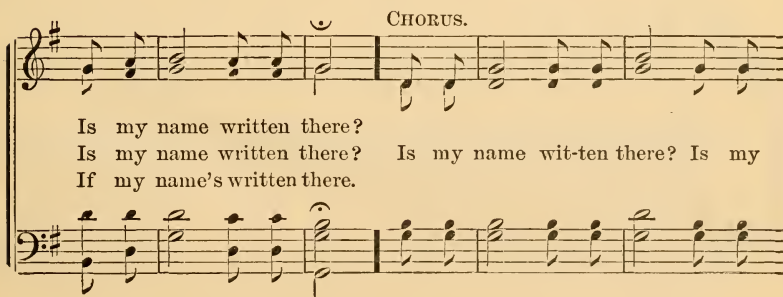


1. In the Lamb's book of life that is kept in heav-en,
 2. All the good that I do is there re - cord-ed,
 3. Tho' my life may be fraught with af - flic - tions fear - ful,

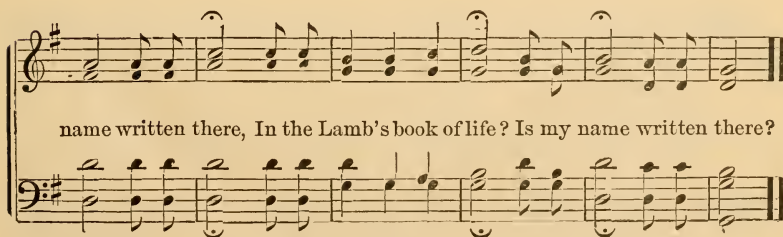


Are writ - ten the names of those for - giv - en:
 And in heav - en by grace I'll be re - ward-ed:
 I can bear with it all, and my heart be cheer - ful,

CHORUS.



Is my name written there?
 Is my name written there? Is my name wit-ten there? Is my
 If my name's written there.



name written there, In the Lamb's book of life? Is my name written there?

10. Gathering Home.

L. H. JAMESON.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

1. They're gath'ring homeward from ev'ry land, One by one, one by one,
 2. They're gath'ring homeward from ev'ry shore, One by one, one by one;
 3. They're gath'ring homeward, both young and old, One by one, one by one;
 4. We are hast'ning homeward to join the band, One by one, one by one;

SOLO.

CHORUS.

Their feet are now passing the shin-ing strand, Yes, one by one.
 To join with the faithful ones gone before; Yes, one by one.
 And tak-ing their place in the up-per fold, Yes, one by one.
 Who have entered their rest in the better land, Yes, one by one.

DUET.

Their la-bor-stain'd garments are all laid down, Their brows are a-
 Through great tribu-la-tions they made their way From re-gions of
 In the world that has God and the Lamb for light, With harps in their
 With angels we'll sweep through the pearl-y gates Of the city where

dorn'd with a liv-ing crown; And cloth'd in white rai-ment, they
 dark-ness to end-less day; And now, in the pres-ence of
 hands, and ar-ray'd in white, Be-side liv-ing wat-ers, o'er
 Christ, the fore-run-ner, waits, And join, with the mil-lions a-

Gathering Home—Concluded.

rest on the shore Of the river of life for ev - er - more.
 God and the Lamb, They cease not to worship the great I AM.
 flow - er - y meads, They follow their Shepherd where'er he leads.
 round the white throne, In hymning the praise of the Ho - ly One.

CHORUS.

Gath'ring home, gath'ring home, Crossing the riv - er one by one;

Gath'ring home, gath'ring home, Yes, one by one.

11. Come to Jesus.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

2. He will save you.

3. Oh, believe him.

4. He is able.

5. He is willing.

6. He'll receive you.

7. Call upon him.

8. He will hear you.

9. Look unto him.

10. He'll forgive you.

11. Flee to Jesus.

12. Only trust him.

13. Jesus loves you.

14. Don't reject him.

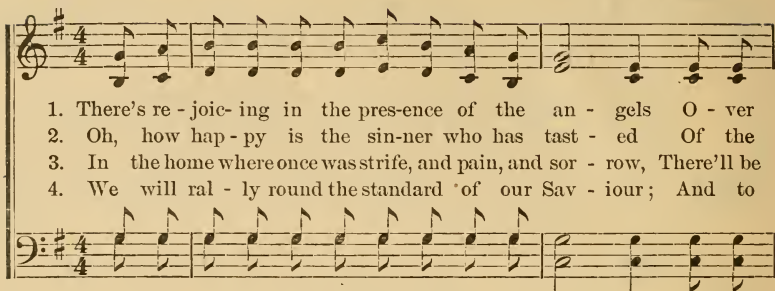
15. I believe him.

16. Hallelujah, Amen.

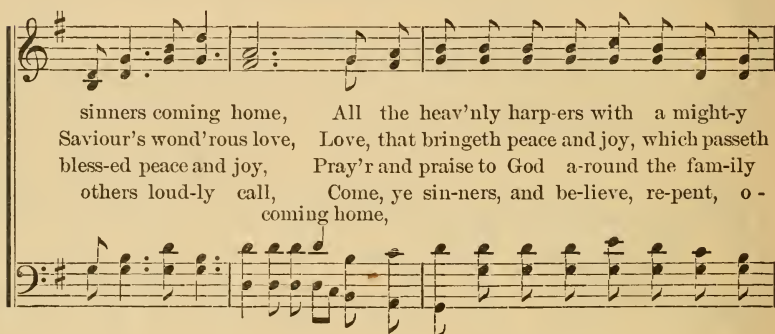
12. Then Rejoice, All Ye Ransomed.

E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.

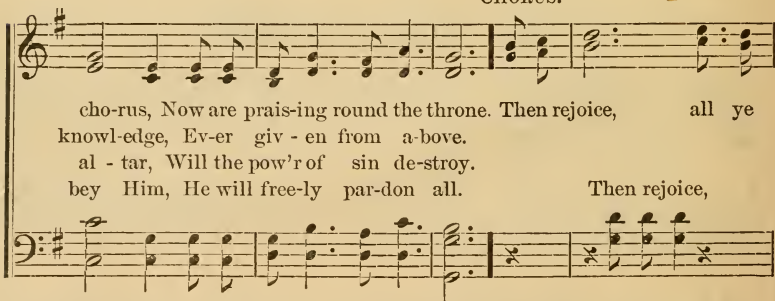


1. There's re-joic-ing in the pres-ence of the an-gels O-ver
 2. Oh, how hap-py is the sin-ner who has tast-ed Of the
 3. In the home where once was strife, and pain, and sor-row, There'll be
 4. We will ral-ly round the standard 'of our Sav-iour; And to

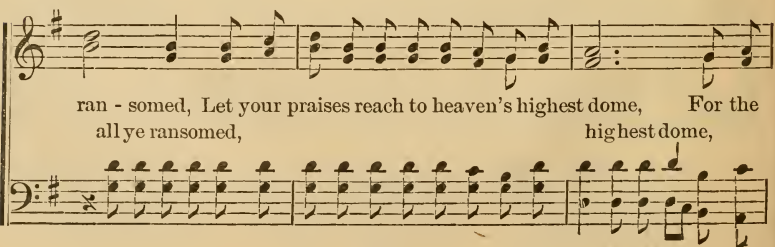


sinners coming home, All the heav'nly harp-ers with a might-y
 Saviour's wond'rous love, Love, that bringeth peace and joy, which passeth
 bless-ed peace and joy, Pray'r and praise to God a-round the fam-ily
 others loud-ly call, Come, ye sin-ners, and be-lieve, re-pent, o-
 coming home,

CHORUS.



cho-rus, Now are prais-ing round the throne. Then rejoice, all ye
 knowl-edge, Ev-er giv-en from a-bove.
 al-tar, Will the pow'r of sin de-stroy.
 bey Him, He will free-ly par-don all. Then rejoice,



ran-somed, Let your praises reach to heaven's highest dome, For the
 all ye ransomed, highest dome,

Then Rejoice, All Ye Ransomed. Concluded.

dead's alive, the lost is found, and wand'ers Now are com-ing, com-ing home.

This block contains the musical notation for the first system of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

13. Olivet.

RAY PALMER.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream

This block contains the musical notation for the second system of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As thou hast died for me, Oh may my
 Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
 Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav-ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-

This block contains the musical notation for the third system of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

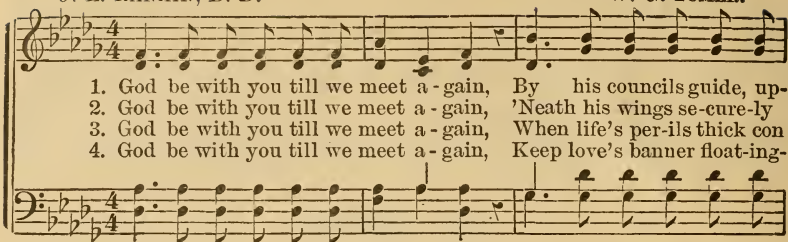
guilt a-way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.
 love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, — A liv - ing fire.
 tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.
 tress remove; O bear me safe above, — A ransomed soul.

This block contains the musical notation for the fourth system of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

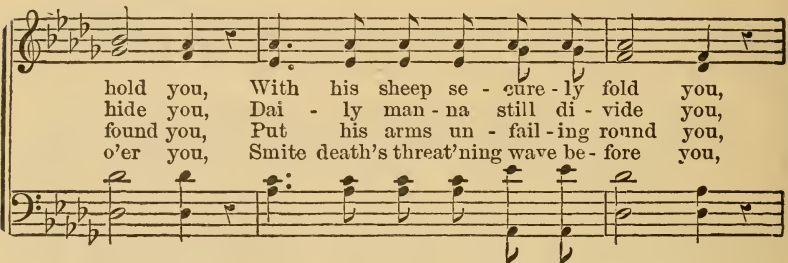
14. God be With You.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

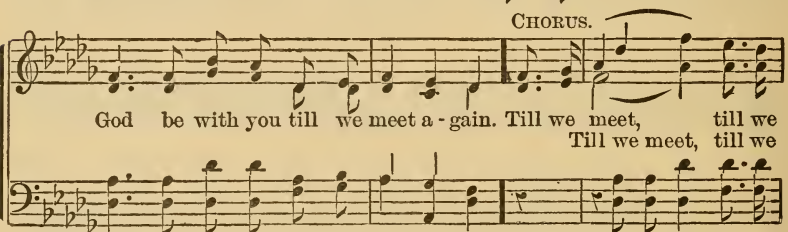
W. G. TOMER.



1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his councils guide, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings se-cure-ly
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick con
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner float-ing-

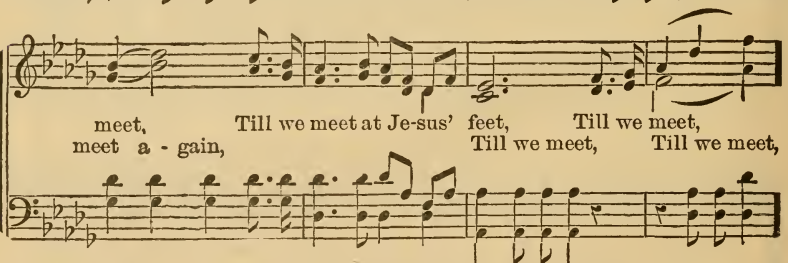


hold you, With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
 hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you,
 found you, Put his arms un - fail - ing round you,
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,

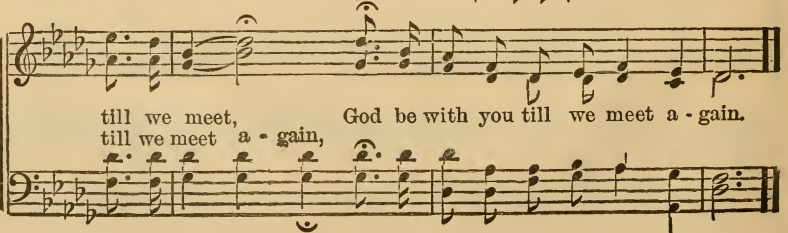


CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, till we
 Till we meet, till we



meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet,
 meet a - gain, Till we meet, Till we meet,

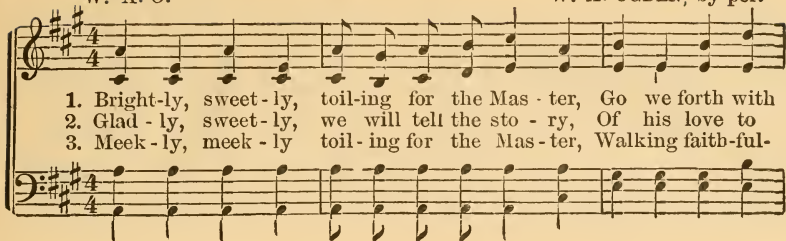


till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 till we meet a - gain,

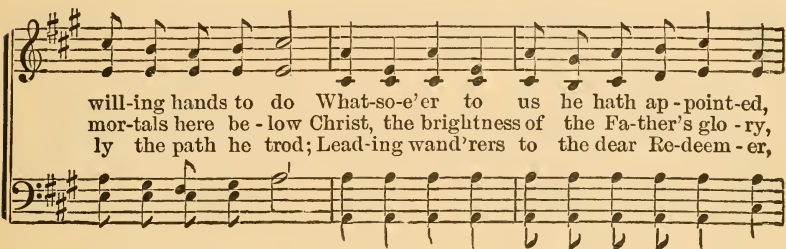
15. Toiling for Jesus.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

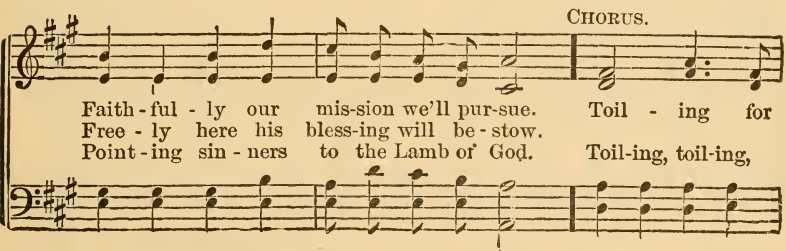


1. Bright-ly, sweet-ly, toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Go we forth with
 2. Glad-ly, sweet-ly, we will tell the sto-ry, Of his love to
 3. Meek-ly, meek-ly toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Walking faith-ful-

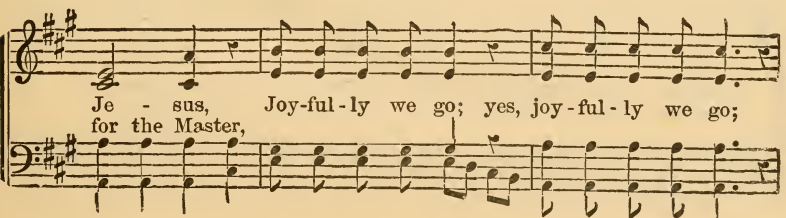


will-ing hands to do What-so-e'er to us he hath ap-point-ed,
 mor-tals here be-low Christ, the bright-ness of the Fa-ther's glo-ry,
 ly the path he trod; Lead-ing wand'ers to the dear Re-deem-er,

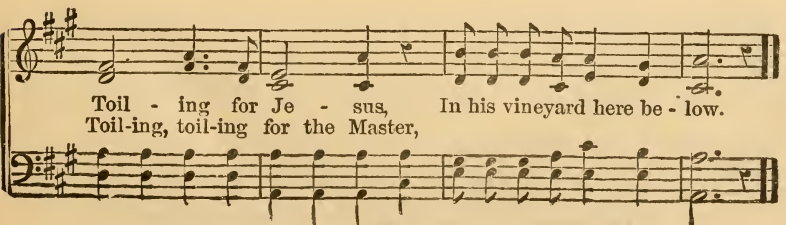
CHORUS.



Faith-ful-ly our mis-sion we'll pur-sue. Toil-ing for
 Free-ly here his bless-ing will be-stow.
 Point-ing sin-ners to the Lamb of God. Toil-ing, toil-ing,



Je-sus, Joy-ful-ly we go; yes, joy-ful-ly we go;
 for the Master,

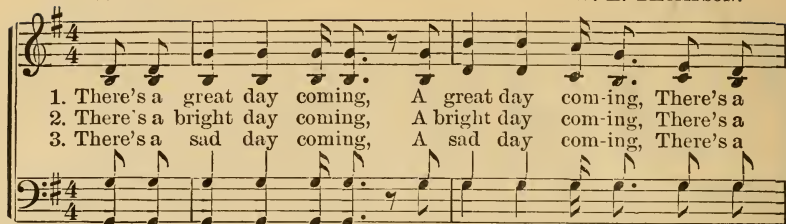


Toil-ing for Je-sus, In his vineyard here be-low.
 Toil-ing, toil-ing for the Master,

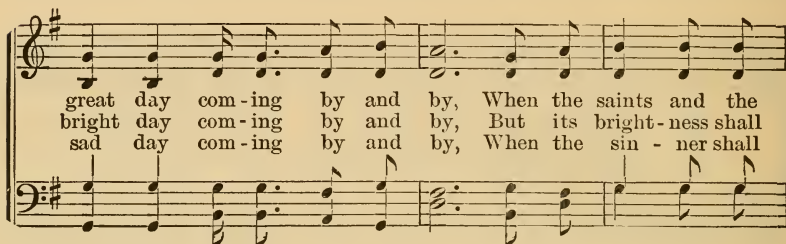
16. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

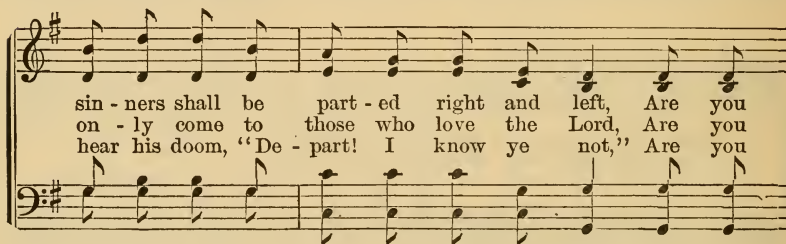
W. L. THOMPSON.



1. There's a great day coming, A great day com-ing, There's a
 2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day com-ing, There's a
 3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day com-ing, There's a

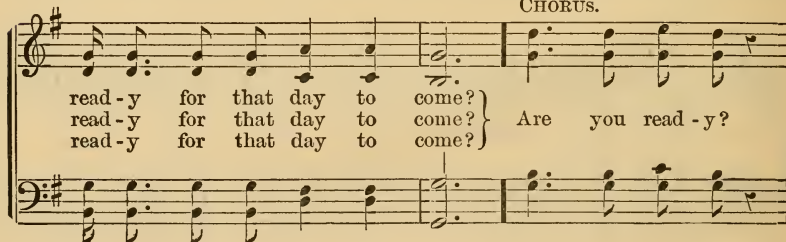


great day com-ing by and by, When the saints and the
 bright day com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall
 sad day com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall

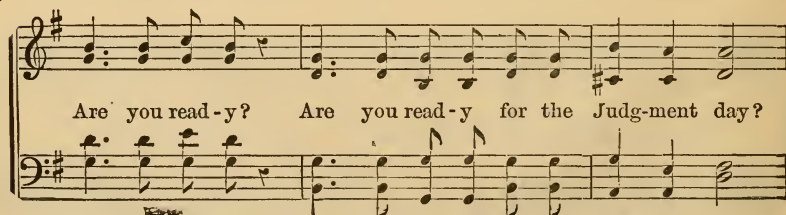


sin-ners shall be part-ed right and left, Are you
 on-ly come to those who love the Lord, Are you
 hear his doom, "De-part! I know ye not," Are you

CHORUS.



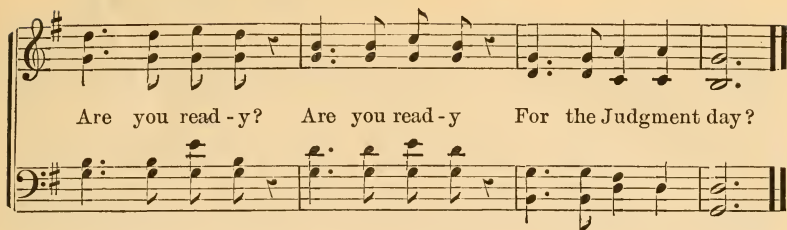
read-y for that day to come? } Are you read-y?
 read-y for that day to come? }
 read-y for that day to come? }



Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the Judg-ment day?

By permission of WILL. L. THOMPSON, East Liverpool, Ohio.

There's a Great Day Coming—Concluded.

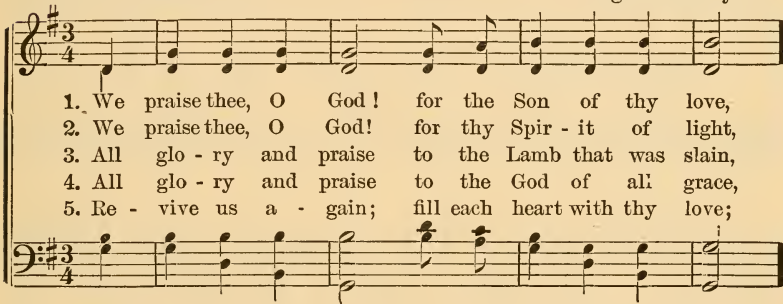


Are you read - y? Are you read - y For the Judgment day?

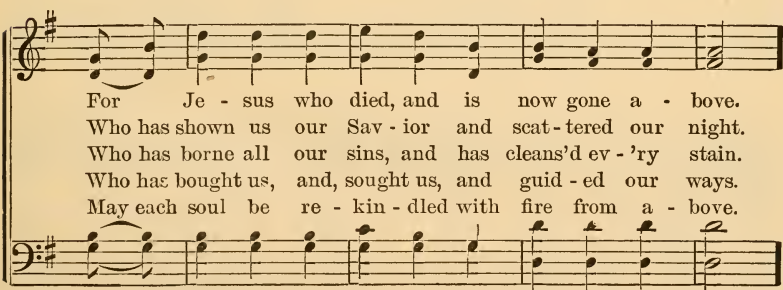
17. Revive Us Again.

Dr. W. P. MACKAY.

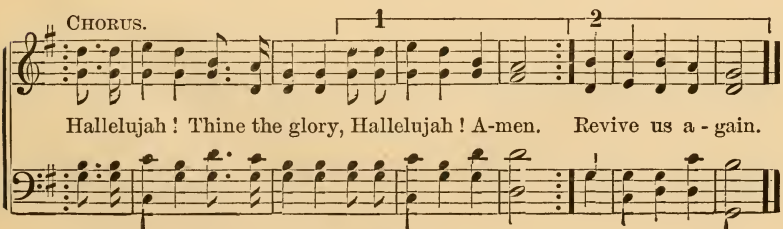
English Melody.



1. We praise thee, O God ! for the Son of thy love,
2. We praise thee, O God ! for thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace,
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with thy love;



For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
Who has shown us our Sav - ior and scat - tered our night.
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.
Who has bought us, and, sought us, and guid - ed our ways.
May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.



CHORUS.

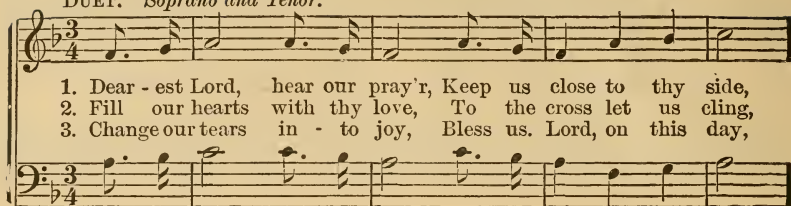
1 2

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory, Hallelujah ! A-men. Revive us a - gain.

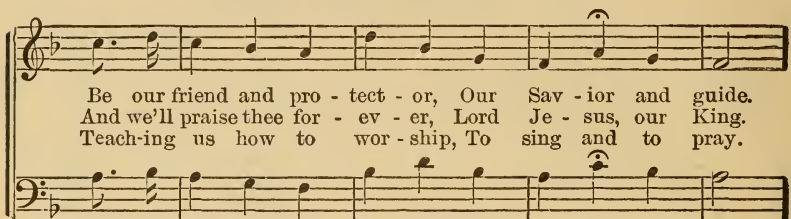
18. Bless the Lord.

J. V. C.
DUET. *Soprano and Tenor.*

J. V. COOMBS. Arr. by J. T. R.

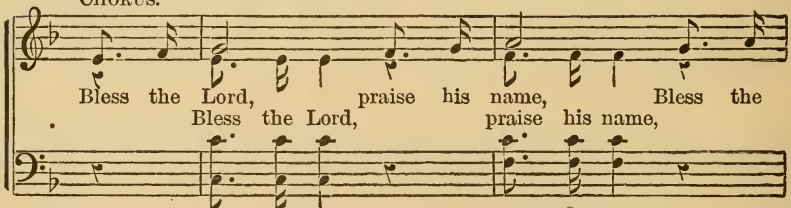


1. Dear - est Lord, hear our pray'r, Keep us close to thy side,
2. Fill our hearts with thy love, To the cross let us cling,
3. Change our tears in - to joy, Bless us, Lord, on this day,

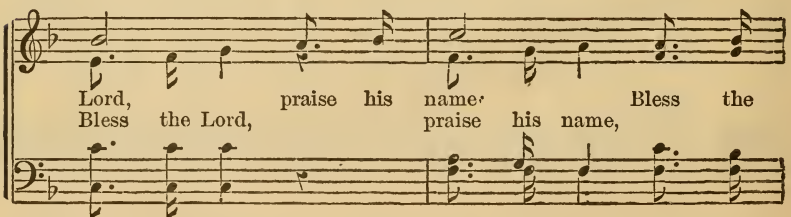


Be our friend and pro - tect - or, Our Sav - ior and guide.
And we'll praise thee for - ev - er, Lord Je - sus, our King.
Teach - ing us how to wor - ship, To sing and to pray.

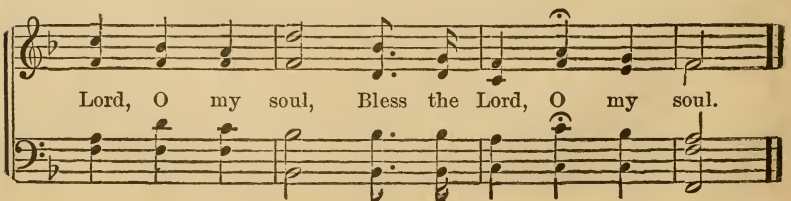
CHORUS.



Bless the Lord, praise his name, Bless the
Bless the Lord, praise his name,



Lord, praise his name, Bless the
Bless the Lord, praise his name,

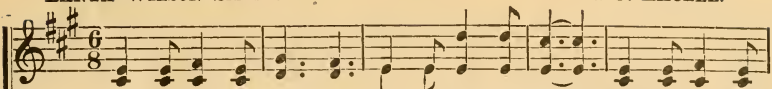


Lord, O my soul, Bless the Lord, O my soul.


19. Scatter Sunshine.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

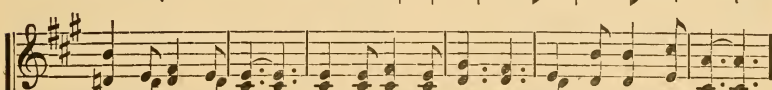
E. O. EXCELL.



1. In a world where sor-row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
 2. Slight-est ac - tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants
 3. When the days are gloom-y, Sing some hap-py song, Meet the world's re-

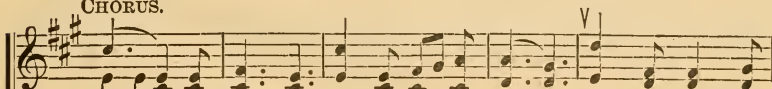


need - y, And the sad and lone; How much joy and com - fort
 dai - ly, Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh what care and sor - row,
 pin - ing, With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un-daunt-ed,

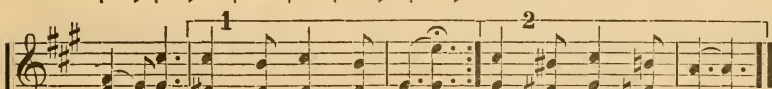


You can all be-stow, If you scat-ter sunshine Ev-'ry where you go.
 You may help remove, With your songs and courage, Sympathy and love,
 Thro' the ills of life, Scatter smiles and sunshine, O'er its toil and strife.

CHORUS.



Scat - ter sun-shine all a-long your way, Cheer and bless and
 Scatter smiles and

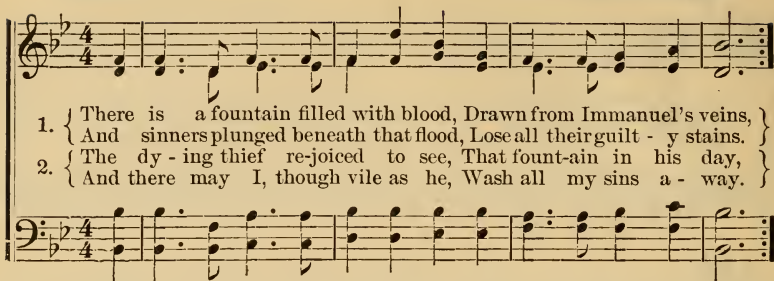


bright-en Ev - 'ry pass - ing day, Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.

20. Saviour, Wash Me in the Blood.

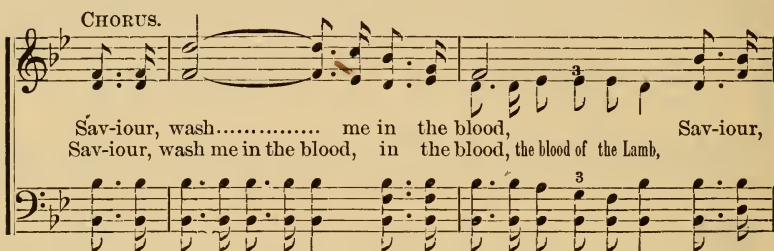
COWPER.

E. O. EXCELL.

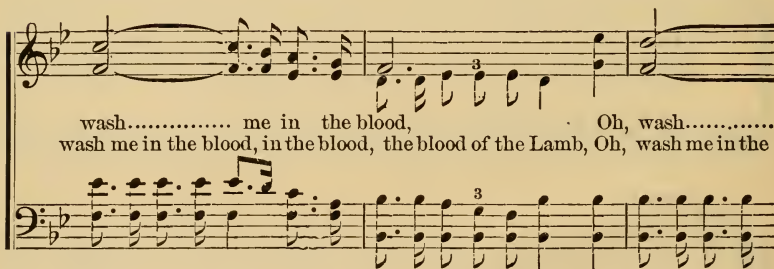


1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains. }
 2. { The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see, That fount-ain in his day, }
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. }

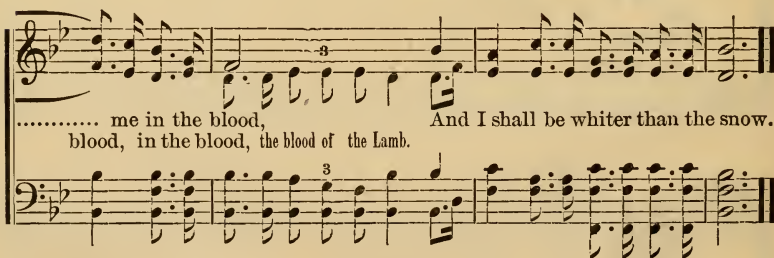
CHORUS.



Sav-iour, wash..... me in the blood, Sav-iour,
 Sav-iour, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb,



wash..... me in the blood, Oh, wash.....
 wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh, wash me in the



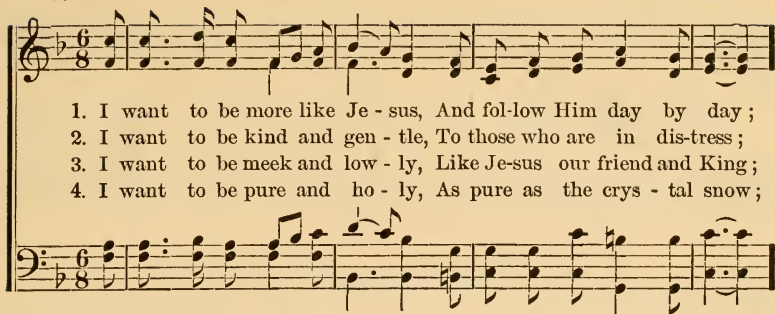
..... me in the blood, And I shall be whiter than the snow.
 blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Are saved, to sin no more.</p> | <p>4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream,
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.</p> |
|---|--|

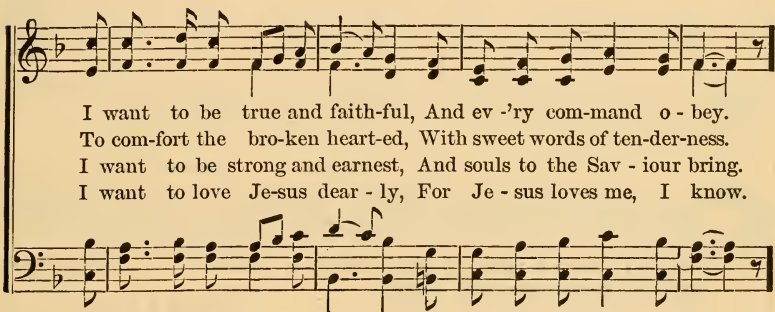
21. More Like Jesus.

J. M. S.

J. M. STILLMAN.

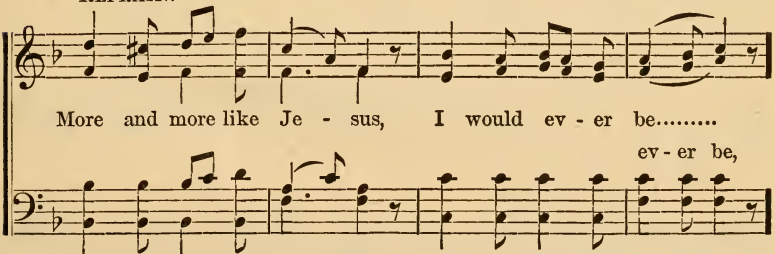


1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol-low Him day by day ;
 2. I want to be kind and gen - tle, To those who are in dis-tress ;
 3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je-sus our friend and King ;
 4. I want to be pure and ho - ly, As pure as the crys - tal snow ;

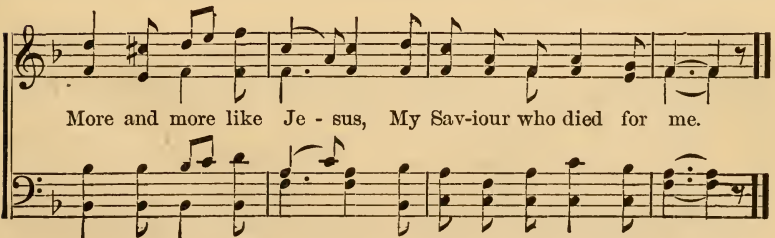


I want to be true and faith-ful, And ev -'ry com-mand o - bey.
 To com-fort the bro-ken heart-ed, With sweet words of ten-der-ness.
 I want to be strong and earnest, And souls to the Sav - iour bring.
 I want to love Je-sus dear - ly, For Je - sus loves me, I know.

REFRAIN.



More and more like Je - sus, I would ev - er be.....
 ev - er be,



More and more like Je - sus, My Sav-iour who died for me.

22. The Home For Me.

J. T. REESE.

1. Sweet day of rest O Lord, we love, But there's a no - bler
 2. No more fatigue, no more dis - tress, Nor sin nor hell shall
 3. No rude a - larms of rag - ing foes; No cares to break the

rest a - bove; To that our la-b'ring souls as - pire, With
 reach the place; No sighs shall min - gle with the songs Which
 long re - pose; No mid - night shade, no cloud - ed sun, But

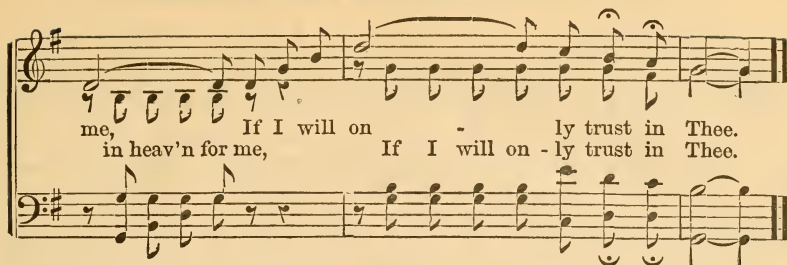
CHORUS.

cheer-ful hope and strong de-sire. There is a home.....in heav'n for
 war - ble from im-mor-tal tongues.
 sa - cred, high, e-ter - nal noon. There is a home,

me,..... If I will on ly trust in
 in heav'n for me, If I will on - ly,

Thee,..... There is a home..... in heav'n for
 on - ly trust in Thee. There is a home

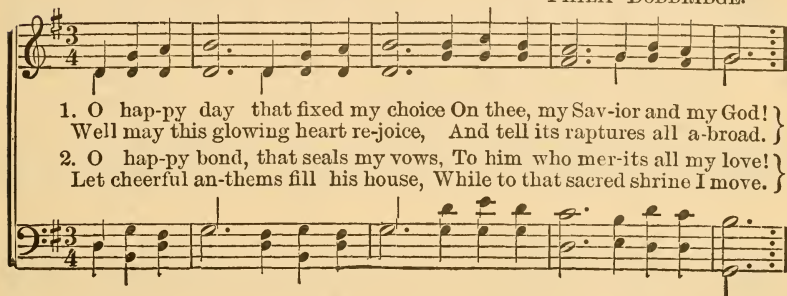
The Home For Me—Concluded.



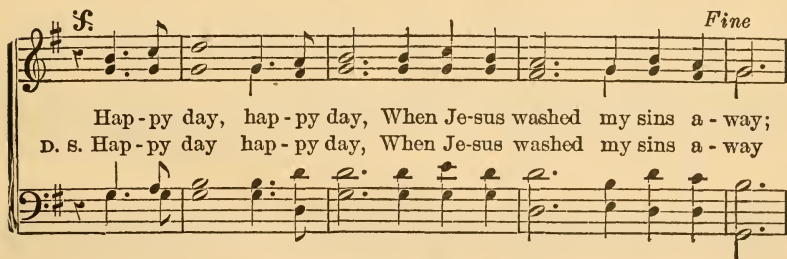
me, If I will on ly trust in Thee.
in heav'n for me, If I will on - ly trust in Thee.

23. Happy Day.

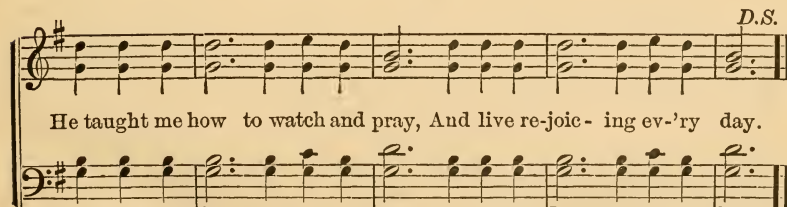
PHILIP DODDRIDGE.



1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-ior and my God! }
Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows, To him who mer-its all my love! }
Let cheerful an-thems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }



Fine
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;
D. s. Hap-py day hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way



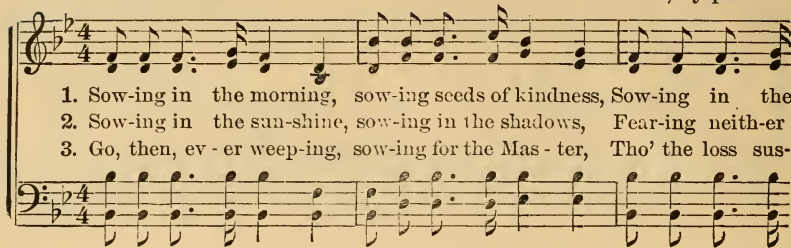
D.S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic- ing ev-'ry day.

3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done, 4. Now rest, my long divided heart,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine; Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
He drew me, and I followed on, Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
Cbd. ned to confess the voice divine. With him of every good possessed.

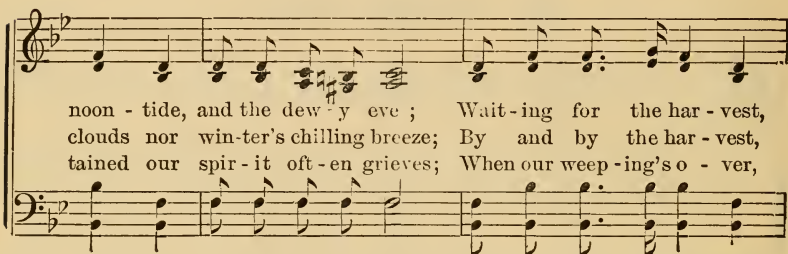
24. Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW.

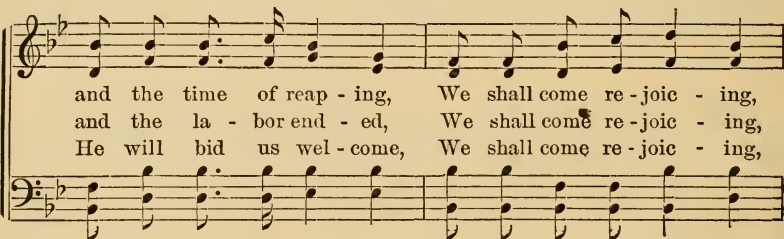
GEO. A. MINOR, by per.



1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kindness, Sow-ing in the
 2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shadows, Fear-ing neith-er
 3. Go, then, ev-er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-

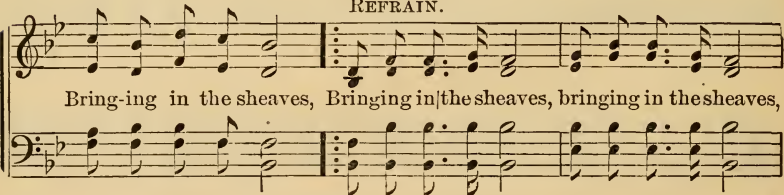


noon - tide, and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest,
 clouds nor win-ter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest,
 tained our spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver,

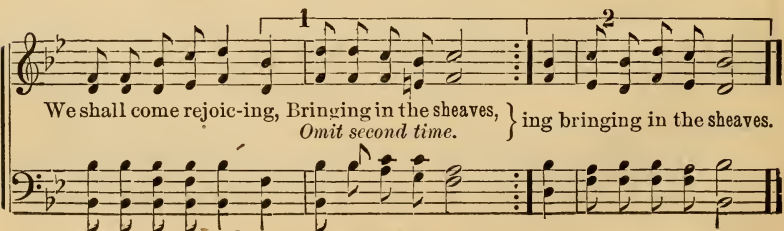


and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic-ing,
 and the la-bor end-ed, We shall come re-joic-ing,
 He will bid us wel-come, We shall come re-joic-ing,

REFRAIN.



Bring-ing in the sheaves, Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves,

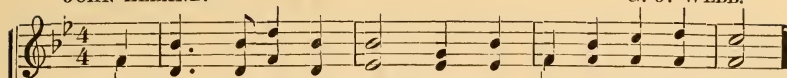


We shall come rejoic-ing, Bring-ing in the sheaves, } ing bringing in the sheaves.
Omit second time.


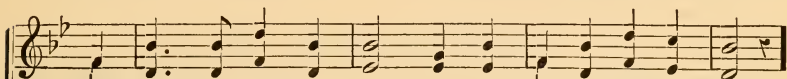
25. Oh, When Shall I See Jesus?

JOHN LELAND.



G. J. WEBB.




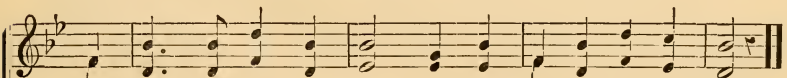
1. Oh, when shall I see Je - sus, And dwell with him a - bove,
 2. But now I am a sol - dier, My Cap-tain's gone be - fore;
 3. Thro' grace I am de - ter-mined To con-quer, tho' I die;

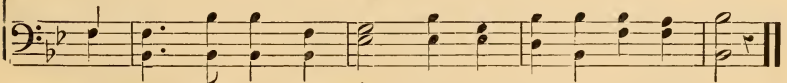
To drink the flow-ing foun-tain Of ev - er - last-ing love?
 He's giv - en me my or - ders, And tells me not to fear,
 And then a - way to Je - sus On wings of love I'll fly.

When shall I be de - liv - ered From this vain world of sin,
 And if I hold out faith - ful, A crown of life he'll give,
 Fare - well to sin and sor - row—I bid them both a - dieu:

And with my bless - ed Je - sus Drink end-less pleasures in?
 And all his val - iant sol - diers E - ter - nal life shall have.
 And you, my friends, prove faith-ful, And on your way pur - sue



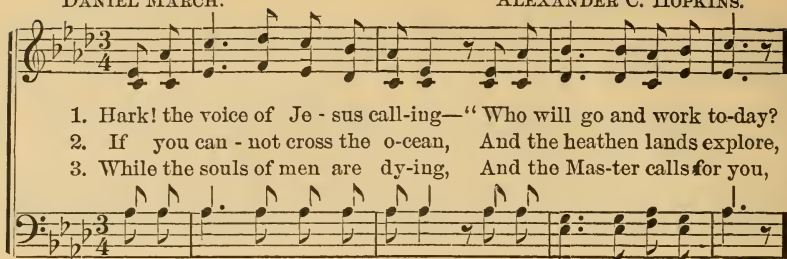
4. And if you meet with troubles
 And trials on the way,
 Then cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray.
 Gird on the heavenly armor
 Of faith, and hope, and love,
 And when your warfare's ended,
 You'll reign with him above.

5. Oh, do not be discouraged,
 For Jesus is your friend;
 And if you long for knowledge,
 On him you may depend.
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though often you request;
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.

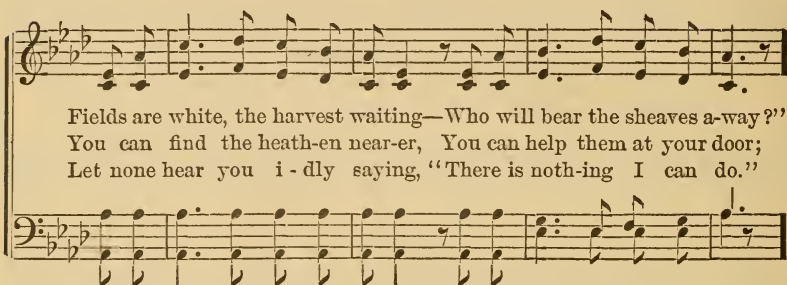
26. Workers At Home.

DANIEL MARCH.

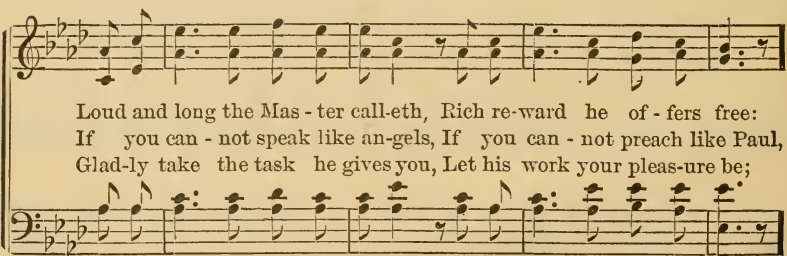
ALEXANDER C. HOPKINS.



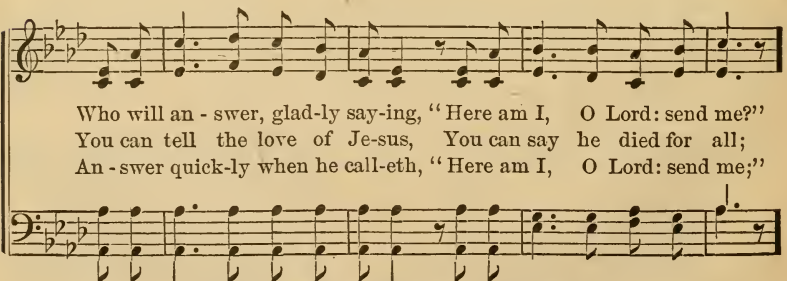
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call-ing—"Who will go and work to-day?
 2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And the heathen lands explore,
 3. While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you,



Fields are white, the harvest waiting—Who will bear the sheaves a-way?"
 You can find the heath-en near-er, You can help them at your door;
 Let none hear you i - dly saying, "There is noth - ing I can do."

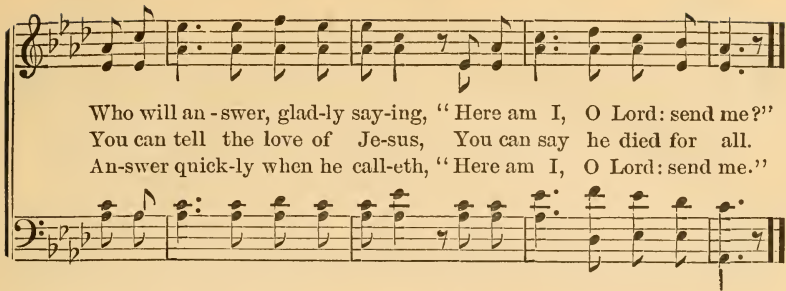


Loud and long the Mas - ter call-eth, Rich re - ward he of - fers free:
 If you can - not speak like an - gels, If you can - not preach like Paul,
 Glad - ly take the task he gives you, Let his work your pleas - ure be;



Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord: send me?"
 You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say he died for all;
 An - swer quick - ly when he call-eth, "Here am I, O Lord: send me;"

Workers At Home—Concluded.

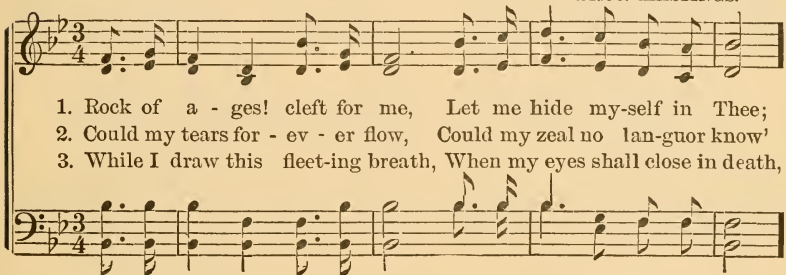


Who will an - swer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I, O Lord: send me?"
 You can tell the love of Je-sus, You can say he died for all.
 An-swer quick-ly when he call-eth, "Here am I, O Lord: send me."

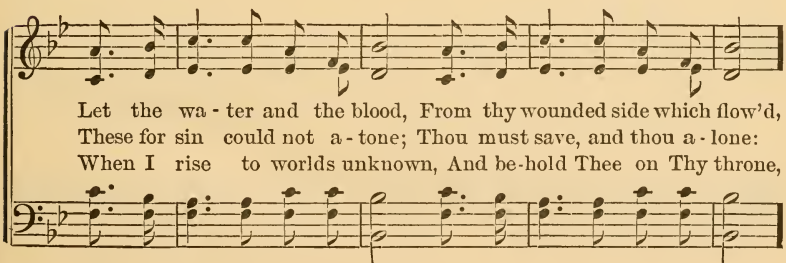
27. Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

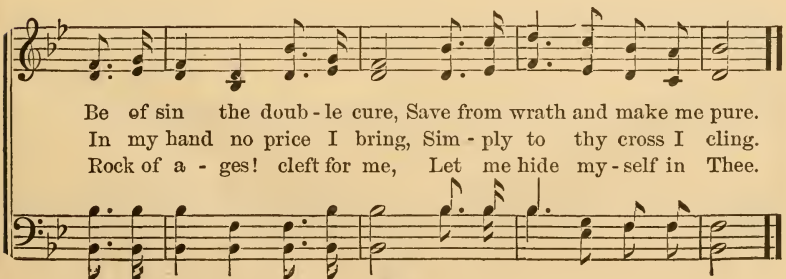
THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Rock of a - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know'
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd,
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone:
 When I rise to worlds unknown, And be-hold Thee on Thy throne,

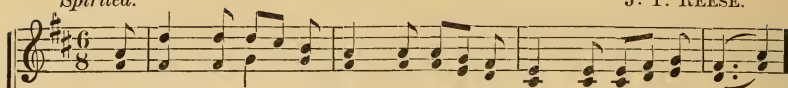


Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
 Rock of a - ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

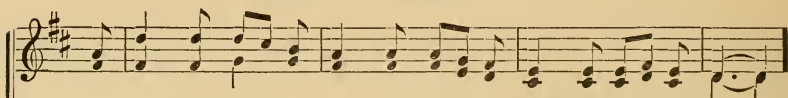
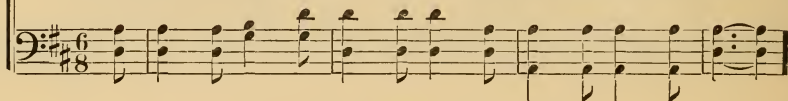
28. Crown Him Lord of All.

Spirited.

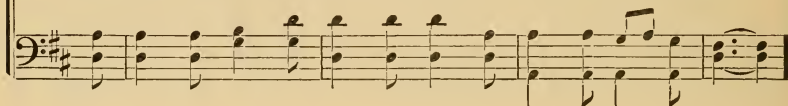
J. T. REESE.



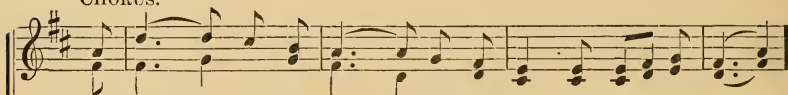
1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball;
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall;



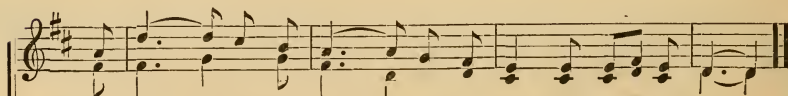
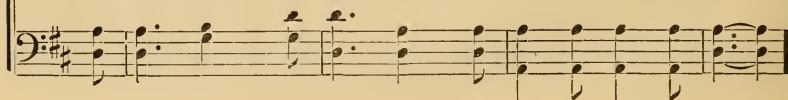
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown him Lord of all.
we'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him Lord of all.



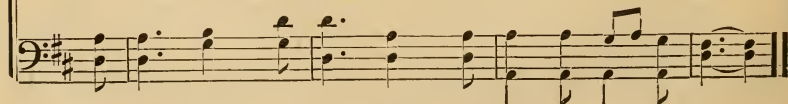
CHORUS.



We'll crown . . . him, we'll crown . . . him, We'll crown him Lord of all,
We'll crown him we'll crown him,



We'll crown . . . him, we'll crown . . . him, We'll crown him Lord of all.
We'll crown him, we'll crown him,



29. My Happy Home.

ANON.

(To my Choir, Round Lake, N. Y.)

E. O. EXCELL.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee!
 2. Thy walls are all of precious stone Most glorious to be - hold;
 3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My stu - dy long have been—
 4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace, And cause me to as - cend

When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
 Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
 Such sparkling gems by human sight Have nev - er yet been seen.
 Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And prais - es nev - er end.

CHORUS.

I will meet you in the Cit - y of the New Jeru - sa - lem, I am

washed in the blood of the Lamb,..... I will meet you in the City
 washed in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb,

of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

30. Nearer Home.

J. T. REESE.

Slowly and with expression.

1. One sweet-ly sol-emn thought, Comes to me o'er and o'er;
 2. I'm nearer my Fa-ther's house, Where heav'nly mansions be;
 2. I'm nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our bur-dens down;

I'm nearer my home to-day Than ev-er I've been be-fore.
 I'm nearer the great white throne, Near-er the Jas-per sea.
 I'm nearer the time to leave The cross, and wear the crown.

CHORUS.

I'm near - - - er my beau-ti-ful home, I'm
 I'm near-er my home, I'm

near - - - er my beau-ti-ful home; I'm near-er my
 near-er my home,

home in heav'n to-day Than ev-er I've been be-fore.

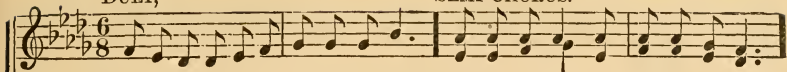
31. Jesus is Calling To-Day.

D. R. LUCAS.

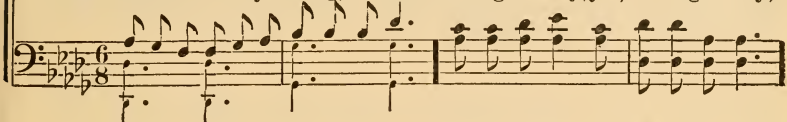
J. H. ROSECRANS, by per.

DUET,

SEMI-CHORUS.

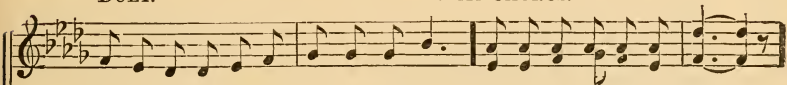


1. Jesus is tenderly calling for thee, Calling for thee, yes, calling for thee,
2. Jesus is tenderly calling thee now; Calling thee now, yes, calling thee now,
3. Jesus is tenderly calling, O come! Calling to - day, yes, calling to-day,

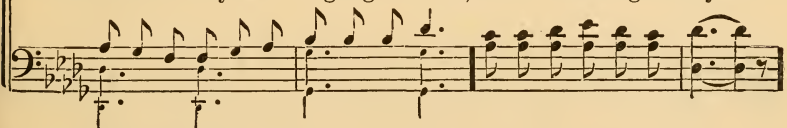


DUET.

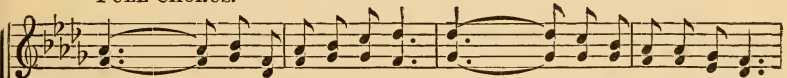
SEMI-CHORUS.



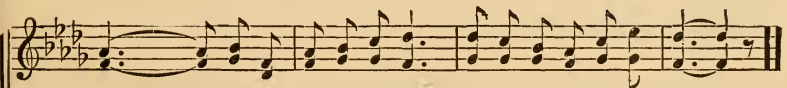
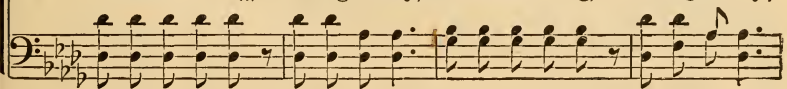
Listen and hear him say, "follow thou me," Follow, yes, follow thou me.
Wait-ing for thee in sub-mis-sion to bow, Calling, yes, calling just now.
All who are weary and long-ing for home, Je-sus is call-ing to - day.



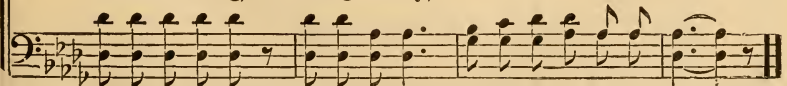
FULL CHORUS.



Je - sus is calling to-day, Je - sus is calling to-day;
Je-sus is calling, calling to-day, Je-sus is calling, calling to-day;

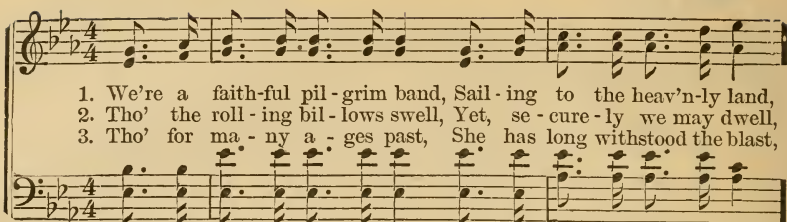


Je - - sus is calling to-day, Calling, yes, calling to-day.
Jesus is calling, calling to-day,

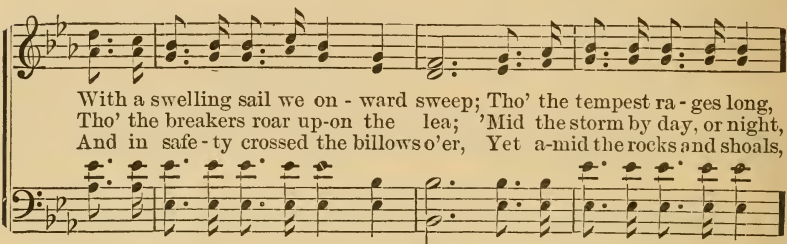


32. Sailing o'er the Sea.

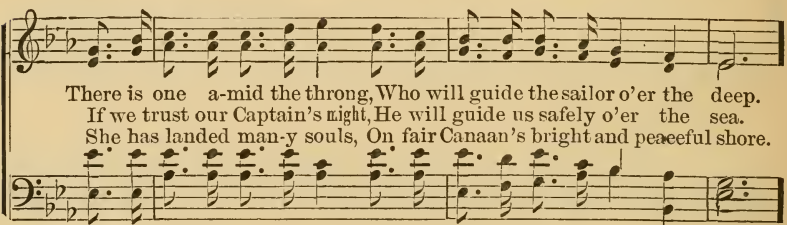
J. T. REESE



1. We're a faith-ful pil-grim band, Sail-ing to the heav'n-ly land,
 2. Tho' the roll-ing bil-lows swell, Yet, se-cure-ly we may dwell,
 3. Tho' for ma-ny a-ges past, She has long withstood the blast,

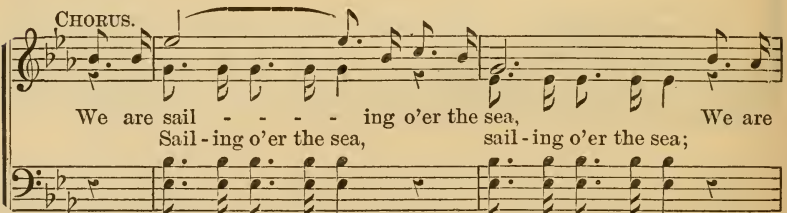


With a swelling sail we on-ward sweep; Tho' the tempest ra-ges long,
 Tho' the breakers roar up-on the lea; 'Mid the storm by day, or night,
 And in safe-ty crossed the billows o'er, Yet a-mid the rocks and shoals,

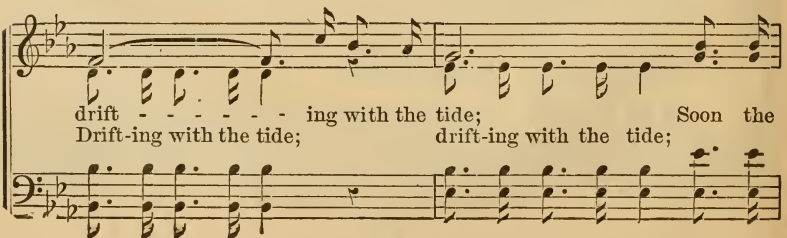


There is one a-mid the throng, Who will guide the sailor o'er the deep.
 If we trust our Captain's might, He will guide us safely o'er the sea.
 She has landed man-y souls, On fair Canaan's bright and peaceful shore.

CHORUS.

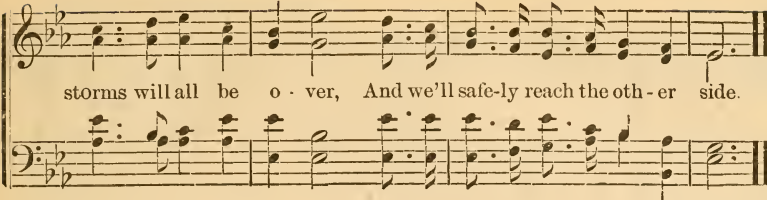


We are sail - - - ing o'er the sea, We are
 Sail-ing o'er the sea, sail-ing o'er the sea;



drift - - - ing with the tide; Soon the
 Drift-ing with the tide; drift-ing with the tide;

SAILING O'ER THE SEA.—Concluded.

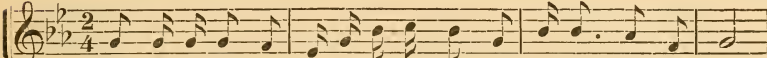


storms will all be o - ver, And we'll safe-ly reach the oth - er side.

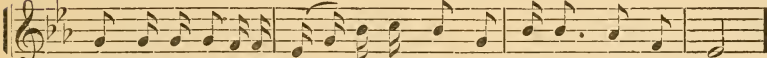
33. HAPPY CHILDREN.

J. V. C.

J. V. COOMBS.



1. We are a band of happy, happy children, Singing all day long,
2. Come, let us sing with merry, merry voi - ces, About the Saviour's love,
3. May we all sing around the throne in glo-ry, With the an - gel throng,

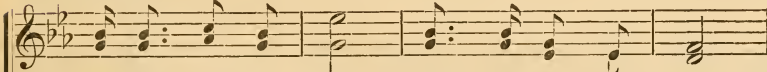


Praising the name of the bless-ed Re-deemer, With our hap-py song.

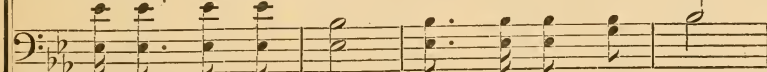
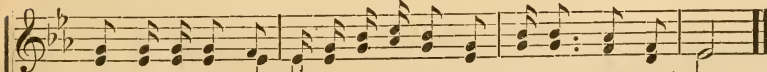
He is preparing a place for his children In his home a - bove.

And join our voices in tell - ing the sto - ry, Singing the new, new song.

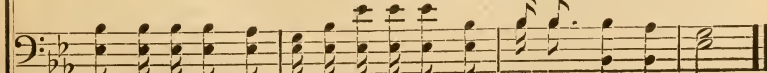
CHORUS.



Sing-ing all day long, Praise the Sav - iour's name.

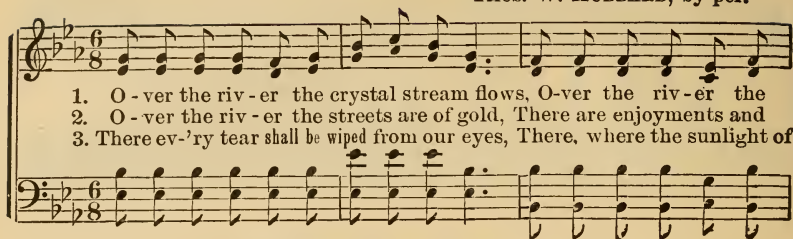



We are a band of happy, happy children, Singing all day long.

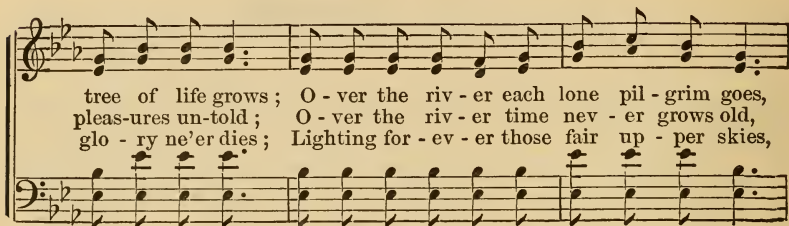


34. Over the River.

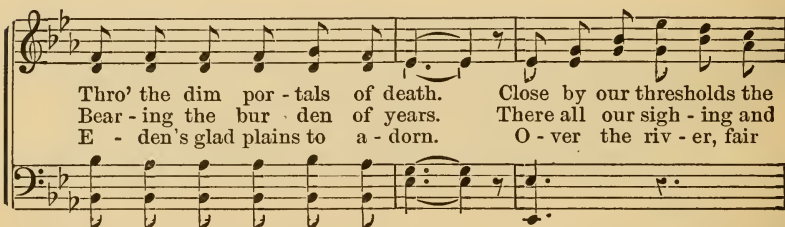
THOS. W. HUBBARD, by per.



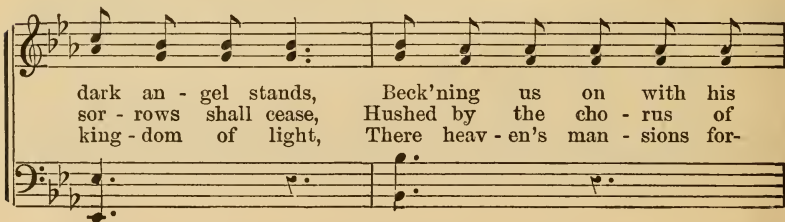
1. O - ver the riv - er the crystal stream flows, O - ver the riv - er the
 2. O - ver the riv - er the streets are of gold, There are enjoyments and
 3. There ev - 'ry tear shall be wiped from our eyes, There, where the sunlight of



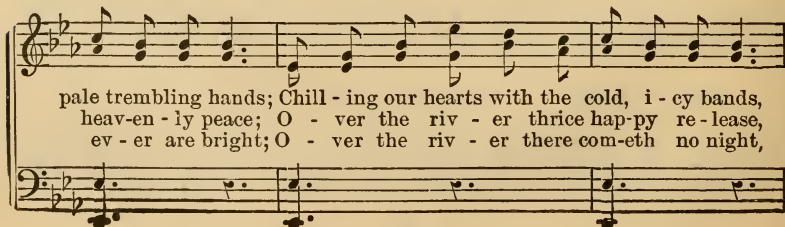
tree of life grows ; O - ver the riv - er each lone pil - grim goes,
 pleas - ures un - told ; O - ver the riv - er time nev - er grows old,
 glo - ry ne'er dies ; Lighting for - ev - er those fair up - per skies,



Thro' the dim por - tals of death. Close by our thresholds the
 Bear - ing the bur - den of years. There all our sigh - ing and
 E - den's glad plains to a - dorn. O - ver the riv - er, fair



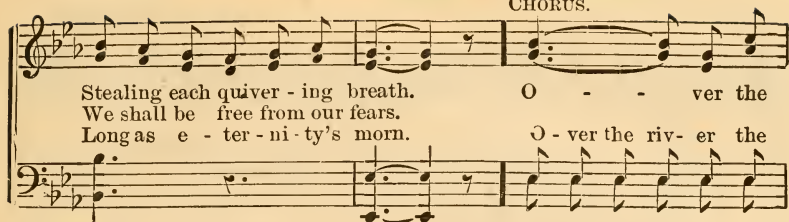
dark an - gel stands, Beck'ning us on with his
 sor - rows shall cease, Hushed by the cho - rus of
 king - dom of light, There heav - en's man - sions for -



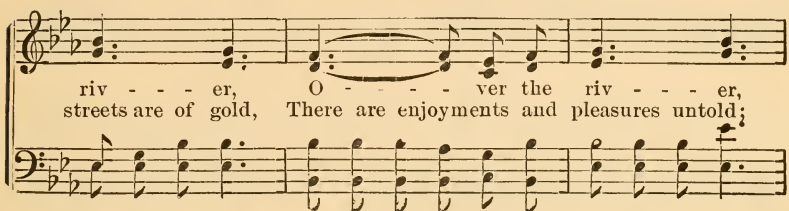
pale trembling hands ; Chill - ing our hearts with the cold, i - cy bands,
 heav - en - ly peace ; O - ver the riv - er thrice hap - py re - lease,
 ev - er are bright ; O - ver the riv - er there com - eth no night,

Over the River—Concluded.

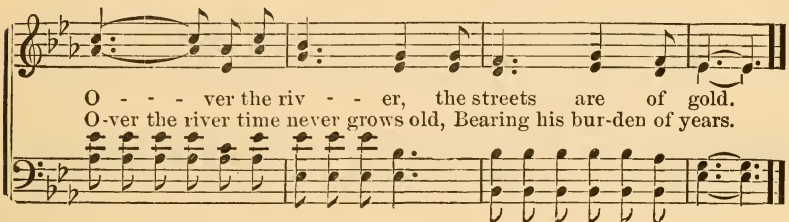
CHORUS.



Stealing each quiver - ing breath. O - - ver the
We shall be free from our fears.
Long as e - ter - ni - ty's morn. O - ver the riv - er the

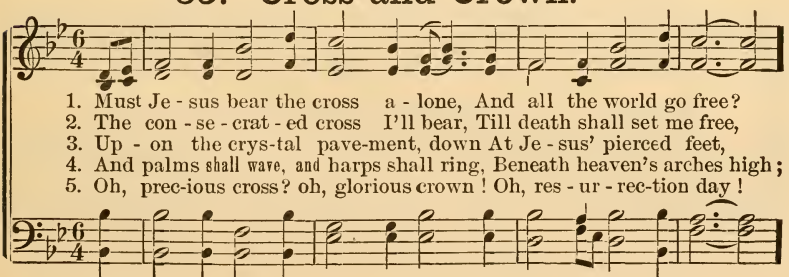


riv - - er, O - - ver the riv - - er,
streets are of gold, There are enjoyments and pleasures untold;

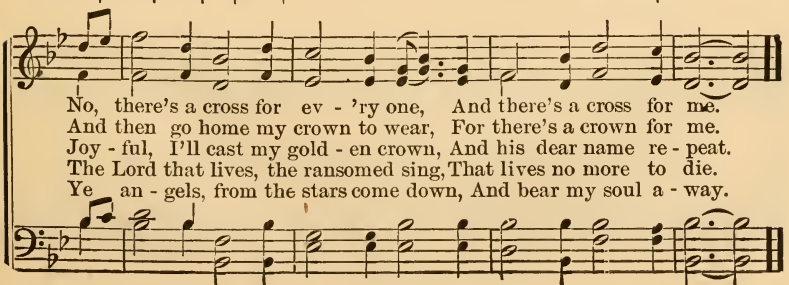


O - - ver the riv - - er, the streets are of gold.
O-ver the river time never grows old, Bearing his bur-den of years.

35. Cross and Crown.



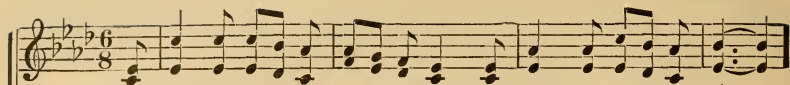
1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave - ment, down At Je - sus' pierced feet,
4. And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring, Beneath heaven's arches high;
5. Oh, prec - ious cross? oh, glorious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!



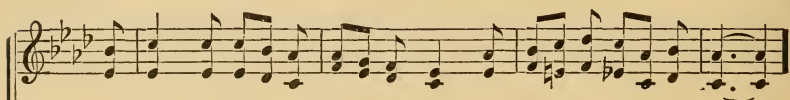
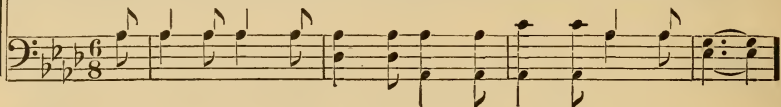
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And his dear name re - peat.
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing, That lives no more to die.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

36. The Fountain of Life.

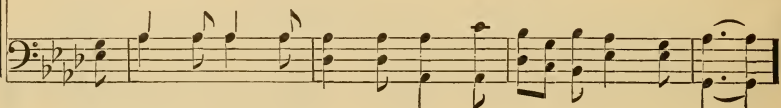
J. T. REESE.



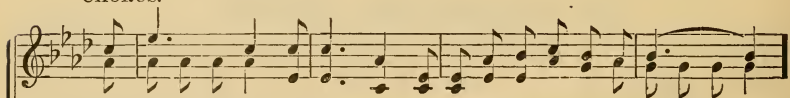
1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day;
3. Thou dy-ing Lamb, Thy precious blood, Shall nev-er lose its power,



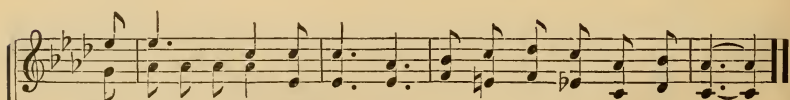
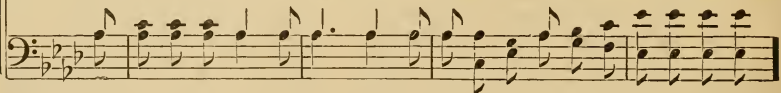
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
Till all the ransomed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.



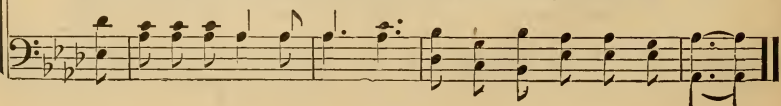
CHORUS.



The fount - ain is flow-ing, Come wash in its waters so free.....
The fountain of life is flow-ing, Come wash in its waters, its waters so free,



The fount - ain is flow-ing,
The fountain of life is flow-ing, Flow-ing for you and for me.



37. Calling Me Over the Tide.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1. Friends who have loved me are slip-ping a - way, Si - lent - ly
 2. Dim - ly thro' gath - er - ing dark-ness I see Je - sus, my
 3. Nar - row the wa - ters, and tran-quiet the shore; There my be-

on-ward they glide; Still are their voic - es, as backward they stray,
 Friend and my Guide; An - gels are watching and waiting for me,
 lov - ed a - bid, — Christ and the an-gels and friends gone be-fore,

REFRAIN.

Call - ing me o - ver the tide. Call - ing to me, they are

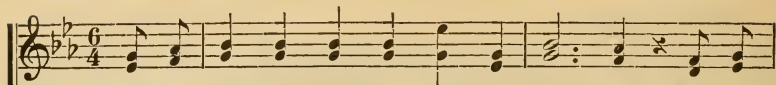
calling to me, Loved ones are call-ing me o - ver the tide; They are

call-ing to me, they are calling to me, Calling me o - ver the tide.

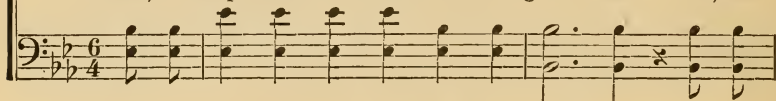
38. What a Saviour.

REV. G. W. CROFTS.

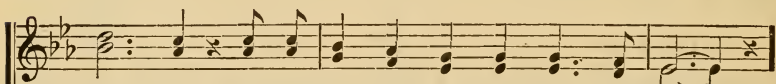
P. BILHORN.



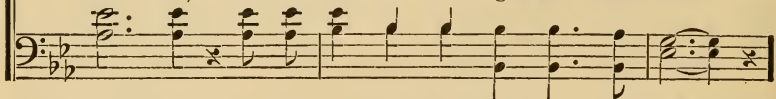
1. What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, All our
2. Gen - tly in the green pas - tures, He leads us, By the
3. Wide - ly o - pen the por - tals of glo - ry, To the
4. Oh, the hope that in full - ness He gives us? Oh, the



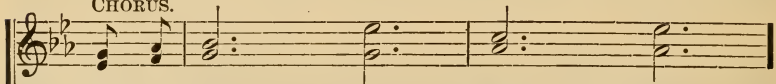
sins He hath borne on the tree ; Of all guilt and transgressions He
wa - ters un - troub - led and clear, With the man - na of heav - en He
cit - y whose streets are of gold, As He tells us the won - der - ful
joy and the peace, how di - vine ! When in love He so free - ly re -



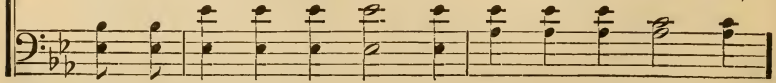
frees us, What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is He.
feeds us, And in sor - row He ev - er is near.
sto - ry, That to sin - ners so oft - en He told.
ceives us, And our souls in His right - eous - ness shine.



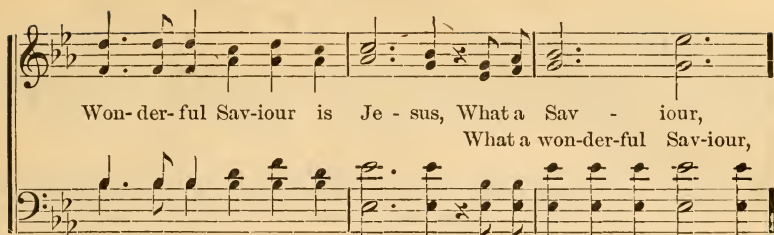
CHORUS.



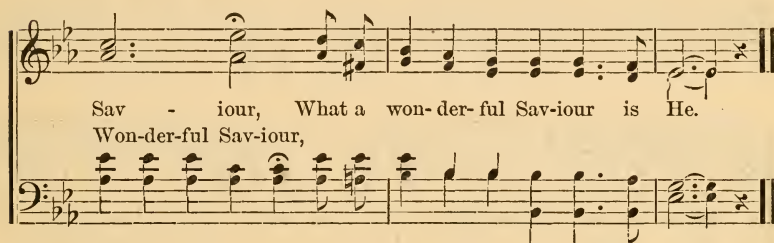
What a Sav - iour, Sav - iour,
What a won - der - ful Sav - iour, won - der - ful Sav - iour,



What a Saviour. Concluded.



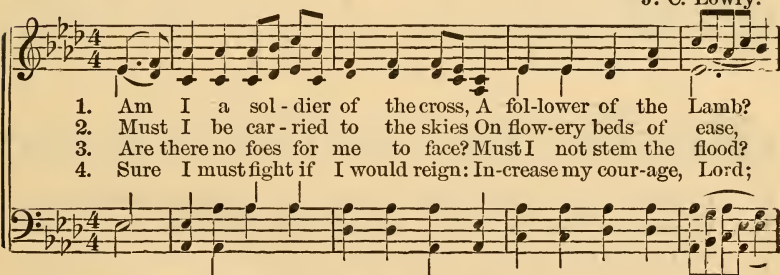
Won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je - sus, What a Sav - iour,
What a won-der-ful Sav-iour,



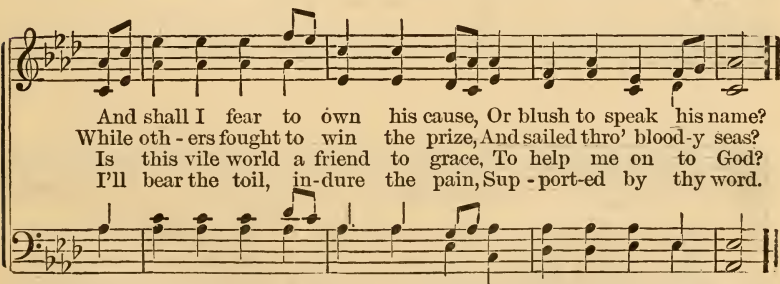
Sav - iour, What a won-der-ful Sav-iour is He.
Won-der-ful Sav-iour,

39. Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

J. C. Lowry.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-lower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-ery beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;



And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, in-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by thy word.

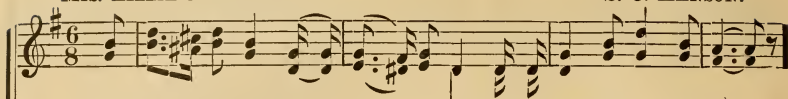
5. Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With Faith's discerning eye.
6. When that illustrious day shall rise
And all thine armies shine,
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

40. The Open Gate.

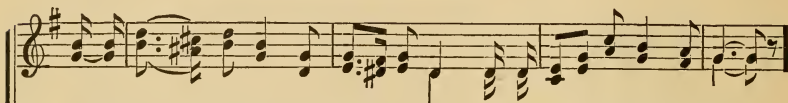
"An entrance shall be administered unto you abundantly."—Pet. i: 11.

Mrs. LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

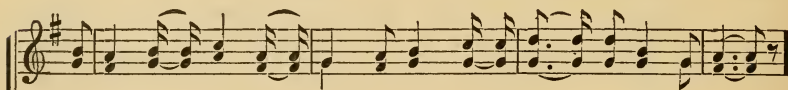
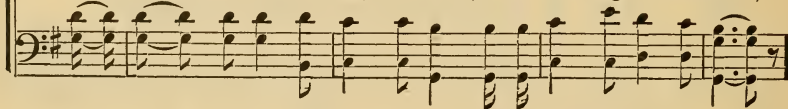
S. C. HANSON.



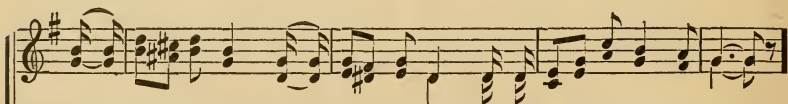
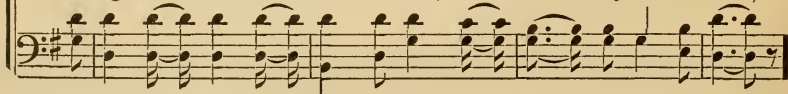
1. I've heard them sing a - gain and a-gain, Of a gate that stands a-jar,
2. A wel - come home at the open gate, From a land of an-gels bright,
3. The sinner's friend, as he reaches down, With a Savior's wondrous love;



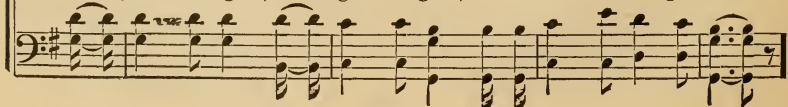
Of a sun - ny clime, and gold-en plain, And a sin - less land a - far,
Do these for the ransom'd spirits wait, As it gains the land of light?
Who prepares a mansion, robe, and crown, In his shin-ing courts a-bove,



But when I have past the chill - y tide, And en-ter my home a-bove;
We may not know of the joy un-told, The bliss of the oth - er side;
Will gather his flock in - to the fold, To the fold be-yond the tide;



I be - lieve the gate will o - pen wide, On its gold-en hinge of love.
But when I come to the gate of gold, I be-lieve 'twill o-pen wide.
As they near the gate, the gate of gold, I be-lieve 'twill o-pen wide.



The Open Gate—Concluded.

CHORUS.

It will o - pen wide, yes o - pen wide, I'll pass thro' its por - tals free,

And rest in peace on the oth - er side, It will o - pen wide for me.

41. Jesus Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

S. B. MARSH.

Fine.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the near - er waters roll, While the tempest still is high! }

D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

2. Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
 Leave, oh leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen! cheer the faint!
 Heal the sick! and lead the blind!
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness:
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

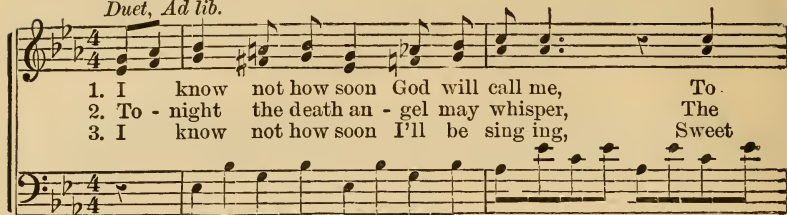
42. I Know Not.

"Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." Matt. xxiv. 42.

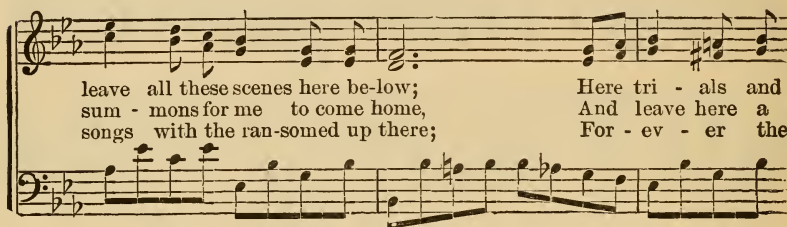
JOHN MCPHERSON.

J. F. KINSEY.

Duet, Ad lib.



1. I know not how soon God will call me, To
 2. To - night the death an - gel may whisper, The
 3. I know not how soon I'll be sing ing, Sweet

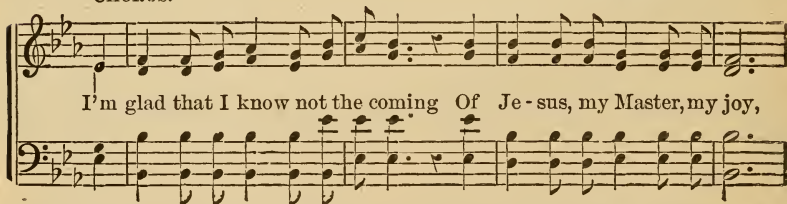


leave all these scenes here be-low; Here tri - als and
 sum - mons for me to come home, And leave here a
 songs with the ran-somed up there; For - ev - er the

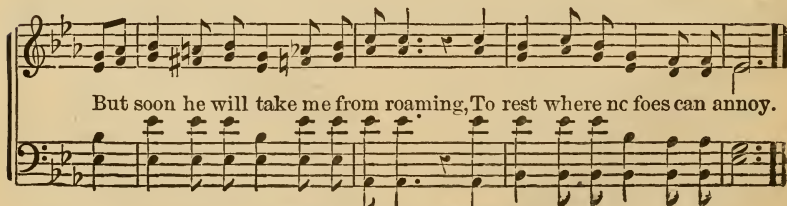


troub - les be - fall me, I care not how soon I may go.
 broth - er or sis - ter, My sud - den de - par - ture to mourn.
 an - thems are ringing, O'er heaven's dear land - scape so fair.

CHORUS.



I'm glad that I know not the coming Of Je - sus, my Master, my joy,



But soon he will take me from roaming, To rest where no foes can annoy.

By per, "THE ECHO MUSIC CO."

43. DOWN IN THE LICENSED SALOON.

An answer to "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?",

Words and Music by W. A. WILLIAMS.

p *rit.*

Where is my wand'ring boy to-night? Down in your licensed saloon.

mf

1. Down in a room all cozy and bright, Filled with the glare of many a light,
2. Learning new vic-es all the night long, Tempted to all that's sinful and wrong,
3. Little arms once were thrown round my neck,

Look at him now, my poor heart will break!

4. Brother, I guess the saloon you would fight, If it were your boy down there to-night,

mp

Beau-ti-ful music the ear to delight, Down in your licensed sa-loon.
 List-en-ing to the harlot's foul song, Down in your licensed sa-loon.
 Think of that boy to-night a sad wreck, Down in your licensed sa-loon.
 Ruined and wrecked by the drink appetite, Down in your licensed sa-loon.

CHORUS. *m*

There is your wand'ring boy to-night, There is your wand'ring boy to-night,

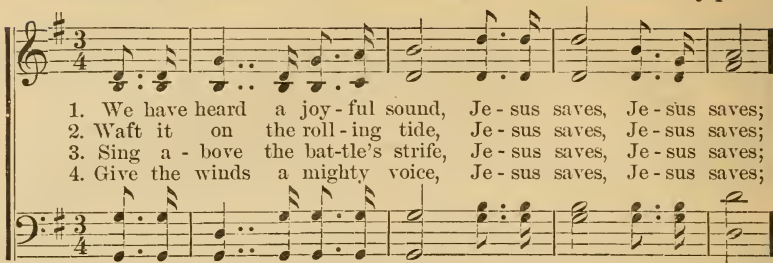
cres

Down, down, down, down, Down in your licensed sa-loon!


44. Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

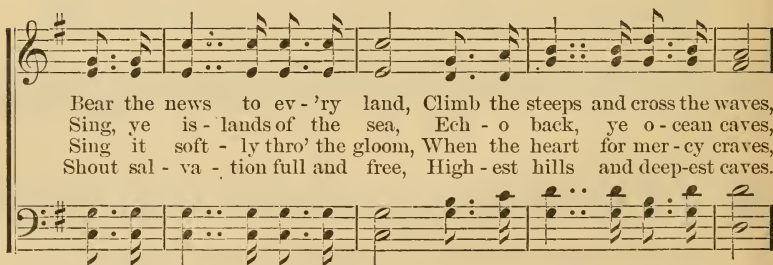
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



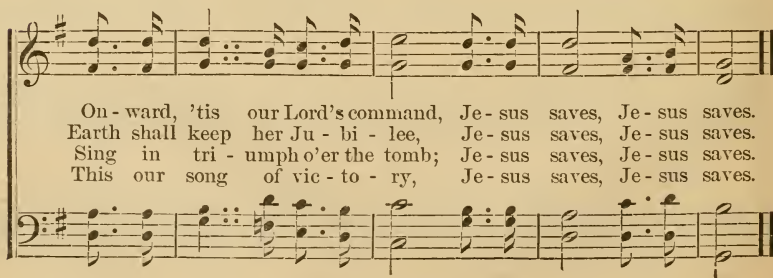
1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a mighty voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steep and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves.



On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her Ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb; Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

45. Lead Me Safely On.

J. H. LESLIE.

R. A. GLENN.

1. Lead me safe - ly on by the nar - row way, From the shores of
 2. With a Shepherd's care, thro' the night and day, Keep me close to
 3. Thro' the storms of life, 'mid the o - cean's foam, Lead me safe - ly

time to the realms of day; By the cross of Christ may I
 thee lest I go a - stray; Lead me safe - ly on, by thy
 on to my heav'nly home; At the fount of life, on the

REFRAIN.
 ev - er stand, As I jour - ney on to the bet - ter land. Lead me
 ten - der love, Thro' this world of sin to my home a - bove.
 oth - er shore, Let me free - ly drink till I thirst no more.

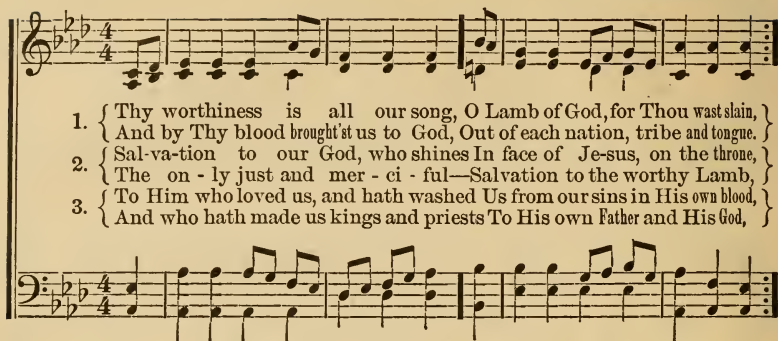
on, lead me on, By the strait and narrow way, Lead me
 Lead me on, lead me on,

on, lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, To the realms of end - less day.

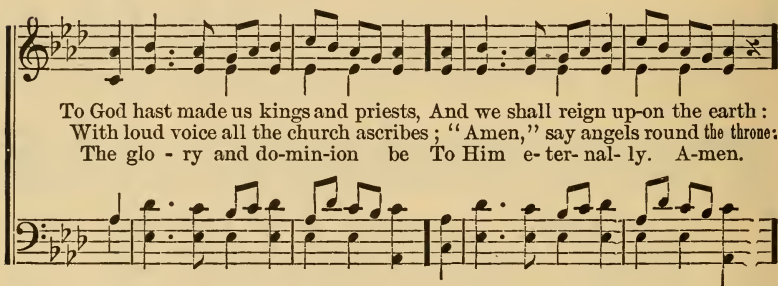
46. Hosanna.

Unknown.

New Arrangement.

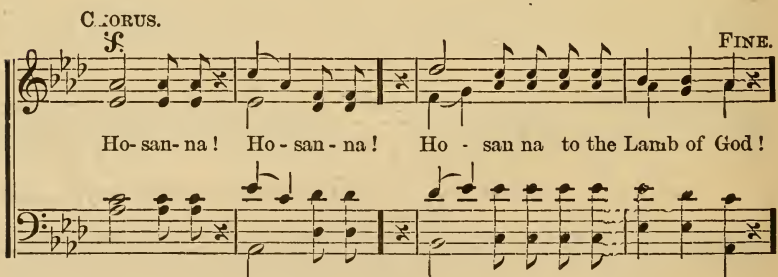


1. { Thy worthiness is all our song, O Lamb of God, for Thou wast slain, }
 And by Thy blood brought'st us to God, Out of each nation, tribe and tongue. }
 2. { Sal-va-tion to our God, who shines In face of Je-sus, on the throne, }
 The on - ly just and mer - ci - ful—Salvation to the worthy Lamb, }
 3. { To Him who loved us, and hath washed Us from our sins in His own blood, }
 And who hath made us kings and priests To His own Father and His God, }



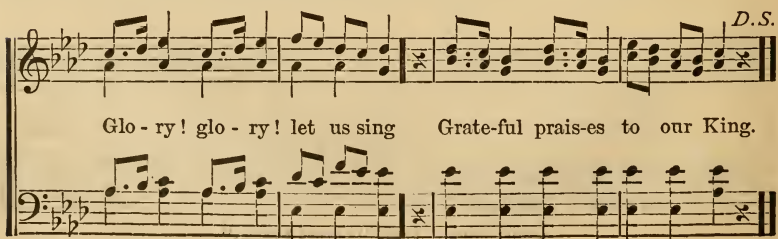
To God hast made us kings and priests, And we shall reign up-on the earth :
 With loud voice all the church ascribes ; " Amen," say angels round the throne:
 The glo - ry and do-min-ion be To Him e-ter-nal-ly. A-men.

CORUS.



Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na to the Lamb of God!

FINE.



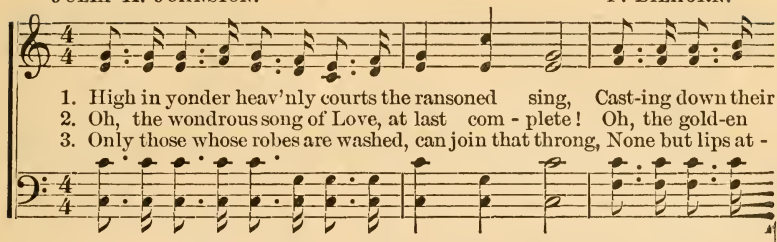
Glo - ry! glo - ry! let us sing Grate-ful prais-es to our King.

D.S.

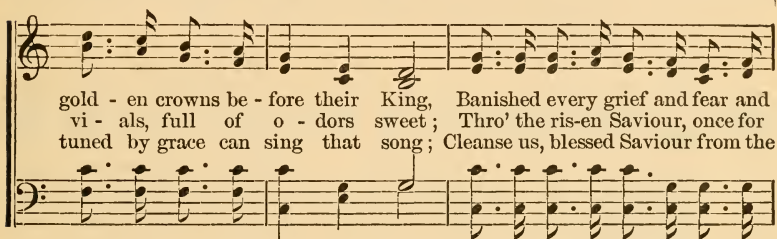
47. They Sing a New Song.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

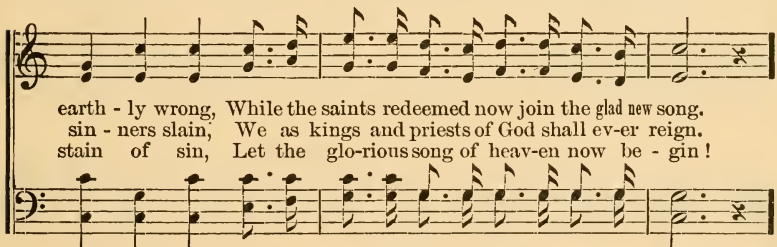
P. BILHORN.



1. High in yonder heav'nly courts the ransomed sing, Cast-ing down their
2. Oh, the wondrous song of Love, at last com - plete! Oh, the gold-en
3. Only those whose robes are washed, can join that throng, None but lips at -

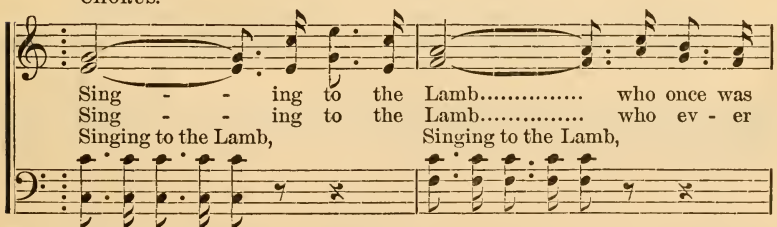


gold - en crowns be - fore their King, Banished every grief and fear and
vi - als, full of o - dors sweet; Thro' the ris-en Saviour, once for
tuned by grace can sing that song; Cleanse us, blessed Saviour from the

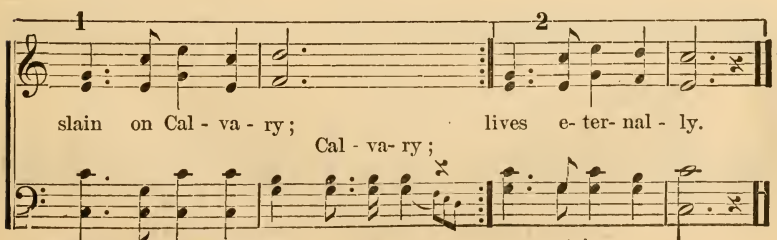


earth - ly wrong, While the saints redeemed now join the glad new song.
sin - ners slain, We as kings and priests of God shall ev - er reign.
stain of sin, Let the glo - rious song of heav-en now be - gin!

CHORUS.



Sing - - ing to the Lamb..... who once was
Sing - - ing to the Lamb..... who ev - er
Singing to the Lamb, Singing to the Lamb,

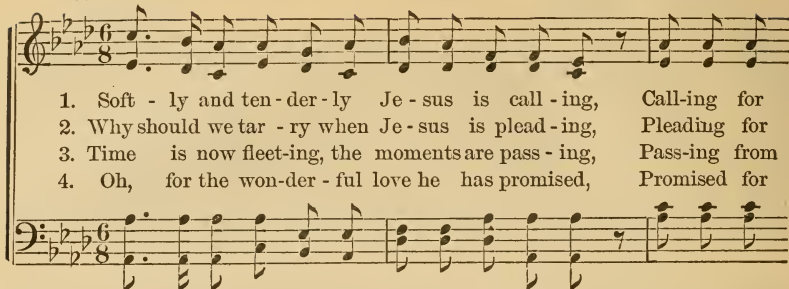


slain on Cal - va - ry; Cal - va - ry; lives e - ter - nal - ly.

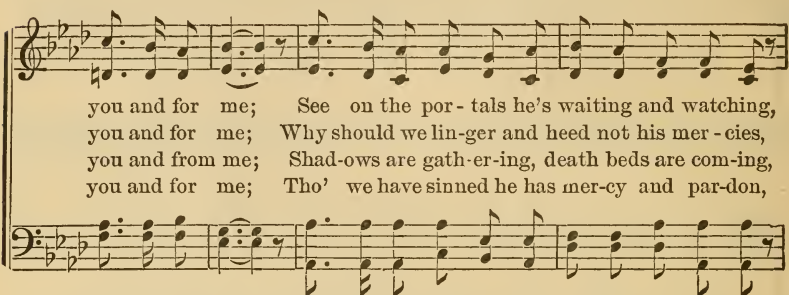
48. For You and for Me.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

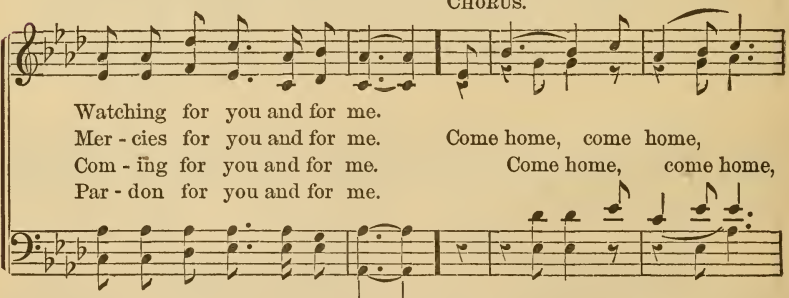


1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. Oh, for the won - der - ful love he has promised, Promised for



you and for me; See on the por - tals he's waiting and watching,
 you and for me; Why should we lin - ger and heed not his mer - cies,
 you and from me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death beds are com - ing,
 you and for me; Tho' we have sinned he has mer - cy and par - don,

CHORUS.

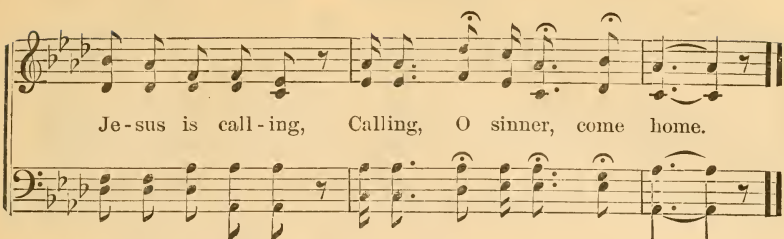


Watching for you and for me.
 Mer - cies for you and for me. Come home, come home,
 Com - ing for you and for me. Come home, come home,
 Par - don for you and for me.



Ye who are wea - ry, come home, Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly,

For You and For Me—Concluded.

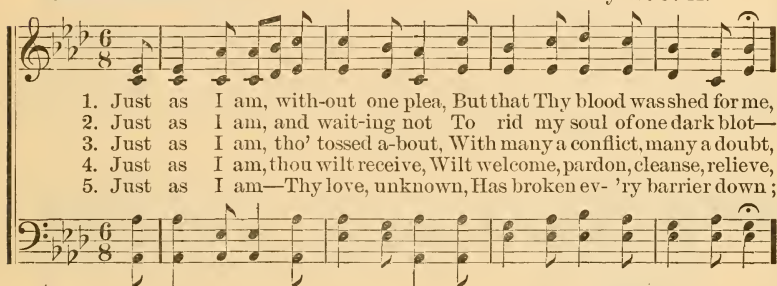


Je-sus is call-ing, Calling, O sinner, come home.

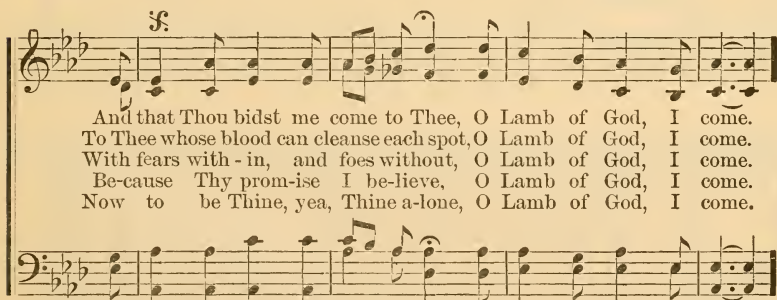
49. Take Me as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Melody by J. H. STOCKTON.
Har. by W. J. K.



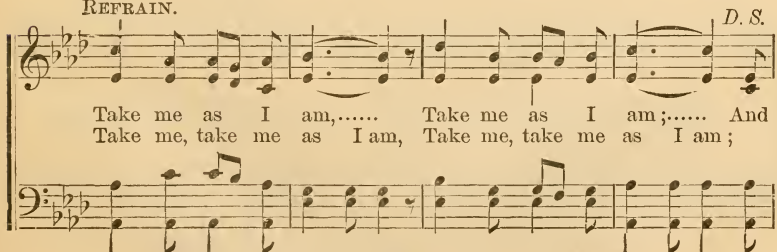
1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot—
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout, With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
5. Just as I am—Thy love, unknown, Has broken ev-'ry barrier down ;



And that Thou bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come.
With fears with-in, and foes without, O Lamb of God, I come.
Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come.
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come.

D. S.—Since for sin Thy blood a-tones, O Lamb of God, I come.

REFRAIN.



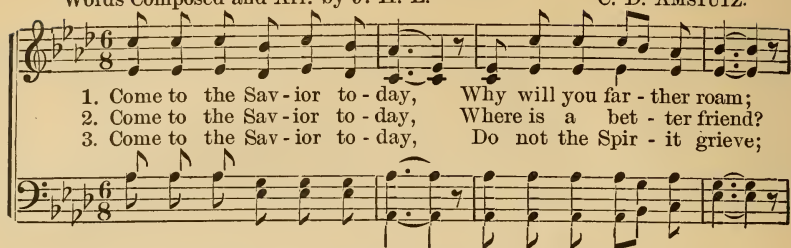
Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am ;..... And
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am ;

50. Come to the Savior To-day.

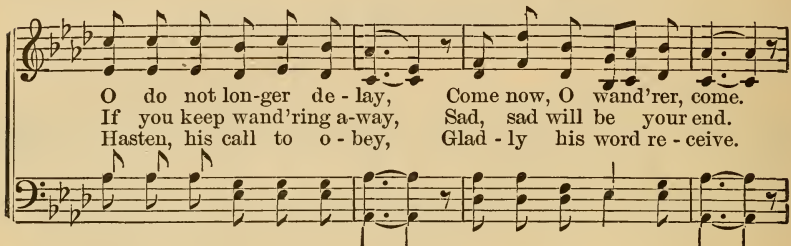
"Now is the accepted time."

Words Composed and Arr. by J. H. L.

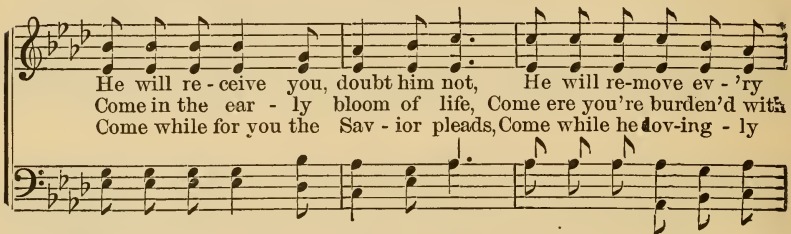
C. D. AMSTUTZ.



1. Come to the Sav-ior to-day, Why will you far-ther roam;
 2. Come to the Sav-ior to-day, Where is a bet-ter friend?
 3. Come to the Sav-ior to-day, Do not the Spir-it grieve;



O do not lon-ger de-lay, Come now, O wand'rer, come.
 If you keep wand'ring a-way, Sad, sad will be your end.
 Hasten, his call to o-bey, Glad-ly his word re-ceive.

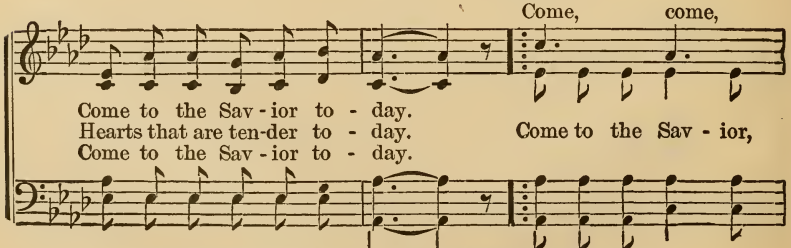


He will re-ceive you, doubt him not, He will re-move ev-'ry
 Come in the ear-ly bloom of life, Come ere you're burden'd with
 Come while for you the Sav-ior pleads, Come while he lov-ing-ly



sin-stain'd spot; Come and be-lieve, par-don re-ceive,
 toil and strife, Now let his love, gra-cious-ly move,
 in-ter-cedes, Come and be blest, come and find rest,

REFRAIN.



Come, come,
 Come to the Sav-ior to-day.
 Hearts that are ten-der to-day. Come to the Sav-ior,
 Come to the Sav-ior to-day.

From "Precious Songs," by per. of the author, Bluffton, Ohio.

Come to the Savior To-Day—Concluded.

come, come,

come to the Sav - ior, Why will you lon - ger de - lay?

Come, come, come, come, *Repeat m.*

Come to the Savior, come to the Savior, Come to the Savior to - day.

51. Come Unto Me.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Come un-to me when shadows dark-ly gath-er, When the sad heart is
D. S. Come un-to me, and

Fine. *D. S.*

wea-ry and distressed, Seeking for com - fort from your heav'nly Fa-ther.
I will give you rest.

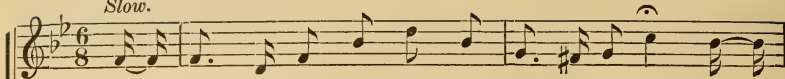
2. Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken;
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.
3. Large are the mansions in your Father's dwelling,
Glad are homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
4. There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed:
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

52. We Answer the Call.

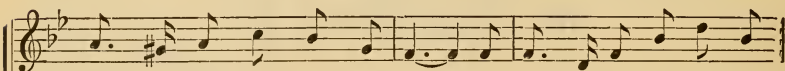
J. T. R.

J. T. REESE.

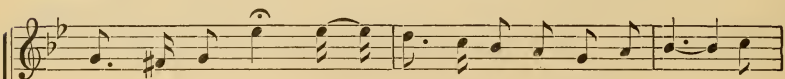
Slow.



1. The Mas - ter is call - ing for reap - ers to - day, And the
2. Yes, come let us en - ter the beau - ti ful fields, there's
3. There are sheaves to be gath - er'd and weeds to de - stroy, And the



call is for you and for me, Go work in my vineyard, thy
some - thing for each one to do; The har - vest is ripe and a -
bright hours are pass - ing a - way; All ranks and all a - ges he'll



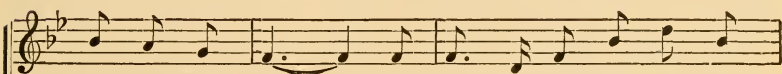
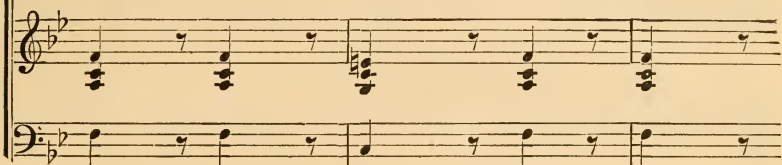
wa - ges I'll pay, And great thy re - ward, too shall be. The
bun - dant - ly yields, But lab - or - ers faith - ful are few; The
full - y em - ploy, And there's dan - ger and death in de - lay. Yes,



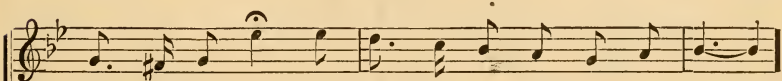
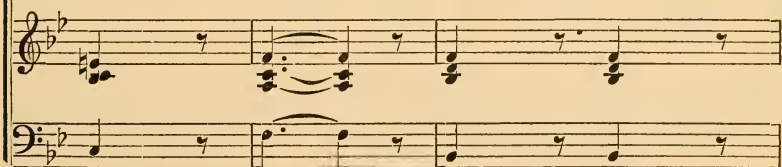
We Answer the Call--Continued.



Mas-ter needs reap-ers and we need the pay, The fields are all
Mas-ter hath promised rich bless-ing to all, Who ear-nest-ly
now is the time, and we an-swer thy call, To en-ter thy



gold-en with grain. Then come, let us en-ter God's
la-bor all day. We come, bless-ed Mas-ter, to
vine-yard to-day; For bless-ings e-ter-nal a-

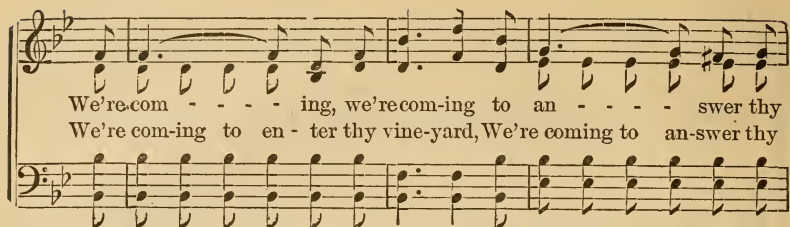


vine-yard to-day, And la-bor with might and with main.
an-swer thy call, For we have great need of the pay.
wait one and all, And we have great need of the pay.



We Answer the Call.—Concluded.

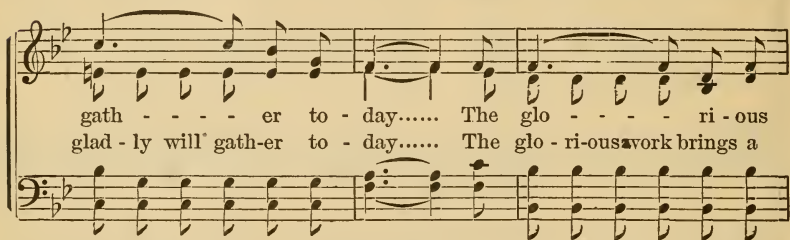
CHORUS.



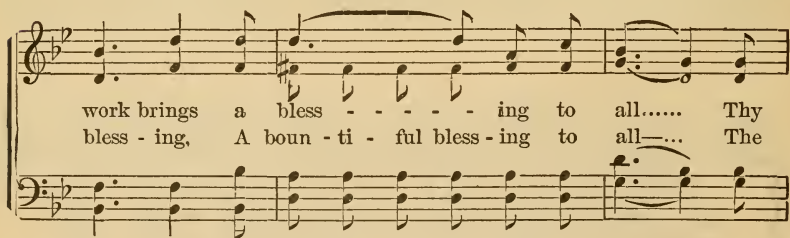
We're com - - - ing, we're com-ing to an - - - - - answer thy
We're com-ing to en - ter thy vine-yard, We're coming to an-swer thy



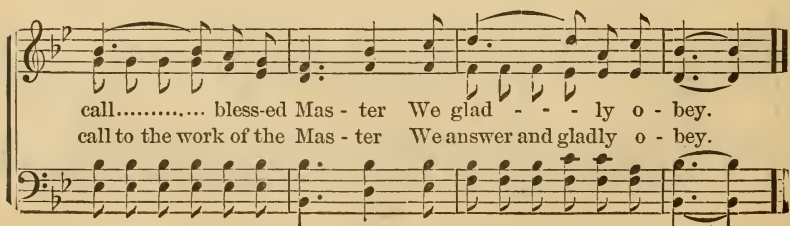
call..... The bright gold - en sheaves we will
call..... The bright gold - en sheaves of the har - vest, We



gath - - - - er to - day..... The glo - - - - ri - ous
glad - ly will' gath-er to - day..... The glo - ri-ous work brings a

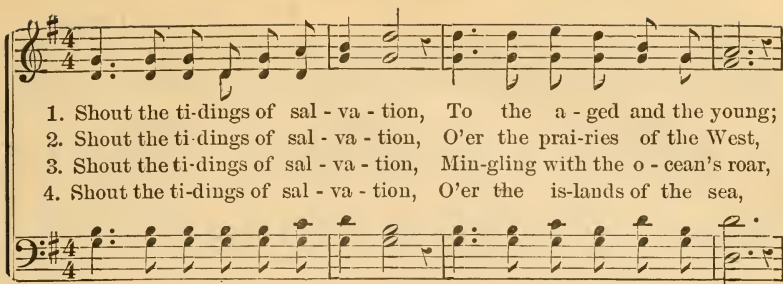


work brings a bless - - - - - ing to all..... Thy
bless - ing, A boun - ti - ful bless - ing to all.... The

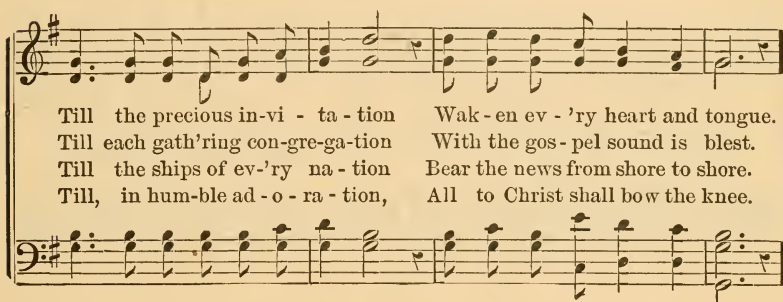


call..... bless-ed Mas - ter We glad - - - ly o - bey.
call to the work of the Mas - ter We answer and gladly o - bey.

53. Shout the Tidings.

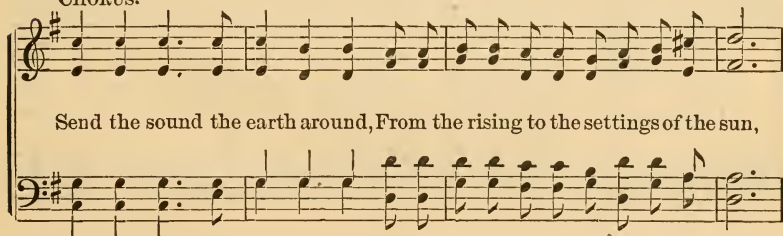


1. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, To the a - ged and the young;
 2. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, O'er the prai-ries of the West,
 3. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, Min-gling with the o - cean's roar,
 4. Shout the ti-dings of sal - va - tion, O'er the is-lands of the sea,

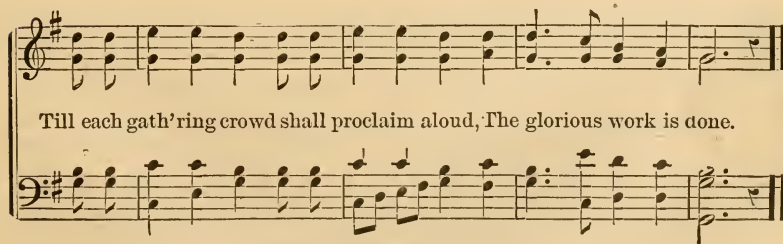


Till the pre-cious in-vi - ta - tion Wak-en ev - 'ry heart and tongue.
 Till each gath'ring con-gre-ga-tion With the gos-pel sound is blest.
 Till the ships of ev-'ry na - tion Bear the news from shore to shore.
 Till, in hum-ble ad - o - ra - tion, All to Christ shall bow the knee.

CHORUS.



Send the sound the earth around, From the rising to the settings of the sun,

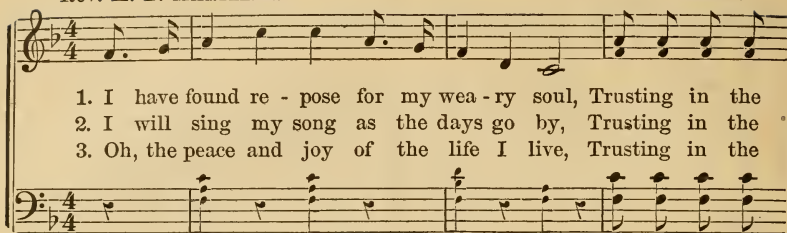


Till each gath'ring crowd shall proclaim aloud, The glorious work is done.

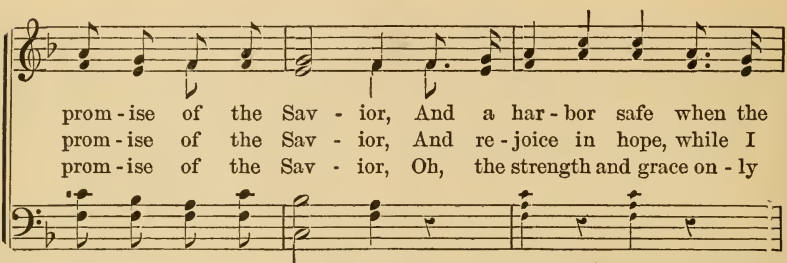
54. Trusting in the Promise.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

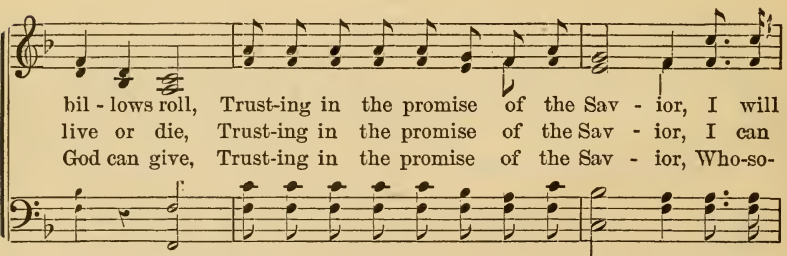
Rev. E. S. LORENZ.



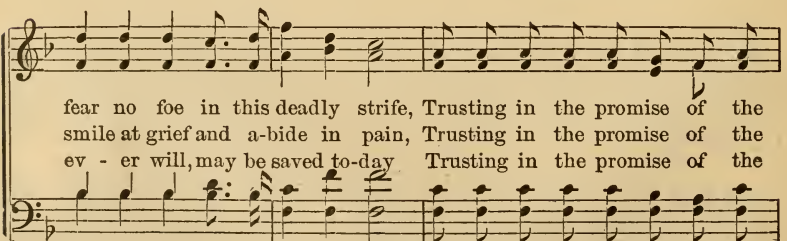
1. I have found re - pose for my wea - ry soul, Trusting in the
2. I will sing my song as the days go by, Trusting in the
3. Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live, Trusting in the



prom - ise of the Sav - ior, And a har - bor safe when the
prom - ise of the Sav - ior, And re - joice in hope, while I
prom - ise of the Sav - ior, Oh, the strength and grace on - ly



hil - lows roll, Trust - ing in the promise of the Sav - ior, I will
live or die, Trust - ing in the promise of the Sav - ior, I can
God can give, Trust - ing in the promise of the Sav - ior, Who - so -



fear no foe in this deadly strife, Trusting in the promise of the
smile at grief and a-bide in pain, Trusting in the promise of the
ev - er will, may be saved to-day Trusting in the promise of the

Trusting in the Promise—Concluded.

Sav - ior; I will bear my lot in the toil of life, Trusting in the
 Sav - ior; And the less of all shall be high est gain, Trusting in the
 Sav - ior; And be gin to walk in the ho - ly way, Trusting in the

REFRAIN.

prom-ise of the Sav - ior. Rest-ing on His mighty arm for-

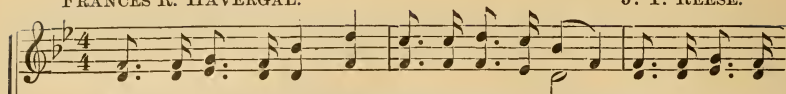
ev - er, Nev - er from His lov - ing heart to sev - er, I will rest by

grace, In His strong embrace, Trusting in the promise of the Sav - ior.

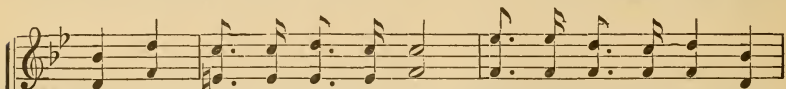
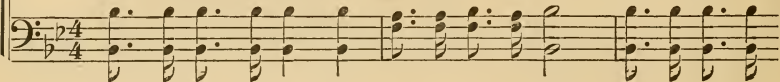
55. Who is on the Lord's Side?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

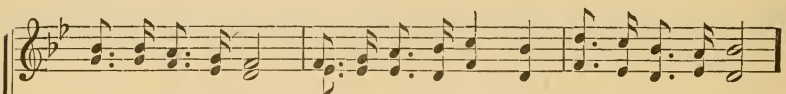
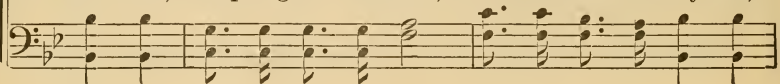
J. T. REESE.



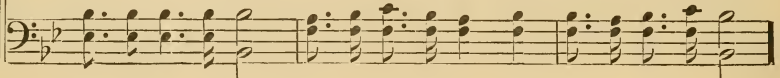
1. Who is on the Lord's side, Who will serve the King? Who will be his
2. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's great
3. Chos - en to be sol - diers In a no - ble cause, Battling for Je-



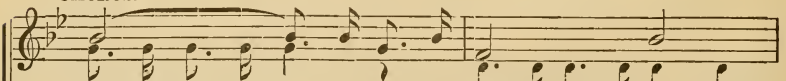
help - er, Oth - er souls to bring? Who will leave the world's side,
ar - my, Naught can o - ver-throw; Round his standard sing - ing,
ho - vah, Keep - ing all his laws; In the ser - vice roy - al,



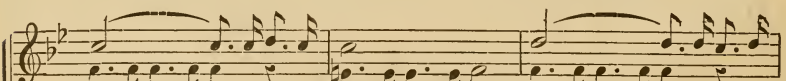
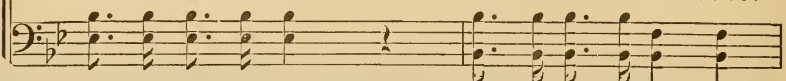
Who will join his band? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will stand?
Vic - t'ry is se - cure; For his truth unchanging, Makes the triumph sure.
Let us not grow cold; But be ev - er loy - al, Earnest, true, and bold.



CHORUS.



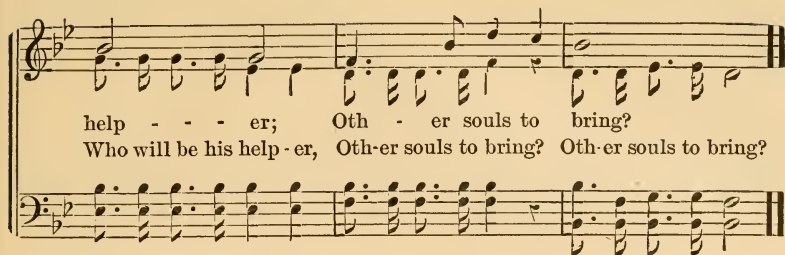
Who..... is on the Lord's side?
Who for him will stand? Who is on the Lord's side?



Who..... will serve the King? Who..... will be his
Who will serve the King? Who will serve the King? Who will join his band?



Who is on the Lord's Side—Concluded.

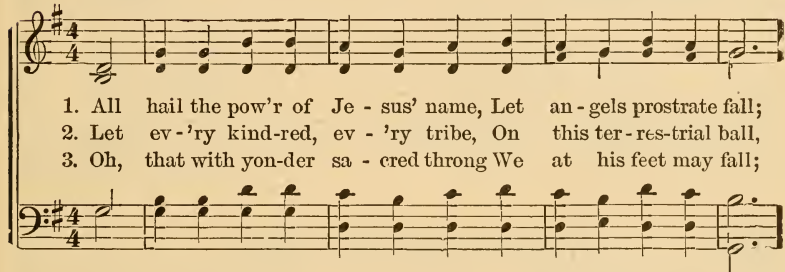


help - - - er; Oth - er souls to bring?
Who will be his help - er, Oth - er souls to bring? Oth - er souls to bring?

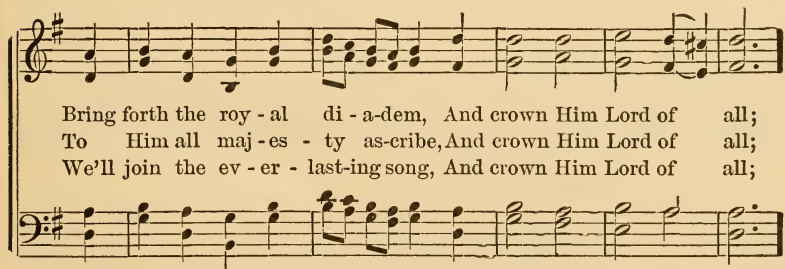
56. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

PERONET.

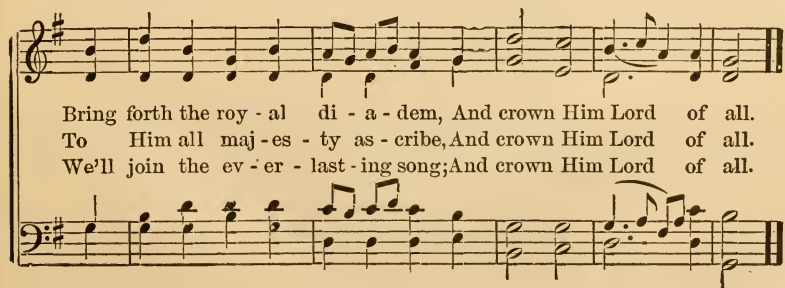
OLIVER HOLDEN



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kind-red, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

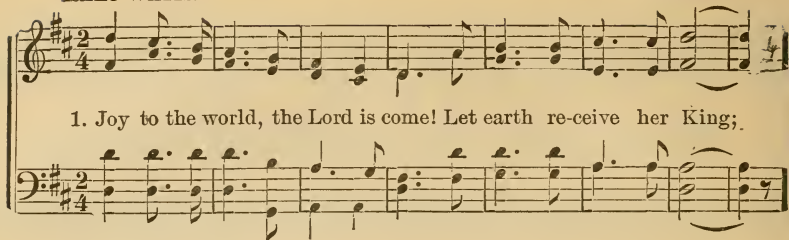


Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song; And crown Him Lord of all.

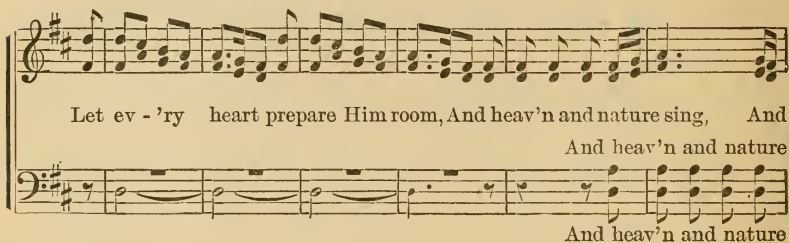
57. Joy to the World.

ISAAC WATTS.

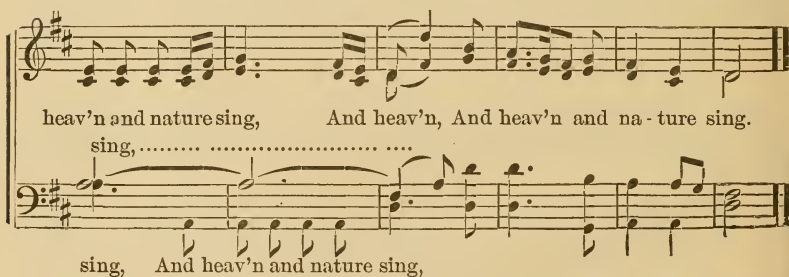
HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;



Let ev - 'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
And heav'n and nature
And heav'n and nature



heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
sing,
sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

2. Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.
4. He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

58. Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

WM. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am! tho' tossed a-bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am! Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-lieve;

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 To Thee, where blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Fightings and fears within, without, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve; O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

59. At the Door.

SOLO.

1. Who at my door is stand-ing— Pa-tient-ly drawing near, En-trance with-
 2. Lone-ly with-out he's stay-ing— Lone-ly within am I; While I am
 3. All thro' the dark hours dreary, Knocking a-gain is he; Je-sus, art
 4. Door of my heart, I has-ten! Thee will I o-pen wide; Tho' he re-
 5. Guest of our love, he sees us, O-pen-ing now our door, Joy-ful!

CHORUS.

in de-mand-ing? Whose is the voice I hear?
 still de-lay-ing, Will he not pass me by?
 thou not wea-ry, Wait-ing so long for me?
 buke and chasten, He shall with me a-bide.
 en-ter Je-sus, Dwell with us ev-er-more.

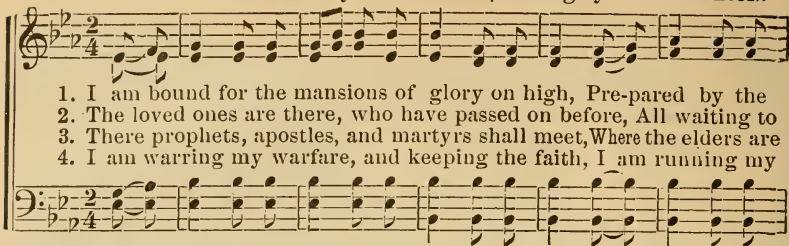
Sweet-ly the tones are falling:

"Op-en the door for me, If thou wilt heed my call-ing, I will abide with thee."

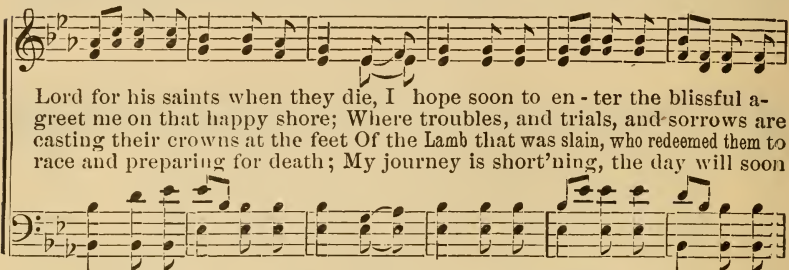
60. The Angels' Welcome.

L. H. JAMESON.

Arr. by J. V. COOMBS, as sung by L. H. JAMESON.

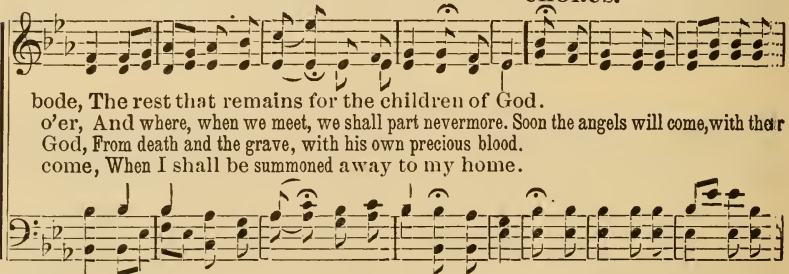


1. I am bound for the mansions of glory on high, Pre-pared by the
2. The loved ones are there, who have passed on before, All waiting to
3. There prophets, apostles, and martyrs shall meet, Where the elders are
4. I am warring my warfare, and keeping the faith, I am running my

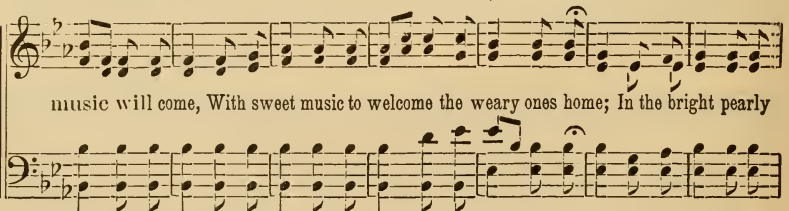


Lord for his saints when they die, I hope soon to en - ter the blissful a -
greet me on that happy shore; Where troubles, and trials, and sorrows are
casting their crowns at the feet Of the Lamb that was slain, who redeemed them to
race and preparing for death; My journey is short'ning, the day will soon

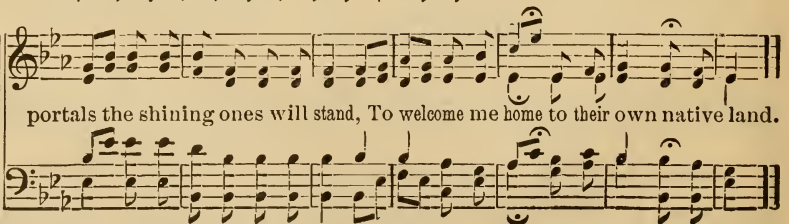
CHORUS.



bode, The rest that remains for the children of God.
o'er, And where, when we meet, we shall part nevermore. Soon the angels will come, with their
God, From death and the grave, with his own precious blood.
come, When I shall be summoned away to my home.



music will come, With sweet music to welcome the weary ones home; In the bright pearly

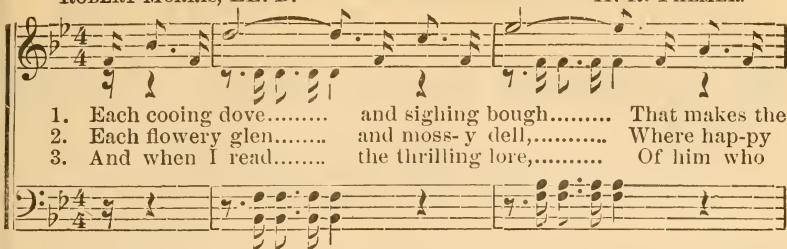


portals the shining ones will stand, To welcome me home to their own native land.

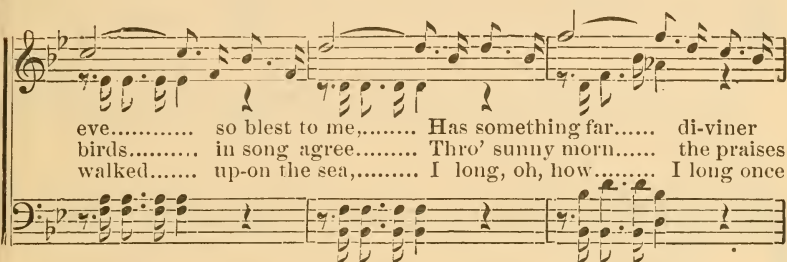
61. Memories of Galilee.

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D.

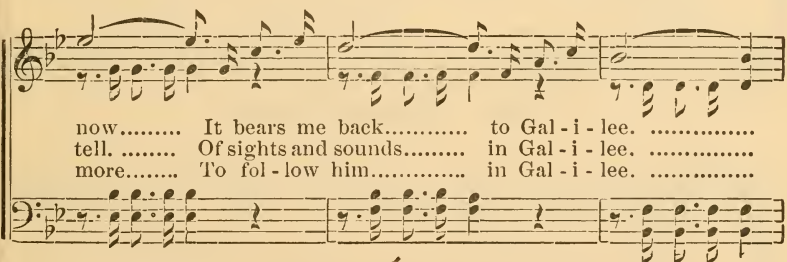
H. R. PALMER.



1. Each cooling dove..... and sighing bough..... That makes the
 2. Each flowery glen..... and moss-y dell,..... Where hap-py
 3. And when I read..... the thrilling lore,..... Of him who

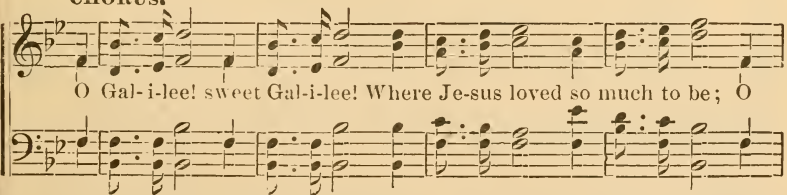


eve..... so blest to me..... Has something far..... di-viner
 birds..... in song agree..... Thro' sunny morn..... the praises
 walked..... up-on the sea,..... I long, oh, how..... I long once

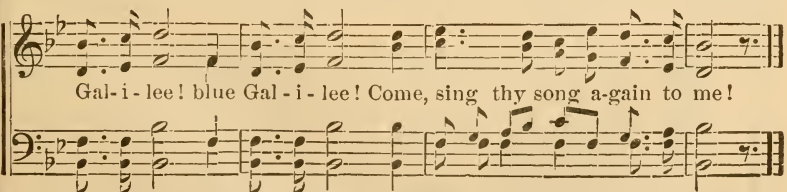


now..... It bears me back..... to Gal-i-lee.
 tell. Of sights and sounds..... in Gal-i-lee.
 more..... To fol-low him..... in Gal-i-lee.

CHORUS.



O Gal-i-lee! sweet Gal-i-lee! Where Je-sus loved so much to be; O



Gal-i-lee! blue Gal-i-lee! Come, sing thy song a-gain to me!

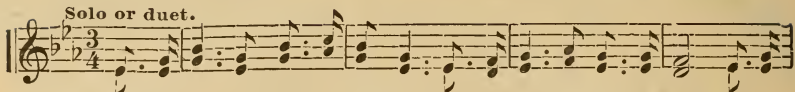
By permission.

62. In the Shadow of the Rock.

Arr. by J. V. COOMBS.

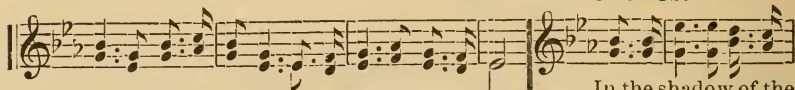
Arr. by J. T. REESE.

Solo or duet.



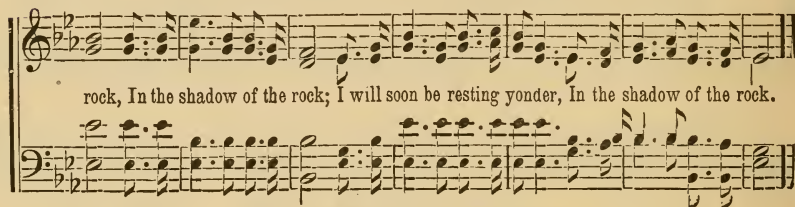
1. In a drear-y land I wander, And with falt'ring steps I walk; But I'll
2. Let me go where my Redeemer Has prepared for me sweet rest; In the
3. So with patient faith I'll wander, And with loving heart I'll walk; I will
4. Let me go, my soul is weary Of the chains which rudely mock; I'll be

CHORUS.



soon be resting yonder In the shadow of the rock.
golden home up yonder, To the mansions of the blest.
soon be resting yonder, In the shadow of the rock.
resting over yonder In the shadow of the rock.

In the shadow of the

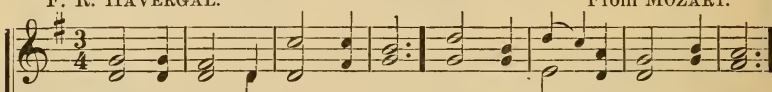


rock, In the shadow of the rock; I will soon be resting yonder, In the shadow of the rock.

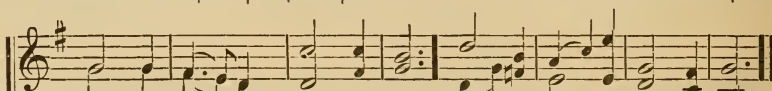
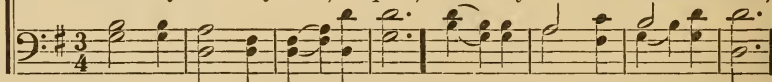
63. Consecration.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

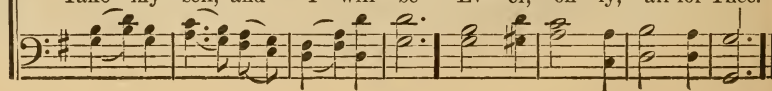
From MOZART.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord to Thee;
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love;
3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways; on - ly for my King;
4. Take my sil - ver and my gold; Not a mite would I with-hold;
5. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no lon - ger mine;
6. Take my love—my Lord, I pour, At Thy feet its treasure store;



Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee.
Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sa-ges for Thee.
Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - 'ry power as Thou shalt choose.
Take my heart—it is Thine own; It shall be Thy roy-al Throne.
Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.



64. Tarry with Me.

MRS. C. S. SMITH.

KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Tar-ry with me, oh, my Savior, For the day is passing by;

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

See, the shades of evening gather, And the night is drawing nigh.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

Tar-ry with me, blessed Je-sus, Leave me not till morning light;

The first line of the chorus, featuring the same musical notation style as the previous systems. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

For I'm lonely here without thee, Tar-ry with me thro' the night.

The second line of the chorus, continuing the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

2 Many friends were gathered round me,
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here the last.

Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

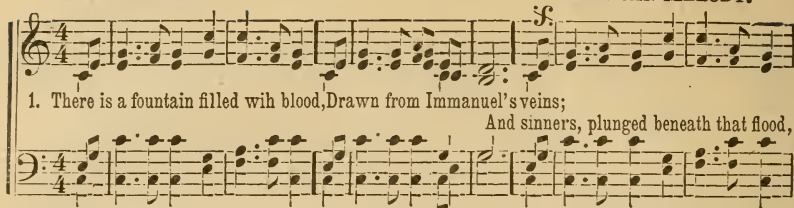
3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,

4 Tarry with me, oh, my Savior,
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me,
Morning of eternal rest.

65. There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER.

AMERICAN MELODY.

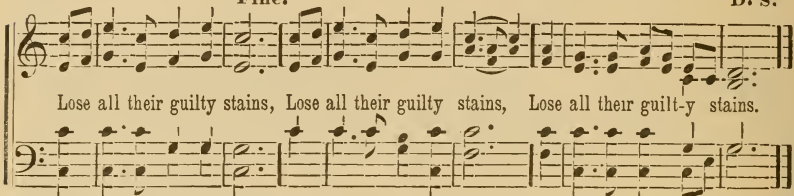


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,

Fine.

D. S.



Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

2 O Lamb of God! thy precious blood | Redeeming love has been my theme,
Shall never lose its power, | And shall be till I die.

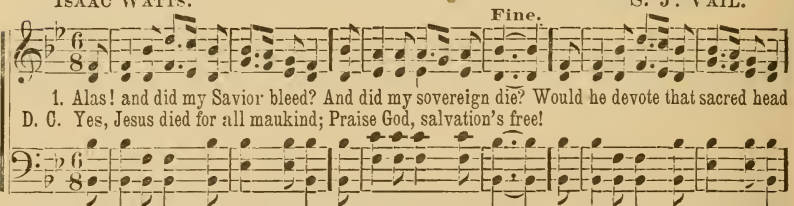
Till all the ransomed church of God | Lies silent in the grave,
Are saved, to sin no more. | 4 And when this lisping, stammering tongue

3 Ere since by faith I saw the stream | Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
Thy flowing wounds supply, | I'll sing thy power to save.

66. Jesus Died for You.

ISAAC WATTS.

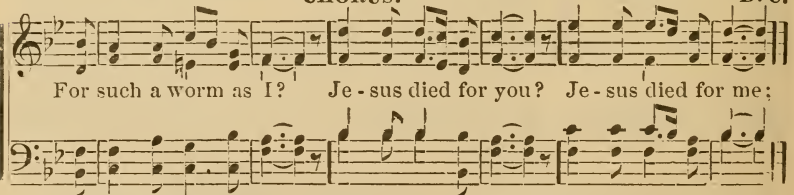
S. J. VAIL.



1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed? And did my sovereign die? Would he devote that sacred head
D. C. Yes, Jesus died for all mankind; Praise God, salvation's free!

CHORUS.

D. C.



For such a worm as I? Je - sus died for you? Je - sus died for me;

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?

Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!—CHO.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,

When God's own Son was crucified
For man, the creature's sin.—CHO.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,

Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.—CHO.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:

Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.—CHO.

67. Waiting.

GEO. F. HALL.

MRS. LAURA HALL.

1. I am waiting, simply waiting, While the hours are speeding by,
 2. I am waiting, simply waiting, For that gold-en morn to dawn,
 3. Yes I'm waiting, simply waiting, As I feel the time draws nigh,

For the com-ing of my Savior, Who for me did deign to die.
 When I'll meet my precious loved ones, Who be-fore me long have gone.
 When all tongues shall speak the praises, Of our Lord enthroned on high.

He is com-ing, shortly coming, Back to earth where he was slain,
 Oh! my soul is filled with longing, As I tar - ry here a - lone,
 And I'm sing-ing while I'm waiting, For my heart is full of joy.

Refrain. O I'm waiting, simply waiting, While the hours are speeding by,

To re-ceive his faithful servants, Who with him shall ev-er reign.
 Longing for the bliss of heaven, Long-ing for that hap-py home.
 Praise the Lord, O praise him ever; Let all men his praise employ.

Wait-ing for my com-ing Savior, Who for me did deign to die.

68. WHITER THAN SNOW.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole: I want thee for-
 2. Lord Je-sus, look down from thy throne in the skies. And help me to
 3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat; I wait, bless-ed
 4. Lord Je-sus, thou se - est I pa-tient-ly wait; Come now, and with-

ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast
 make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-
 Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
 in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought thee, thou

out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 ev - er I know—Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 see thy blood flow—Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 nev - er said 'st No—Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow;

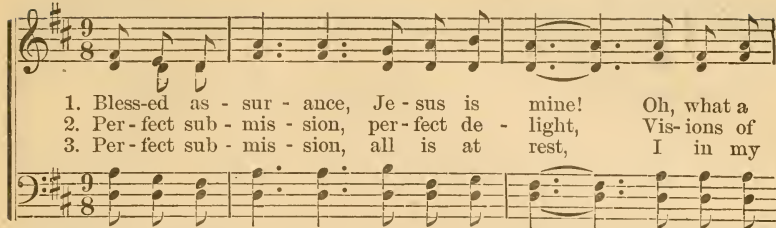
Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

69. BLESSED ASSURANCE.

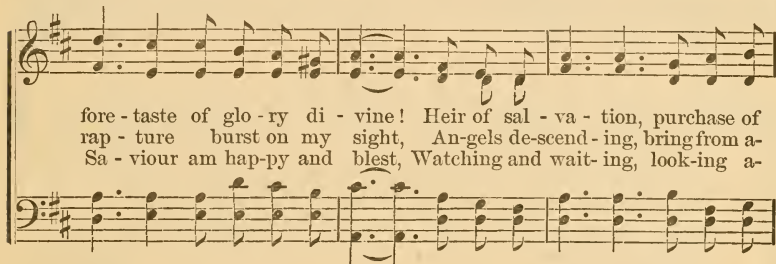
He is faithful that hath promised.—Heb. 10: 23.

F. J. CROSBY.

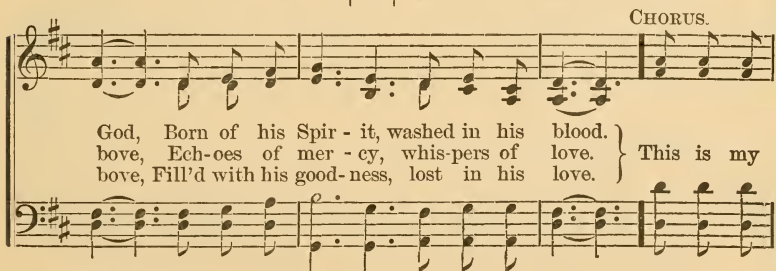
Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my

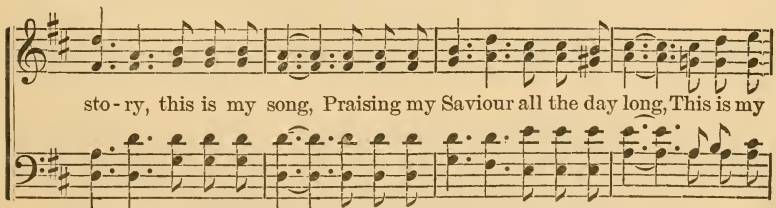


fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of
 rap - ture burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a -
 Sa - viour am hap - py and blest, Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a -

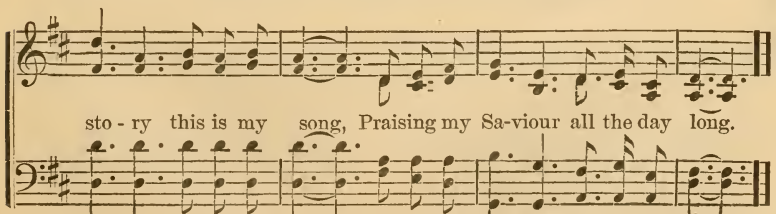


CHORUS.

God, Born of his Spir - it, washed in his blood. }
 bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love. } This is my
 bove, Fill'd with his good - ness, lost in his love. }



sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long, This is my

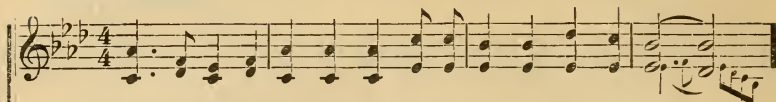


sto - ry this is my song, Praising my Sa - viour all the day long.

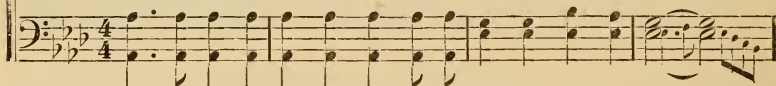
70. Under the Cross.

CINAS. WESLEY.

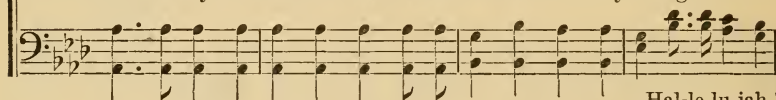
E. O. EXCELL.



1. Je - sus Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past ;
3. Oth - er ref-uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
4. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring ;

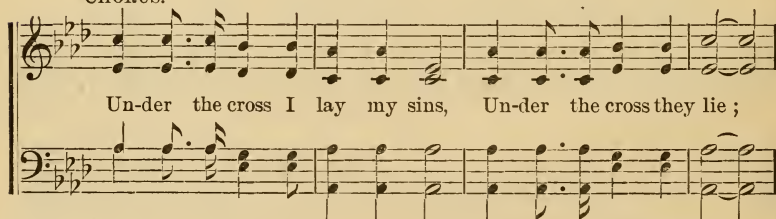


While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high !
 Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O receive my soul at last !
 Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still support and comfort me :
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shadow of Thy wing !

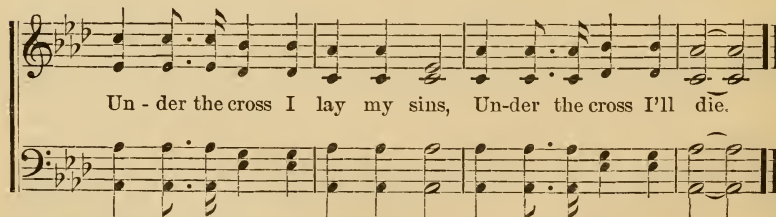


Hal - le - lu - jah !

CHORUS.



Un - der the cross I lay my sins, Un - der the cross they lie ;



Un - der the cross I lay my sins, Un - der the cross I'll die.

5. Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within.

6. Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee :
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

Copyright, 1889, by E. O. Excell.

71. Lo, I Am with You.

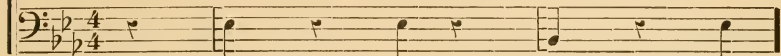
Mrs. J. V. C.

Mat. xxviii, 20.

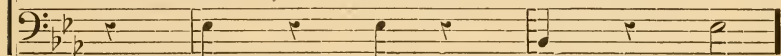
Mrs. J. V. COOMBS.



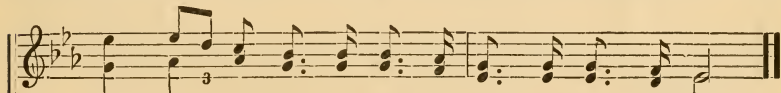
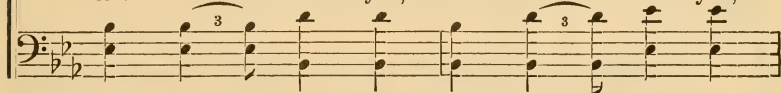
1. Hear the words of long a-go, From the mount in Gal - i - lee,
2. See the heath-en na-tions bow, As they catch the ray of light,
3. Loud and strong the cry comes on To us as to those of old,



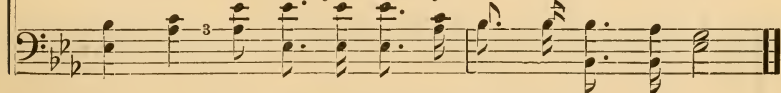
Spok - en by the Lord of Love "Teach the world to fol - low me."
Eag - er now to be released From the dark-ness of the night.
"Teach the world to fol - low me," Let the Sto - ry oft be told.



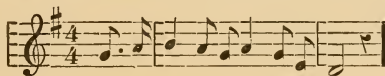
Lo! I am with you, Lo! I am with you,



Lo! I am with you al-ways ev - en to the end.



72. Sweet By-and-By,



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 There's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.</p> | <p>2 We shall meet on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.</p> |
|---|---|

<p>CHO.--In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.</p>	<p>3 To our bountiful Father above We will offer the tribute of praise, For the glorious gifts of his love, And the blessings that hallow our days.</p>
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73. Sound the Battle Cry.

WM. F. SHERWIN. By per.

Vigorously, in march time.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry, See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
 2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know
 3. Oh! thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us one and all

For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm ev - 'ry one,
 Must pre - vail; Shield and ban - ner bright Gleaming in the light,
 By Thy grace; When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - t'ry won,

CHORUS.

Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word. }
 Bat - tling for the right, We ne'er can fail. } Rouse then, sol - diers!
 May we wear the crown Be - fore Thy face. }

rally round the banner! Ready, steady, pass the word along; Onward, forward,

shout aloud Ho-san - na! Christ is Cap - tain of the might - y throng.

74. Communion.

J. V. C.

J. V. COOMBS.

1. We come this sacred day O Lord, To worship at thy feet; Oh, guide and
 2. This Lord's Day morn we come to pray, To read thy holy word, Oh, keep us
 3. A few more days for us to roam, A few more meetings blest, And God will

keep us by thy word, As we commune with Thee, As we commune with Thee.
 in the good old way, And take us home to God, And take us home to God.
 call his children home, To be with Christ at rest, To be with Christ at rest.

75. Asleep in Jesus.

Mrs. M. MACKAY.

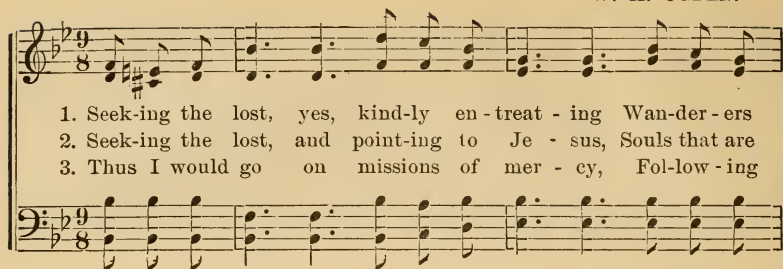
BRADBURY.

1. Asleep in Je-sus! Blessed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep;
 2. Asleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slumber meet;
 3. Asleep in Je - sus! O for me May such a bliss - ful refuge be!

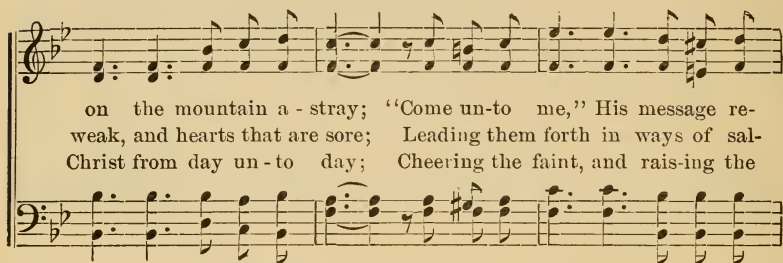
A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Unbroken by the last of foes!
 With ho-ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death has lost its venom'd sting!
 Securely shall my ash-es lie, And wait the summons from on high.

76. Seeking the Lost.

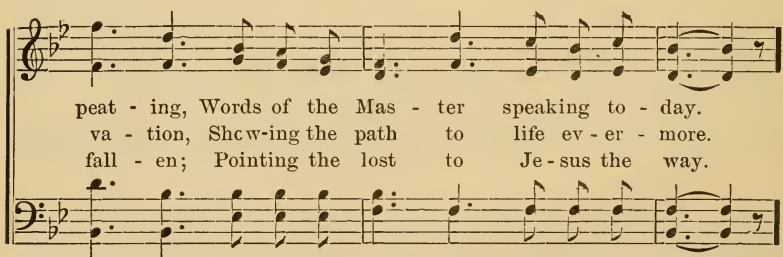
W. A. OGDEN.



1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan-der-ers
 2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je-sus, Souls that are
 3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing

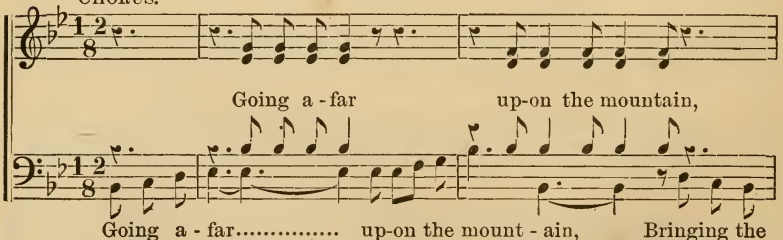


on the mountain a-stray; "Come un-to me," His message re-
 weak, and hearts that are sore; Leading them forth in ways of sal-
 Christ from day un-to day; Cheering the faint, and rais-ing the



peat-ing, Words of the Mas-ter speak-ing to-day.
 va-tion, Shcwing the path to life ev-er-more.
 fall-en; Pointing the lost to Je-sus the way.

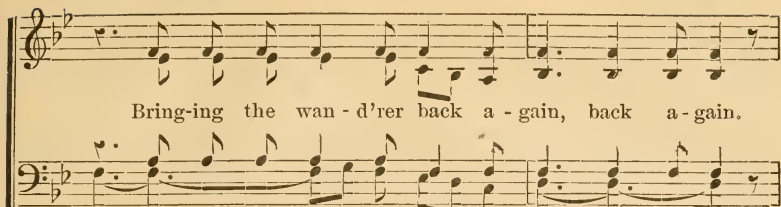
CHORUS.



Going a-far up-on the mountain,
 Going a-far..... up-on the mount-ain, Bringing the

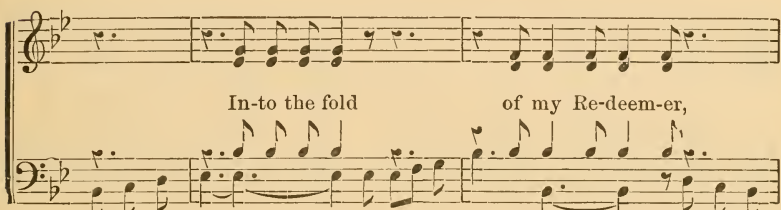
By per. of W. A. Ogden, Toledo, Ohio.

Seeking the Lost--Concluded.



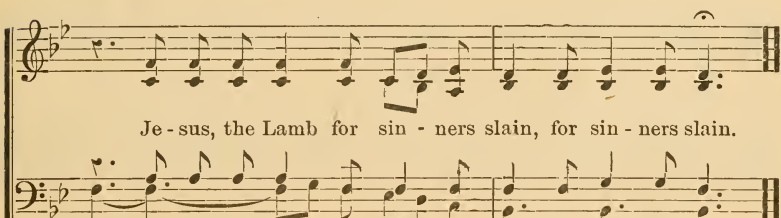
Bring-ing the wan - d'rer back a - gain, back a - gain.

wan - - - d'rer back a - gain.....



In-to the fold of my Re-deem-er,

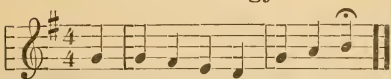
In-to the fold..... of my Re-deem - er,..... Jesus, the



Je - sus, the Lamb for sin - ners slain, for sin - ners slain.

Lamb..... for sin - ners slain.....

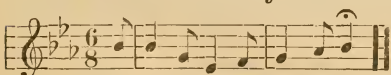
77. Doxology.



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Cho.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

78. The Great Physician.



1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

2 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

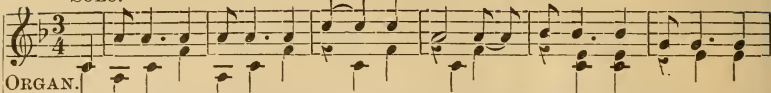
4 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love,
His name, the name of Jesus.

79. The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T.

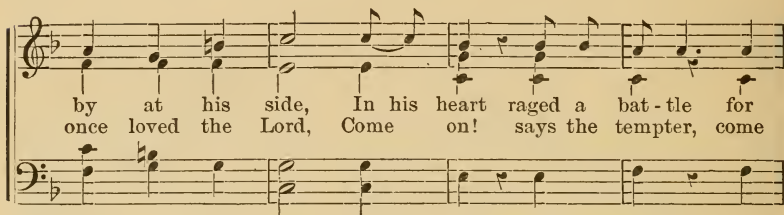
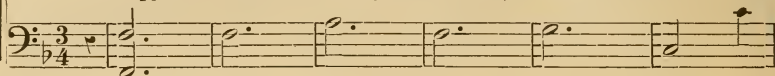
W. L. THOMPSON.

SOLO.

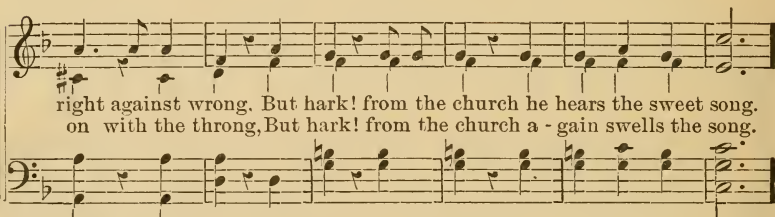


ORGAN.

1. A sinner was wand'ring at ev-en-tide, His tempter was watching close
2. He stopped and listened to ev'ry sweet chord, He remembered the time he

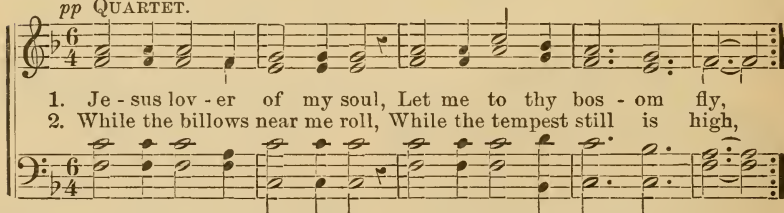


by at his side, In his heart raged a bat-tle for
once loved the Lord, Come on! says the tempter, come



right against wrong. But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song.
on with the throng, But hark! from the church a - gain swells the song.

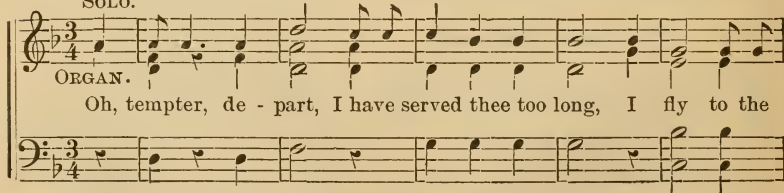
pp QUARTET.



1. Je - sus lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
2. While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high,

SOLO.

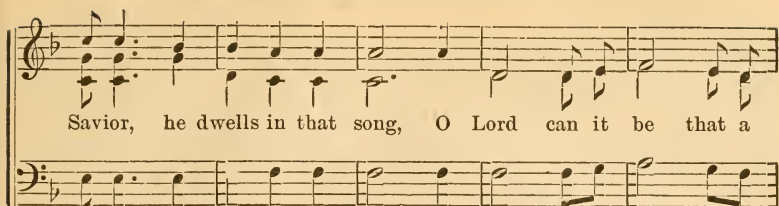
ORGAN.



Oh, tempter, de - part, I have served thee too long, I fly to the

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O.

The Sinner and the Song—Concluded.

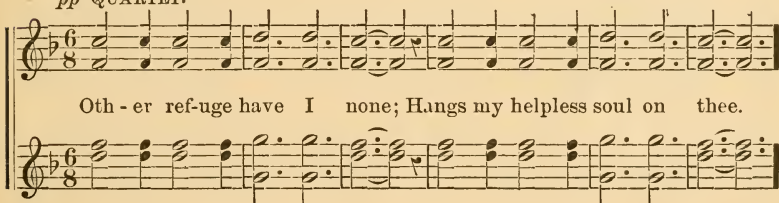


Savior, he dwells in that song, O Lord can it be that a



sinner like me, May find a sweet refuge by com-ing to thee?

pp QUARTET.



Oth - er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee.

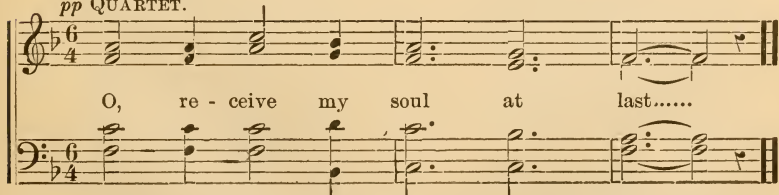
SOLO.

ORGAN.



I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt forgive the dark past, And

pp QUARTET.



O, re - ceive my soul at last.....

80. Deliverance will Come.

J. B. M.

Rev. JNO. B. MATTHIAS.

1. { I saw a way-worn trav'ler In tat - ter'd garments clad,
His back was la - den heav - y His strength was al - most gone,
2. { The sum - mer sun was shin - ing, The sweat was on his brow,
But he kept pressing onward For he was wending home;
3. { The songsters in the ar - bor That stood be - side the way
His watchword be - ing "Onward!" He stopped his ears and ran,

And struggling up the mountain It seemed that he was sad; }
Yet he shout - ed as he journeyed, De - liv - er - ance will come. }
His garments worn and dust - y, His step seemed ver - y slow; }
Still shouting as he journeyed, De - liv - er - ance will come. }
At - tract - ed his at - ten - tion, In - vit - ing his de - lay: }
Still shouting as he journeyed, De - liv - er - ance will come. }

CHORUS.

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory, Palms of victory I shall bear.

I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city, —
His everlasting home, —
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:

They bore him on their pinions'
Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph, —
Deliverance had come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

81. My Ain Countrie

Miss M. A. LEE.

Scotch Song. Arr.

1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea-ry af-ten-whiles, For the
I'll ne'er be fu' con-tent un-til my eyes do see, The
D. C. But these sights an' these sounds will as naething be to me, When I

lang'd-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles,
gold - en gates of heav'n, an' my (Omit.) } ain countrie.
hear the an - gels singing in my (Omit.) } ain countrie.

{ The earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, ma - ny - tint-ed fresh and gay; }
{ The bird - ies war - blè blithely, for my Father made them sae; }

2. I've his good word of promise, that some gladsome day the King
To his ain royal palace, his banished, hame will bring,
Wi' eyes, an' wi' heart running owre we shall see
"The King in his beauty," an' our ain countrie,
My sins have been many, and my sorrows have been sair;
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair.
For his blood hath made me white, and his hand shall dry my e'e,
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

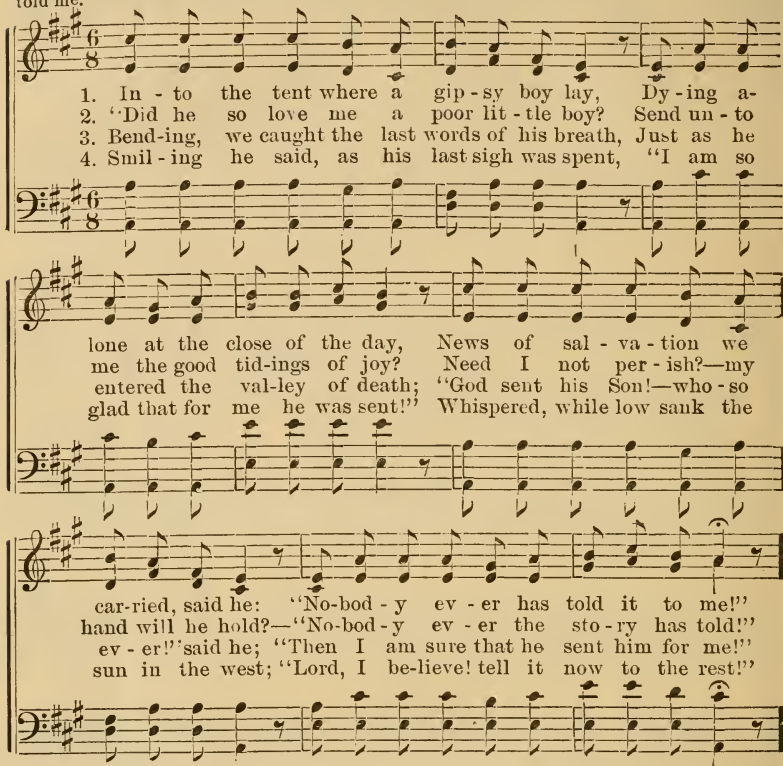
3. He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' he'll surely come again,
He'll keep his trust wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To go at any moment to my ain countrie.
So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gives his grace to each ane wha listens noo to me,
That we all may go in gladness to our ain countrie.

82. Tell it Again.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

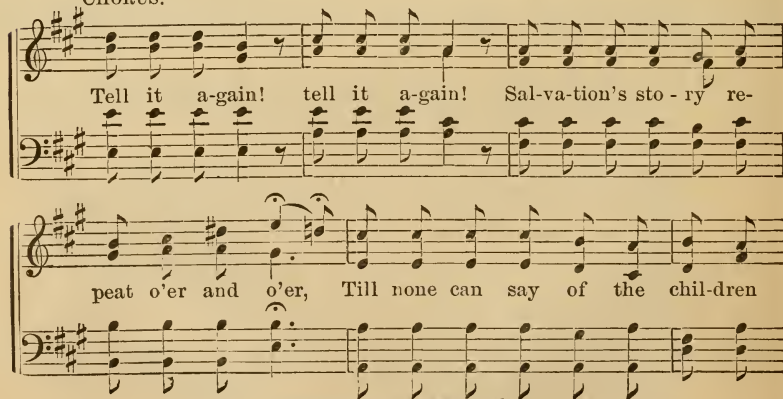
R. M. McINTOSH.

A home missionary visited a dying boy in a gipsy tent; bending over him, he said, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' The dying boy heard and whispered: "Nobody ever told me."



1. In - to the tent where a gip-sy boy lay, Dy-ing a-
 2. 'Did he so love me a poor lit-tle boy? Send un-to
 3. Bend-ing, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he
 4. Smil-ing he said, as his last sigh was spent, "I am so
 lone at the close of the day, News of sal-va-tion we
 me the good tid-ings of joy? Need I not per-ish?—my
 entered the val-ley of death; "God sent his Son!—who so
 glad that for me he was sent!" Whispered, while low sank the
 car-ried, said he: "No-bod-y ev-er has told it to me!"
 hand will he hold?—"No-bod-y ev-er the sto-ry has told!"
 ev-er!" said he; "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"
 sun in the west; "Lord, I be-lieve! tell it now to the rest!"

CHORUS.



Tell it a-gain! tell it a-gain! Sal-va-tion's sto-ry re-
 peat o'er and o'er, Till none can say of the chil-dren

By per. of R. M. McIntosh.

Tell it Again—Concluded.

of men, 'No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore!"

83. Come Home To-Night.

J. V. C.

J. V. COOMBS.

1. Be-hold what love the Sav-ior gave To sinners who had gone astray,
2. That love abounds. 'tis of-fered thee If you confess he is the Lord,
3. Your stay will be more joy-ous here, By trusting in his ho-ly love,
4. Oh, come to-day, Oh, why de-lay, For mansions are prepared for thee,

Ac-cept that love, confess his name, Oh, wand'rer will you come to-day?
 His blood was shed on Cal - va - ry, Oh, will you not believe his word?
 Live by his word and learn of him, And thus receive a home a-bove.
 A robe and crown at his right hand, Oh, wand'rer will you not be free?

CHORUS.

Come home to-night, come home to-night, The spirit and the bride say come,

Come home to-night, come home to night, Oh, sinner will you come to-night?

84. Lead me gently Home, Father.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, When life's toils are
 2. Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, In life's darkest

end - ed, And parting days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me,
 hours, Father, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand'ring,

rit. p
 Ne'er from thee I'll roam, If thou'll only lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
 Lest from thee I'll roam, Lest I fall upon the wayside, Lead me gently home.

CHORUS.

Lead me gently home, Fa-ther, Lead me gently,
 Lead me gently home, Father, Lead me gently home, Father,

Lest I fall up-on the way-side, Lead me gently home.
 Lead me gently, gently home.

By per. of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O.

85. Christ is Precious.

ELIZA SHERMAN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, the precious love of Je - sus, Grow-ing sweeter day by day,
 2. But we cannot know the full-ness Of the Savior's wondrous love,
 3. Come and taste the love of Je - sus, At his feet thy burdens lay;

Tun - ing all my heart so joy - ous To a heav'nly mel-o - dy.
 Till we see and know his glo - ry, In the heav'nly home above.
 Trust him with thy grief and sorrow, Bear this joy-ful song a - way.

CHORUS.

Christ is precious, Christ is precious, In life's journey he will lead thee;

Christ is precious, Christ is precious, He will lead thee all the way.

86. Work, for the night is coming.

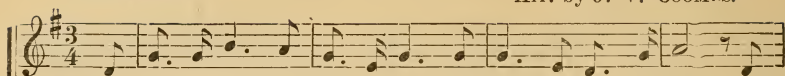
- 1 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the morning hours;
 Work while the dew is sparkling,
 Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
 Work when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun;

Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.

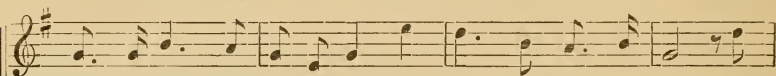
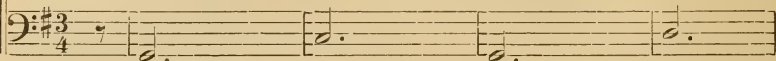
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying moment
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.

87. The Model Church.

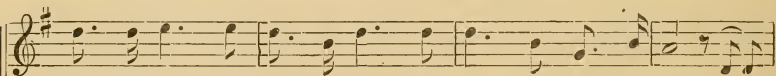
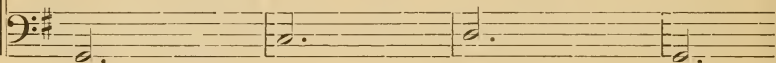
Arr. by J. V. COOMBS.



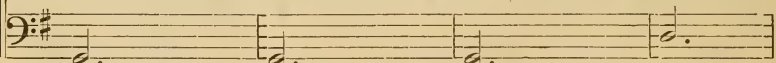
1. Well, wife, I've found the model church, And worshipp'd here to day; It
2. The sex-ton did not set me down, A - way back by the door; He
3. I wish you'd heard the singing, wife, It had the old-time ring; The



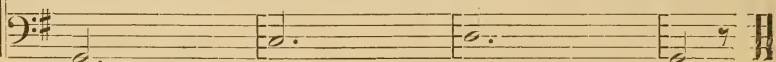
made me think of good old times. Be-fore my hair was gray, The
knew that I was old and deaf, And saw that I was poor, He
preach-er said with trumpet voice, Let all the peo - ple sing. "Old



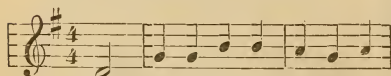
meeting house was fin - er built, Than they were years a - go, But
must have been a christian man, He led me bold - ly thro' The
Cor - o - na - tion," was the tune, The mu - sic upward roll'd, Tili I



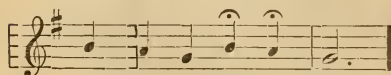
then I found when I went in. It was not built for show.
long aisle of that crowded church, To find a pleasant pew.
tho't I heard the an-gel-choir Strike all the harps of gold.



- 4 My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice,
With that melodious choir;
And sang, as in my youthful days,
"Let angel's prostrate fall;



Bring forth the roy-al ' di-a-dem,



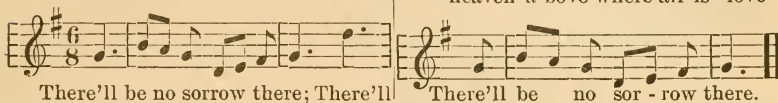
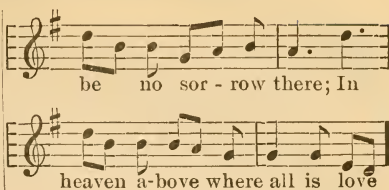
And crown him Lord of all.

- 5 I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form.
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

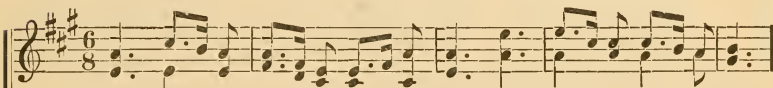
- 6 'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth.
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

The Model Church—Concluded.

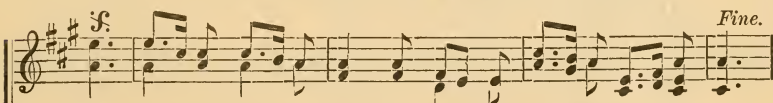
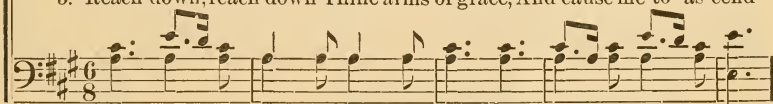
7 Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won.
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run,
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair:
Thank God, we'll never sin again;



88. No Sorrow There.



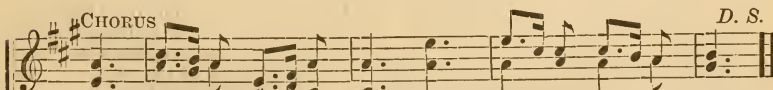
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee!
2. Thy walls are all of precious stones, Most glorious to be-hold!
3. Thy gar - dens and thy pleasant greens My stud - y long have been;
4. If heav - en be thus glorious, Lord, Why should I stay from thence?
5. Reach down, reach down Thine arms of grace, And cause me to as - cend



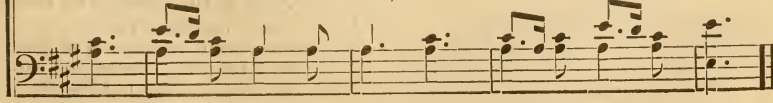
When will my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.
Such sparkling gems by hu - man sight Have nev - er yet been seen.
What fol - ly 'tis that I should dread To die and go from hence!
Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And joy shall nev - er end.



D. S. In heaven a - bove where all is love There'll be no sor - row there.



There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there,



89. Jesus is Coming Again.

J. H. P.

J. H. PAINTER.

1. O I wonder when Je-sus is com-ing a-gain His wait-ing be-
 2. O when will the an-gels their shout-ing be-gin, When Je-sus our
 3. Many loved ones will meet us and cheer our glad souls, Our joys will be
 4. O—sin-ner, de-lay not, the time is too near, It may be e'en

liev-ers to bless; And gath-er to heav-en his faith-ful ones, then,
 Sav-ior will come, To con-quer for-ev-er the king-dom of sin,
 full then, I know; Halle-lu-jahs will ring when we en-ter the goal,
 now at your door; O come to the Sav-ior, there's noth-ing to fear,

D. S. O brother, rejoice! for the promise is sure,

FINE. CHORUS.

And give them sweet heavenly rest? O, Je-sus is coming a-
 And take all his chos-en ones home?
 O Christian, be read-y to go! O, Je-sus is
 While Je-sus is walking be-fore!
 Yes, Je-sus is coming a-gain.

gain!..... O, Je-sus is coming a-gain!
 coming a-gain! O, Je-sus is coming a-gain!

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90. The Home Over There.

1 O think of the home over there,
 By the side of the river of light,
 Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
 Are robed in their garments of white,
 Over there, over there,
 O think of the home over there,

2 O think of the friends over there,
 Who before us the journey have trod,
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
 In their home in the palace of God,
 Over there, over there,
 O think of the friends over there.

3 My Savior is now over there;
 There my kindred and friends are at rest;
 Then away from my sorrow and care,
 Let me fly to the land of the blest.
 Over there, over there,
 My Savior is now over there.

91. My Country, 'tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

(AMERICA.)

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
 4. Our fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty, To Thee we sing; Long may our

cres.
 fathers died, Land of the Pilgrims' pride, From ev'ry mountain side. Let freedom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
 land be bright, With freedom's holy light, Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

92. I Am Coming to the Cross.

WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sigh'd for thee, Long has e - vil reigned within;
 3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;

Chorus. I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

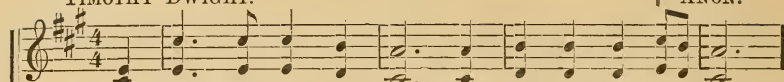
I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod - y thine to be, Whol - ly thine for ev - er more.

Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

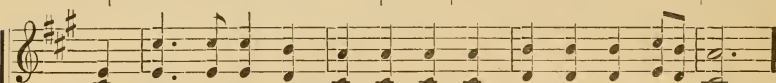
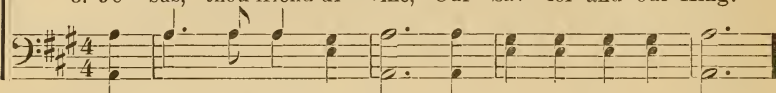
93. I Love Thy Kingdom.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

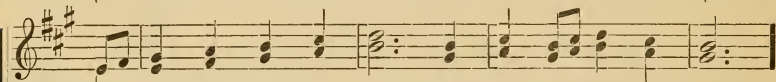
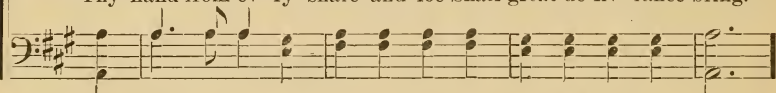
ANON.



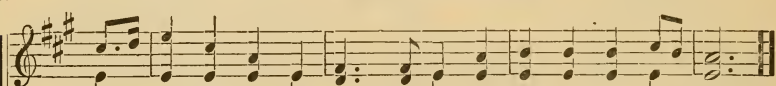
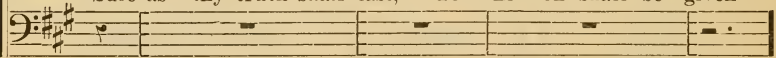
1. I love thy kingdom, Lord— The house of thine a - bode;
2. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as-cend;
3. Je - sus, thou friend di - vine, Our Sav - ior and our King!



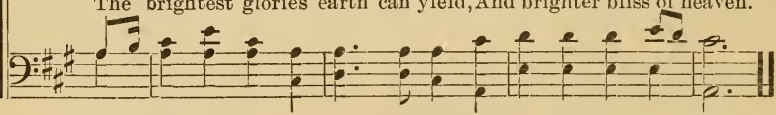
The church our blest Re-deem-er saved With his own precious blood.
To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.
Thy hand from ev-'ry snare and foe Shall great de-liv-'rance bring.



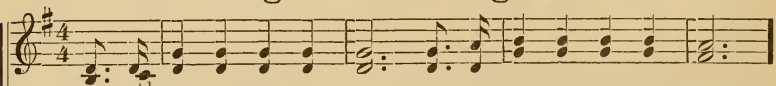
I love thy church, O God! Her walls be-fore thee stand
Be-yond my high - est joy I prize her heavenly ways,
Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be given



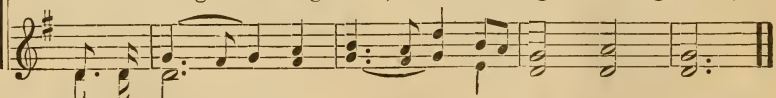
Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And graven on thy hand.
Her sweet communion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.



94. Angels Hovering Round.



1. There are an-gels hov'ring round, There are an-gels hov'ring round,



There are an - gels, an - gels hov - 'ring round.

- 2 To carry the tidings home.
- 3 To the new Jerusalem.

- 4 Poor sinners are coming home.
- 5 The glory's breaking round.

95. Flee as a Bird.

MARY S. B. DANA.

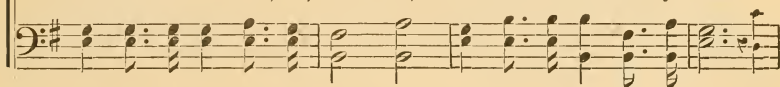
Spanish.



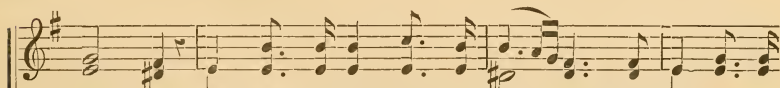
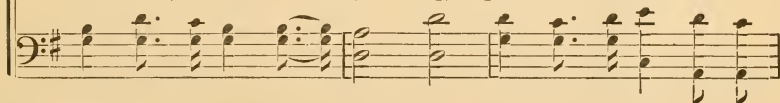
1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art weary of sin;
2. He will protect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing tear;



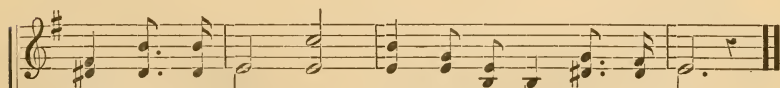
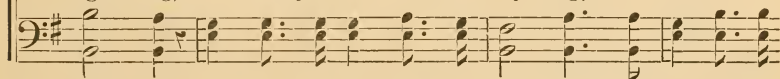
Go to the clear flowing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean.
He will forsake thee, oh, nev - er, Sheltered so ten - der - ly there.



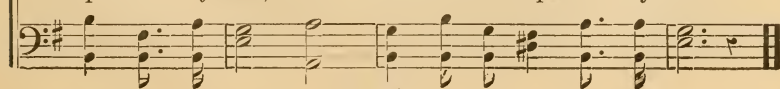
Fly for th'a - ven - ger is near thee, Call, and the Sav - ior will
Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in



hear thee, He on his bo - som will bear thee; Oh, thou who art
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing; The Sav - ior will



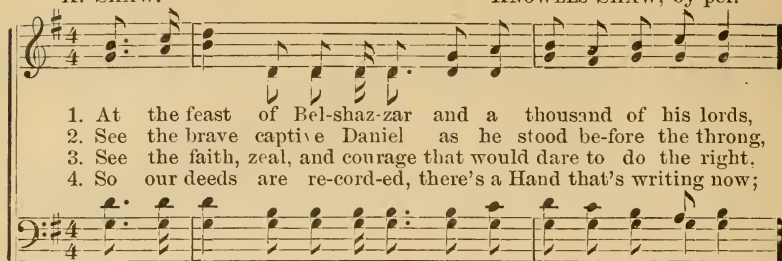
wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin.
wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - ior will wipe ev - 'ry tear.



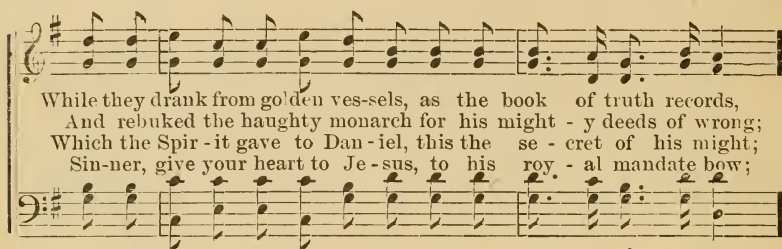
96. The Handwriting on the Wall.

K. SHAW.

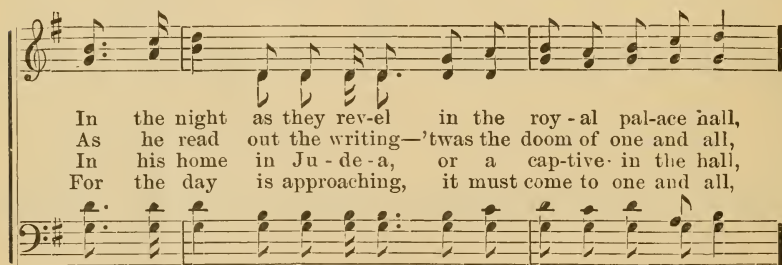
KNOWLES SHAW, by per.



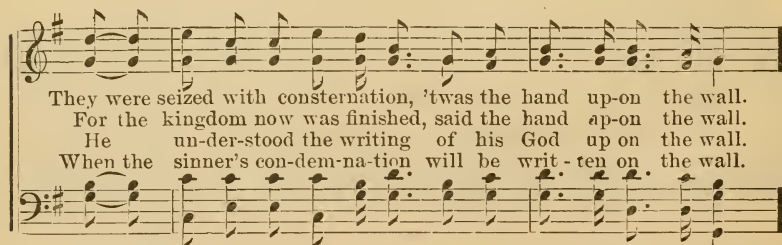
1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thousand of his lords,
 2. See the brave captive Daniel as he stood be-fore the throng,
 3. See the faith, zeal, and courage that would dare to do the right.
 4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed, there's a Hand that's writing now;



While they drank from golden ves-sels, as the book of truth records,
 And rebuked the haughty monarch for his might - y deeds of wrong;
 Which the Spir - it gave to Dan - iel, this the se - cret of his might;
 Sin-ner, give your heart to Je - sus, to his roy - al mandate bow;

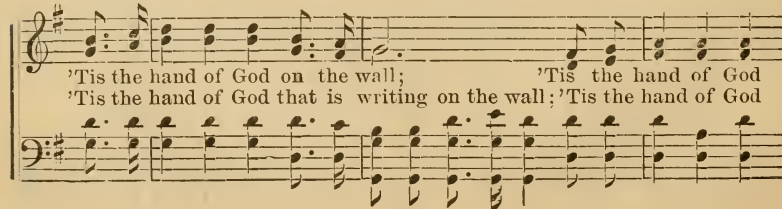


In the night as they rev-el in the roy - al pal-ace hall,
 As he read out the writing—'twas the doom of one and all,
 In his home in Ju - de - a, or a cap-tive in the hall,
 For the day is approaching, it must come to one and all,



They were seized with consternation, 'twas the hand up-on the wall.
 For the kingdom now was finished, said the hand ap-on the wall.
 He un-der-stood the writing of his God up on the wall.
 When the sinner's con-dem-na-tion will be writ - ten on the wall.

CHORUS.



'Tis the hand of God on the wall; 'Tis the hand of God
 'Tis the hand of God that is writing on the wall; 'Tis the hand of God

The Handwriting on the Wall—Concluded.

on the wall; Shall the record be, "Found wanting," or shall it
that is writing on the wall;

be, "Found trusting?" While that hand is writing on the wall,
writing on the wall.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing above the treble staff for better readability.

97, What a Friend,

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE. by per.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car-ry
D. S. All because we do not car-ry

Fine. *D. S.*

Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! Oh, what peace we often for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer!

The musical score is in 4/4 time, G major. It features a treble and bass staff. The first system includes the main melody and accompaniment. The second system includes a 'Fine.' section and a 'D. S.' (Da Capo) section. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing above the treble staff.

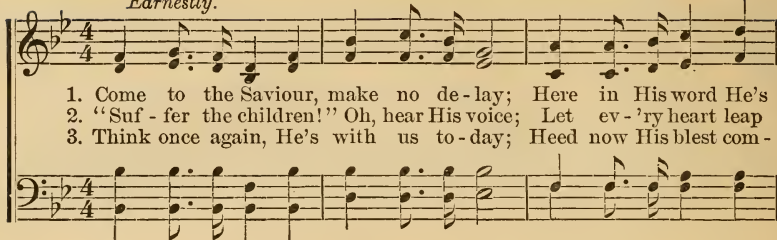
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee
Thou wilt find a solace there.

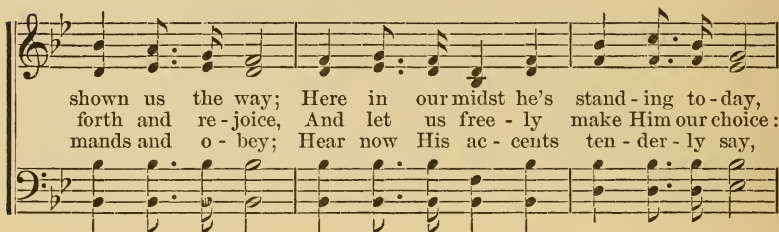
98. Come to the Saviour.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Earnestly.

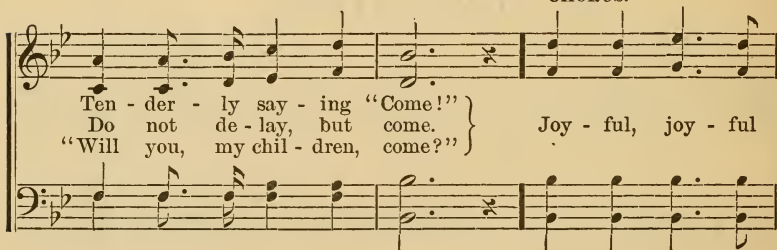


1. Come to the Saviour, make no de-lay; Here in His word He's
 2. "Suf-fer the children!" Oh, hear His voice; Let ev-ry heart leap
 3. Think once again, He's with us to-day; Heed now His blest com-

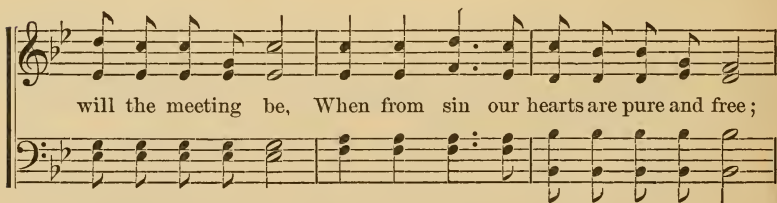


shown us the way; Here in our midst he's stand-ing to-day,
 forth and re-joice, And let us free-ly make Him our choice:
 mands and o-bey; Hear now His ac-cents ten-der-ly say,

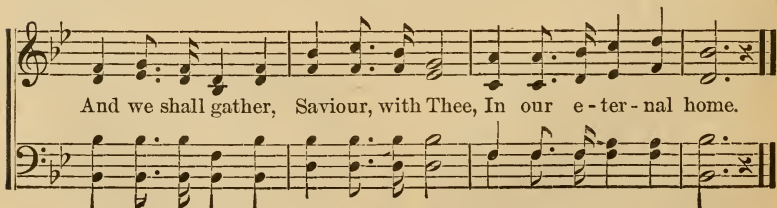
CHORUS.



Ten-der-ly say-ing "Come!" } Joy-ful, joy-ful
 Do not de-lay, but come.
 "Will you, my chil-dren, come?" }



will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

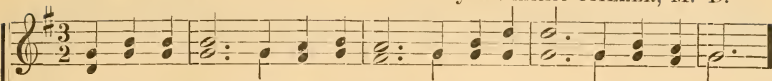


And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee, In our e-ter-nal home.

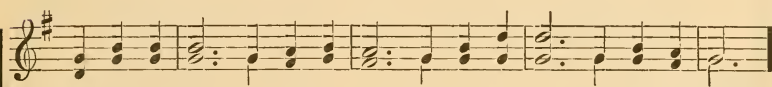
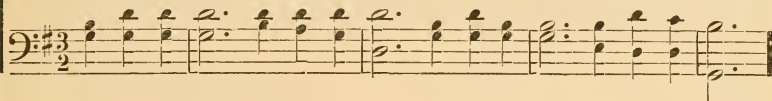
99. I'm going Home.

Rev. WILLIAM HUNTER.

Arr. by WILLIAM MILLER, M. D.



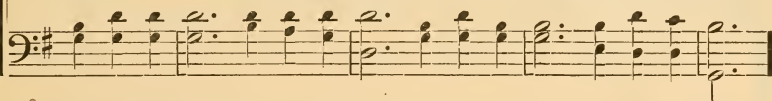
1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there;
2. My Father's house is built on high; Far, far a - bove the starry sky;
3. Let others seek a home below, Which flames devour, or waves o'er-flow,
4. Then fail this earth, let stars decline. And sun and moon refuse to shine,



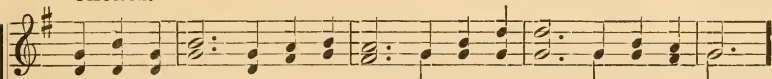
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine, That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.
When from this earthly pris-on free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.

Be mine a hap-pier lot, to own A heav'nly mansion near the throne.

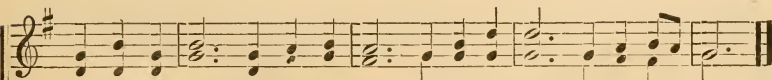
All na-ture sink and cease to be, That heav'nly mansion stands for me.



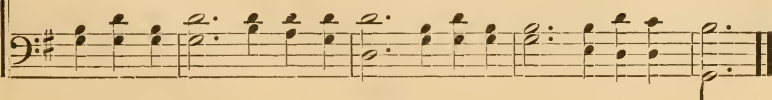
CHORUS.



I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more,



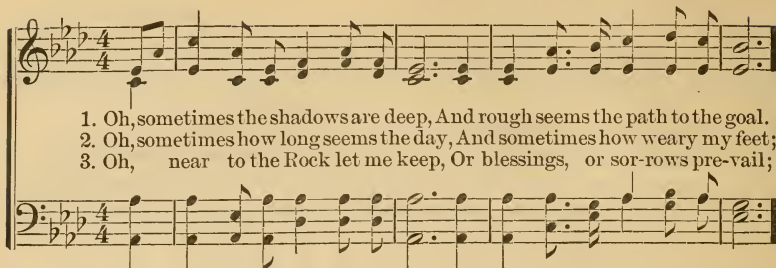
To die no more, To die no more, I'm going home to die no more.



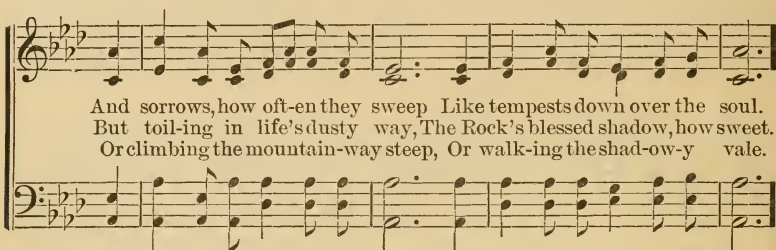
100. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

E. JOHNSON.

WM. G. FISHER, by per.

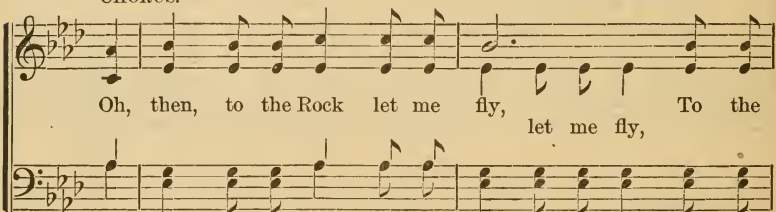


1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal.
 2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
 3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sor-rows pre-vail;

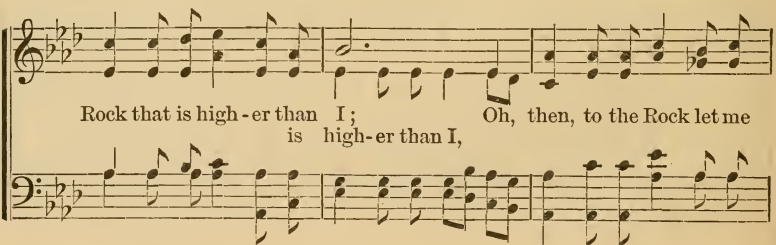


And sorrows, how oft-en they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
 But toil-ing in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet.
 Or climb-ing the mountain-way steep, Or walk-ing the shad-ow-y vale.

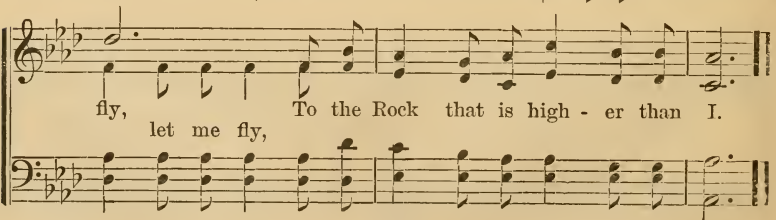
CHORUS.



Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the



Rock that is high-er than I; Oh, then, to the Rock let me
 is high-er than I,



fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

101. BE NOT DISCOURAGED.

J. V. COOMBS.

J. T. REESE.

1. On-ward, broth-er, nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Christ is Cap-tain
 2. Foes may rise, but let us nev-er fal-ter, Brave-ly bat-tle
 3. Press on up-ward, shout a-loud ho-san-na, Christ is com-ing

of the migh-ty throng; Je-sus bids you ev-er to be faith-ful,
 ev'-ry bar-rier down; Un-to those found ev-er true and val-iant,
 back to claim his own; He will give us home a-mong the an-gels,

D.S.—Work on, pray on, keep the ban-ner float-ing,

CHORUS.

FINE.
 For-ward, stead-y, pass the word a-long.
 God will give an ev-er-last-ing crown. } Cour-age, broth-er,
 If we stand un-til the vict'ry's won. }

Till the gos-pel sets the peo-ple free.

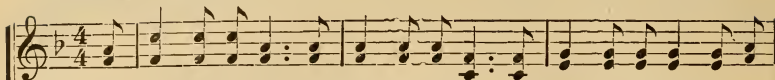
D.S.
 come and join our ar-my, Faith and Hope will gain the vic-to-ry;

102. THE CHILD OF A KING.

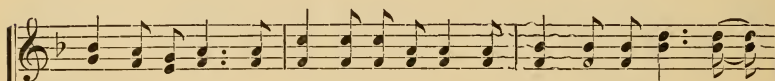
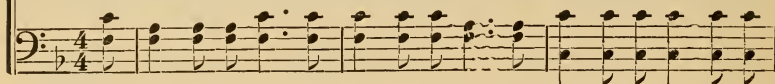
"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."—Ps. 149: 2.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

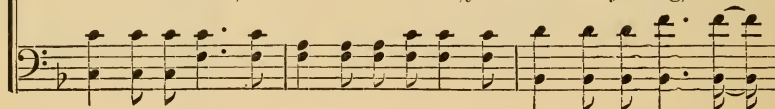
Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.



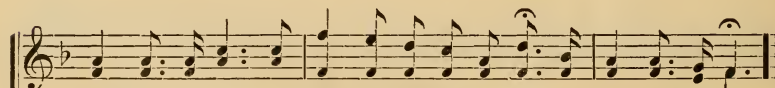
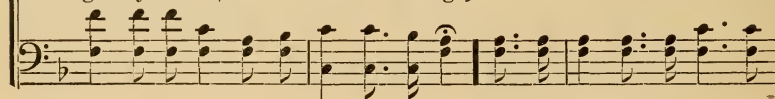
1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men! Once wandered o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for



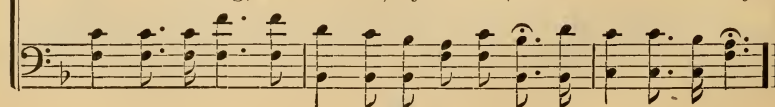
world in his hands; Of rubies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His
 poor-est of them; But now he is reigning for - ev - er on high, And will
 'alien' by birth; But I've been 'adopted,' my name's written down An
 me o-ver there; Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing, All



coff-ers are full, he has rich-es untold.
 give us a home in the sweet by-and-by.
 heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown. } I'm the child of a King, The
 glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King. }



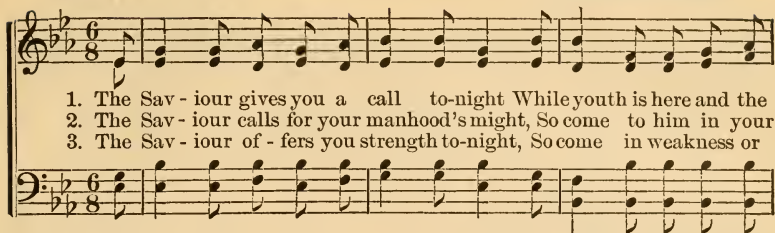
child of a King; With Je - sus, my Saviour, I'm the child of a King.



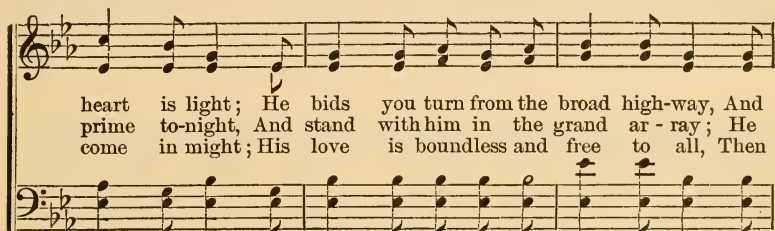
103. THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

N. B.

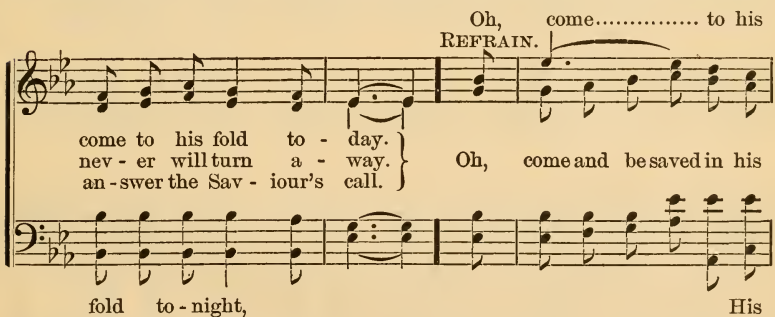
NEWTON BUNDY.



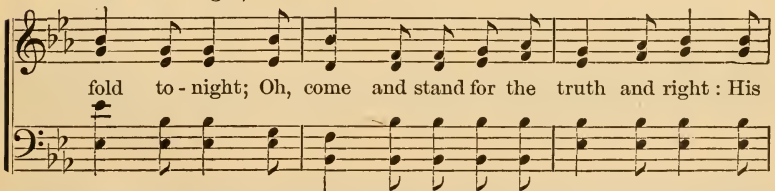
1. The Sav - iour gives you a call to-night While youth is here and the
 2. The Sav - iour calls for your manhood's might, So come to him in your
 3. The Sav - iour of - fers you strength to-night, So come in weakness or



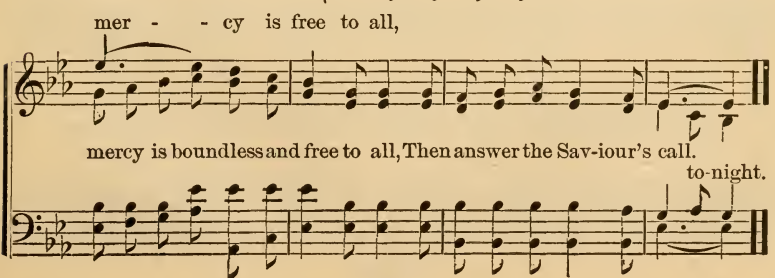
heart is light; He bids you turn from the broad high-way, And
 prime to-night, And stand with him in the grand ar - ray; He
 come in might; His love is boundless and free to all, Then



Oh, come..... to his
 REFRAIN.
 come to his fold to - day.
 nev - er will turn a - way. } Oh, come and besaved in his
 an - swer the Sav - iour's call. }



fold to - night, His
 fold to - night; Oh, come and stand for the truth and right: His

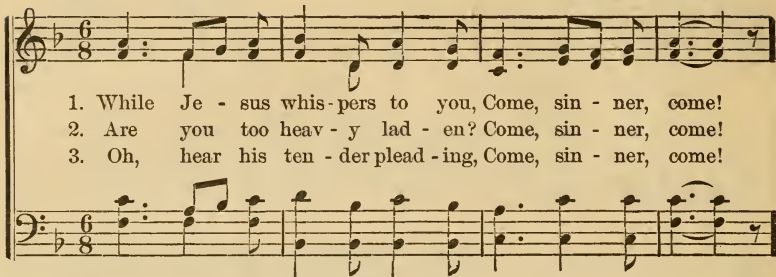


mer - - cy is free to all,
 mercy is boundless and free to all, Then answer the Sav-iour's call.
 to-night.

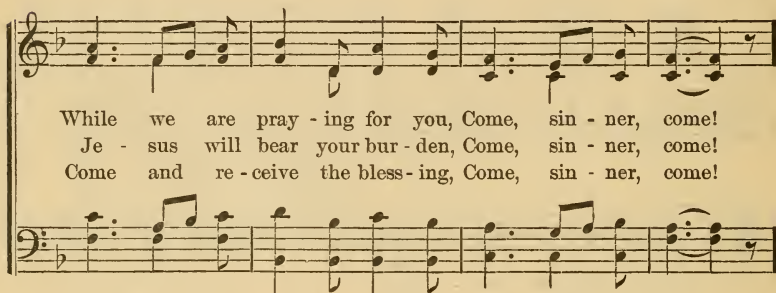
104. COME, SINNER, COME!

WILL E. WITTER.

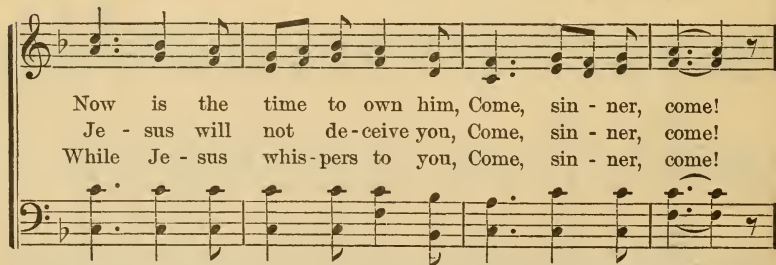
H. R. PALMER.



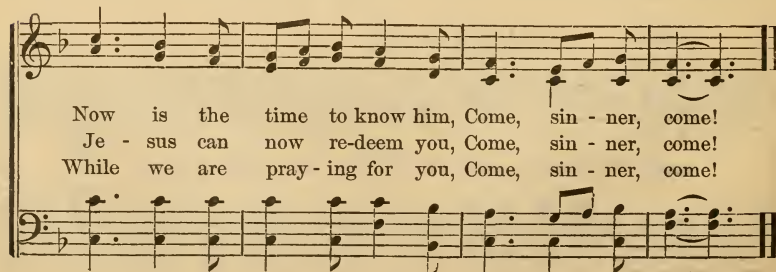
1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come!
 3. Oh, hear his ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!



While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!



Now is the time to own him, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Je - sus will not de - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!

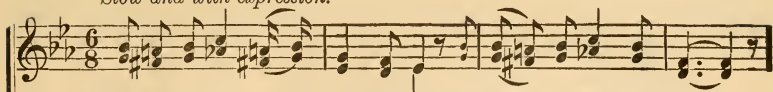


Now is the time to know him, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

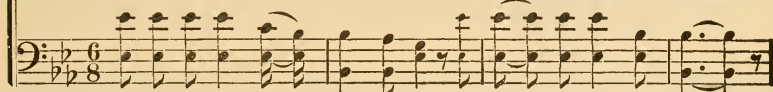
105. DECIDE TO-NIGHT.

W. A. SPENCER, by per.

Slow and with expression.

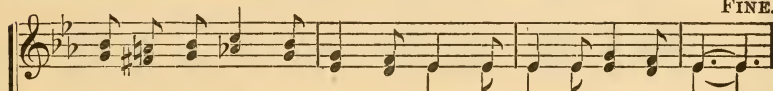


1. Some go a-way from the house to-night, Pu - ri-fied from sin;
2. Some will go out from the house to-night, Har-den'd by de - lay,
3. Some will go out from the house to-night, Full of trust in God,
4. Wait-ing a mo - ment more for thee, Je - sus still en - treats;

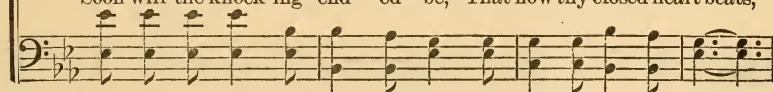


CHORUS.—Go-ing a-way from Christ to-night, A-way from his loving care;

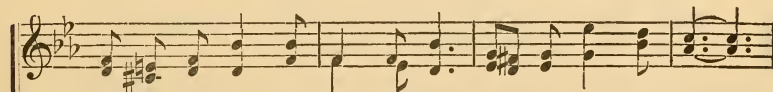
FINE.



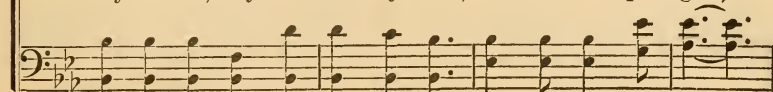
Oth - ers re-ject the pre-cious light, And go a-way un - clean;
Yield-ing to Sa - tan's lur - ing snare, Will hopeless turn a - way;
Hap - py in heart, made pure and white, By Je - sus' precious blood;
Soon will the knock-ing end - ed be, That now thy closed heart beats,



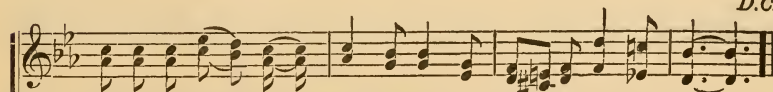
Go-ing a - way from bless - ed light, To dark-ness and de - spair.



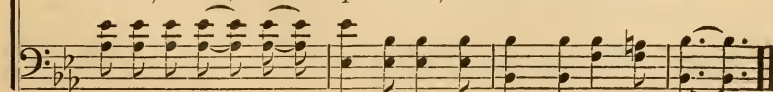
Lov - ing - ly still the Sav-iour stands, Pleading with thy heart;
Nev - er-more shall the Spir - it plead At the bolt - ed door;
Go not a - way, poor wan-d'r'er stay Till thou too art free!
Stay sin-ner, stay at Mer - cy's door, Seek the o - pen gate;



D.C.



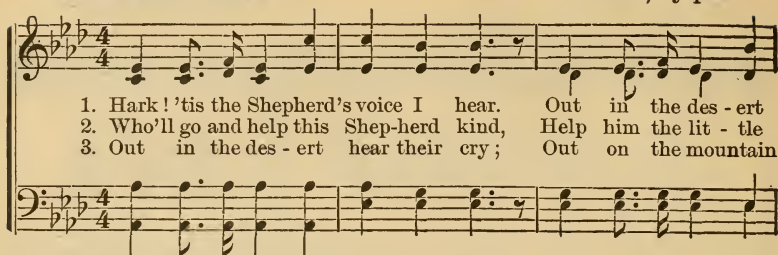
Patiently knocks with His bleeding hands, Unwill-ing to de - part.
Now is the hour of thy soul's great need, 'Tis now or nev - er - more.
Walking with Christ life's hap - py ways, Most blessed shalt thou be.
Sin-ner, de-cide, lest hope be o'er, And thou shouldst be too late.



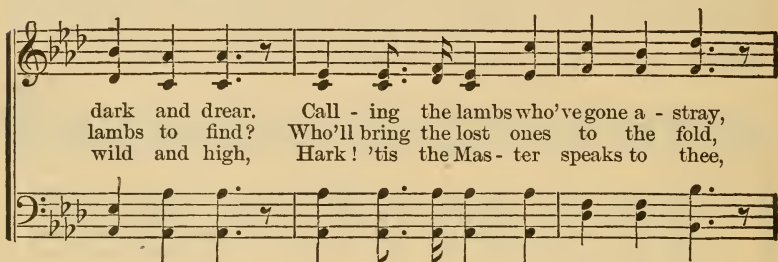
106. BRING THEM IN.

ALEXANDER THOMAS.

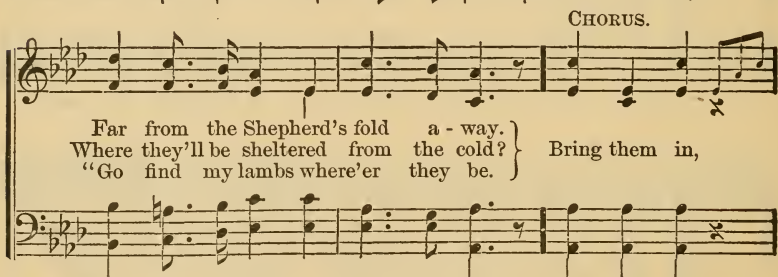
W. A. OGDEN, by per.



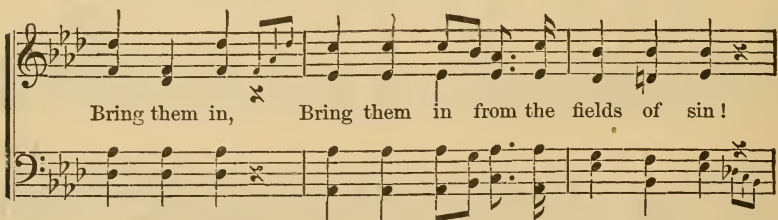
1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear. Out in the des - ert
 2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help him the lit - tle
 3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain



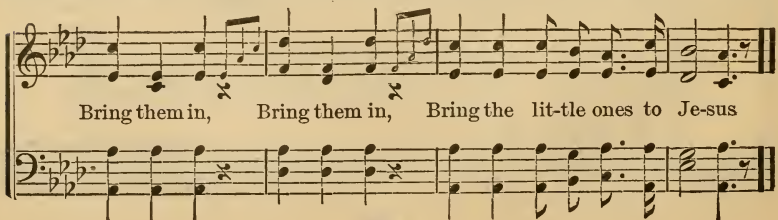
dark and drear. Call - ing the lambs who've gone a - stray,
 lambs to find? Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold,
 wild and high, Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee,



CHORUS.
 Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
 Where they'll be sheltered from the cold? } Bring them in,
 "Go find my lambs where'er they be. }



Bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin!

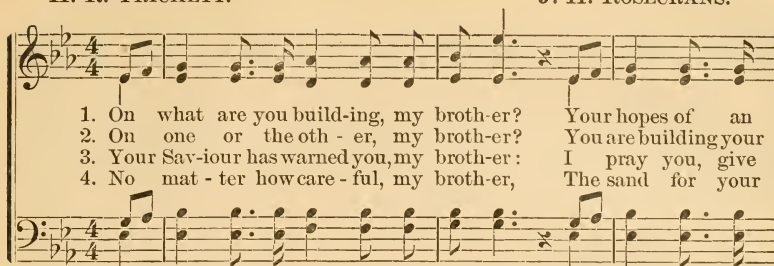


Bring them in, Bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je-sus

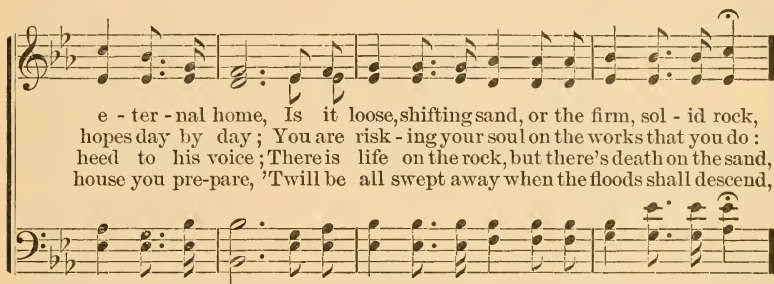
107. ON WHAT ARE YOU BUILDING, MY BROTHER?

H. R. TRICKETT.

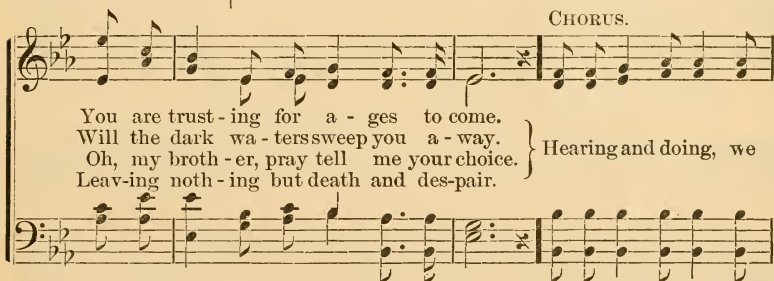
J. H. ROSECRANS.



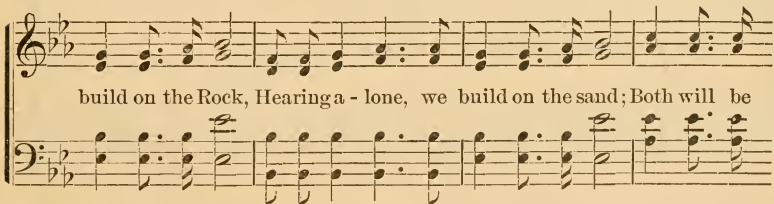
1. On what are you build-ing, my broth-er? Your hopes of an
 2. On one or the oth - er, my broth-er? You are building your
 3. Your Sav-iour has warned you, my broth-er: I pray you, give
 4. No mat - ter how care - ful, my broth-er, The sand for your



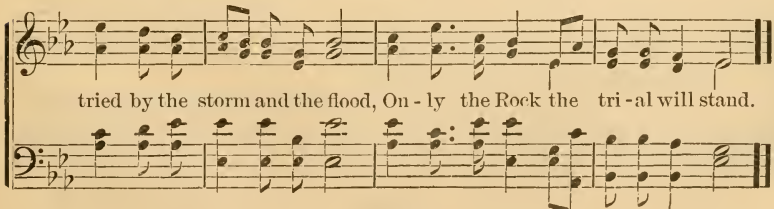
e - ter - nal home, Is it loose, shifting sand, or the firm, sol - id rock,
 hopes day by day; You are risk - ing your soul on the works that you do:
 heed to his voice; There is life on the rock, but there's death on the sand,
 house you pre-pare, 'Twill be all swept away when the floods shall descend,



CHORUS.
 You are trust - ing for a - ges to come.
 Will the dark wa - ters sweep you a - way.
 Oh, my broth - er, pray tell me your choice. } Hearing and doing, we
 Leav-ing noth - ing but death and des-pair.



build on the Rock, Hearing a - lone, we build on the sand; Both will be

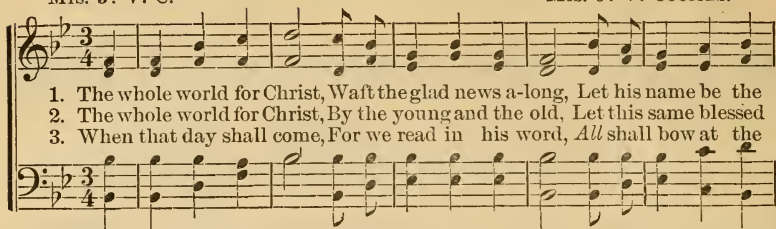


tried by the storm and the flood, On - ly the Rock the tri - al will stand.

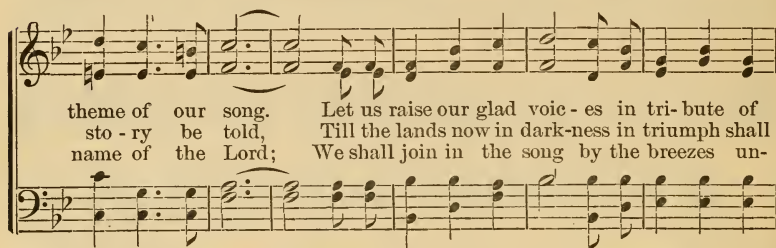
108. Christ for the World, and the World for Christ.

Mrs. J. V. C.

Mrs. J. V. COOMBS.

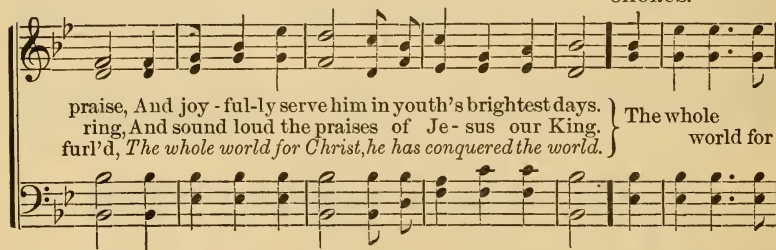


1. The whole world for Christ, Waft the glad news a-long, Let his name be the
2. The whole world for Christ, By the young and the old, Let this same blessed
3. When that day shall come, For we read in his word, All shall bow at the

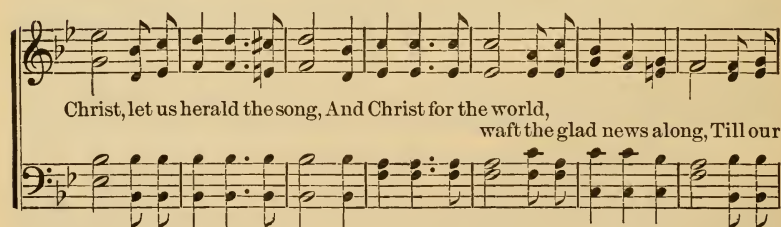


theme of our song. Let us raise our glad voices in tribute of
 sto - ry be told, Till the lands now in darkness in triumph shall
 name of the Lord; We shall join in the song by the breezes un-

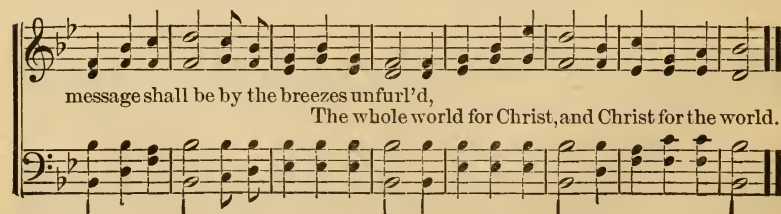
CHORUS.



praise, And joy - ful - ly serve him in youth's brightest days. } The whole
 ring, And sound loud the praises of Je - sus our King. } world for
 furl'd, *The whole world for Christ, he has conquered the world.* }



Christ, let us herald the song, And Christ for the world,
 waft the glad news along, Till our

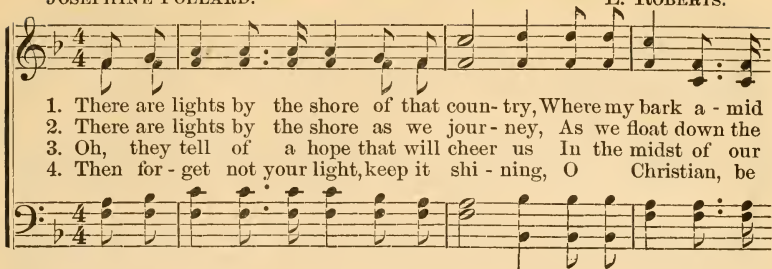


message shall be by the breezes unfurl'd,
 The whole world for Christ, and Christ for the world.

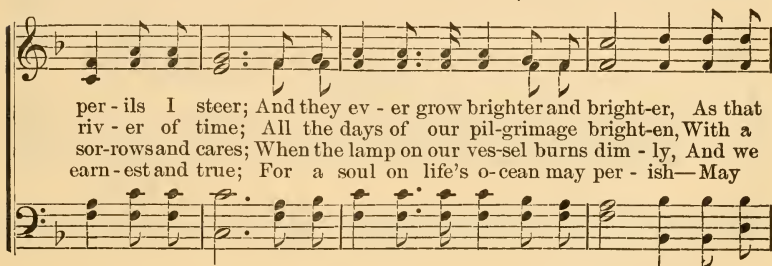
109. LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

E. ROBERTS.

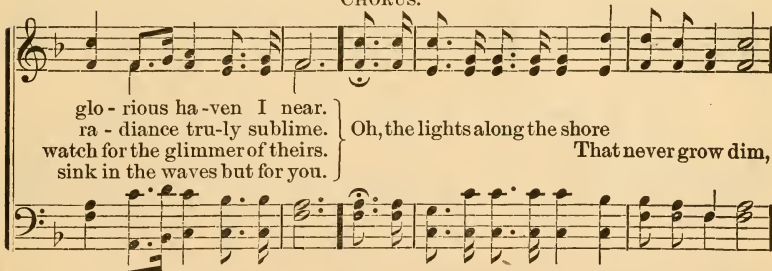


1. There are lights by the shore of that coun-try, Where my bark a - mid
 2. There are lights by the shore as we jour-ney, As we float down the
 3. Oh, they tell of a hope that will cheer us In the midst of our
 4. Then for - get not your light, keep it shi - ning, O Christian, be

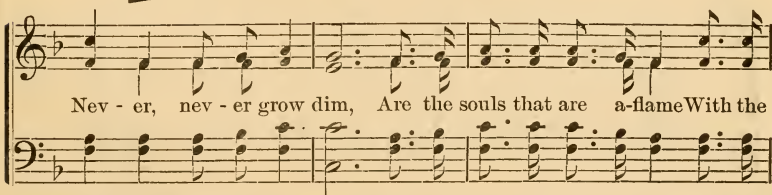


per - ils I steer; And they ev - er grow brighter and bright-er, As that
 riv - er of time; All the days of our pil-grimage bright-en, With a
 sor-rows and cares; When the lamp on our ves-sel burns dim - ly, And we
 earn-est and true; For a soul on life's o - cean may per - ish— May

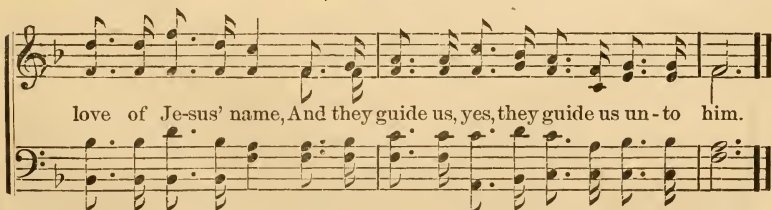
CHORUS.



glo - rious ha-ven I near.
 ra - diance tru-ly sublime. } Oh, the lights along the shore
 watch for the glimmer of theirs. } That never grow dim,
 sink in the waves but for you. }



Nev - er, nev - er grow dim, Are the souls that are a-flame With the



love of Je-sus' name, And they guide us, yes, they guide us un - to him.

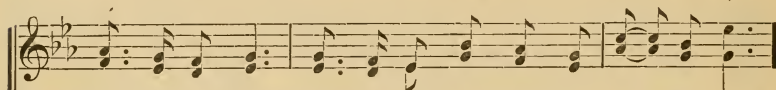
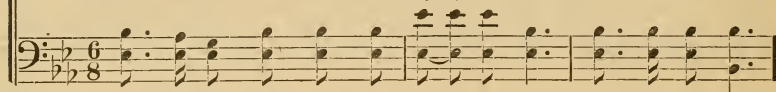
110. TELL THE GOOD NEWS.

J. T. B.

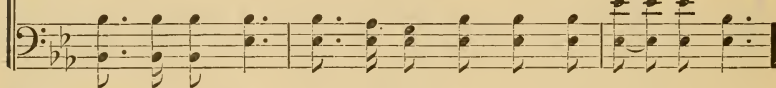
J. T. REESE.



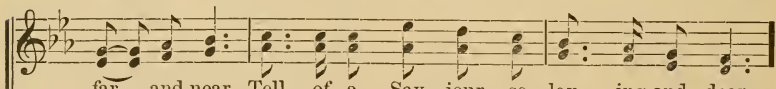
1. Tell the good news of a Saviour's birth, Tell the good news,
2. Sing of the Sav - iour, re - echo his praise, Tell the good news,
3. Tell the good news of a Saviour and King, Tell the good news,



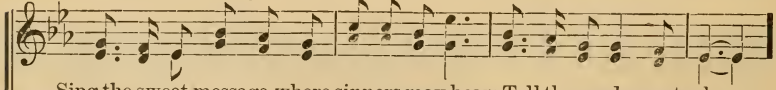
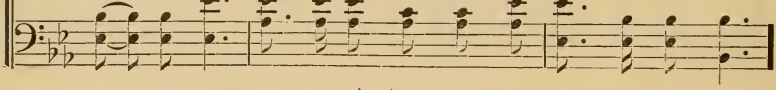
tell the good news; Shout the glad ti - dings o'er all the earth,
tell the good news; Songs of re - joice - ing tri - umphantly raise,
tell the good news; Peace and good-will to all men we sing,



Tell the good news to - day; Tell the sweet sto - ry a
Tell the good news to - day; Pub - lish his good-ness, re -
Tell the good news to - day; Tell how he - suf - fered on



far and near, Tell of a Sav - iour, so lov - ing and dear,
joy in the Lord, Lov - ing-ly tell of the truth in his word,
Cal - va - ry, Tell of the par - don he of - fers so free,

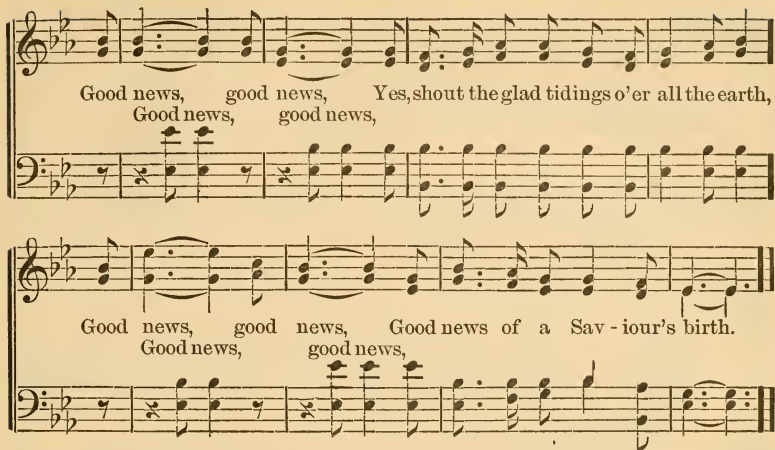


Sing the sweet message where sinners may hear; Tell the good news to-day.
Sing of his mer - cy with sweetest accord; Tell the good news to-day.
Tell of his par - don for you and for me; Tell the good news to-day.



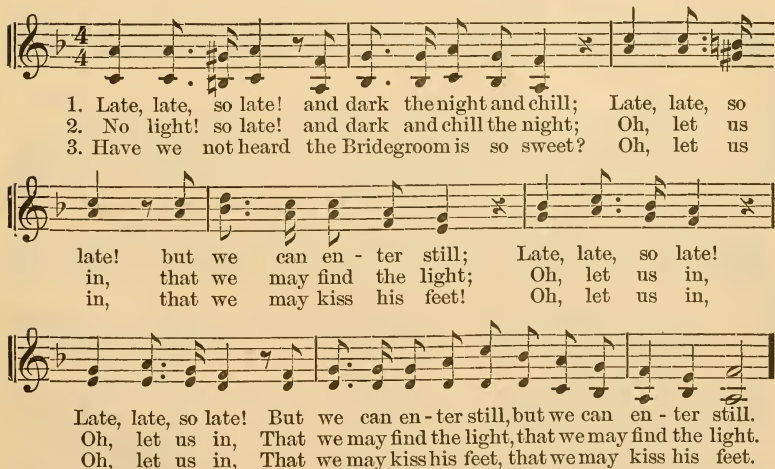
TELL THE GOOD NEWS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



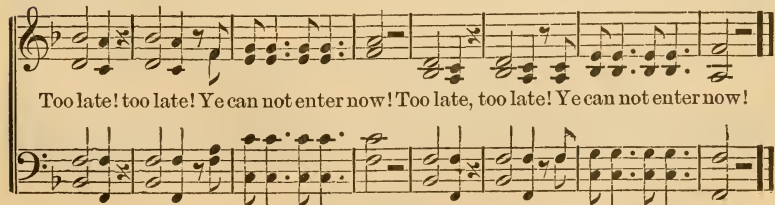
Good news, good news, Yes, shout the glad tidings o'er all the earth,
 Good news, good news,
 Good news, good news, Good news of a Sav-iour's birth.
 Good news, good news,

111. TOO LATE.



1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill; Late, late, so
 2. No light! so late! and dark and chill the night; Oh, let us
 3. Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet? Oh, let us
 late! but we can en-ter still; Late, late, so late!
 in, that we may find the light; Oh, let us in,
 in, that we may kiss his feet! Oh, let us in,
 Late, late, so late! But we can en-ter still, but we can en-ter still.
 Oh, let us in, That we may find the light, that we may find the light.
 Oh, let us in, That we may kiss his feet, that we may kiss his feet.

CHORUS.



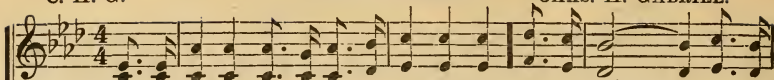
Too late! too late! Ye can not enter now! Too late, too late! Ye can not enter now!

112. SEND THE LIGHT.

C. H. G.

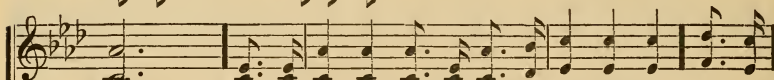
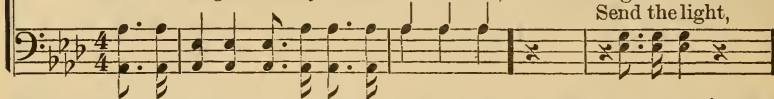
"Go into all the world."

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

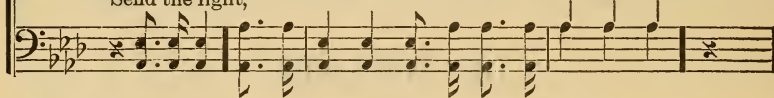


1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light! Send the
2. We have heard the Ma-ce-donian call to-day, "Send the light! Send the
3. Let us pray that grace may ev'rywhere abound, "Send the light! Send the
4. Let us not grow weary in the work of love, "Send the light! Send the

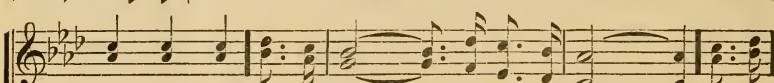
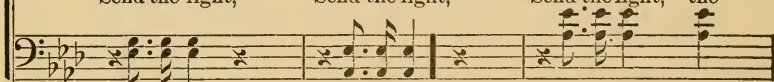
Send the light,



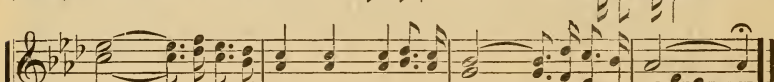
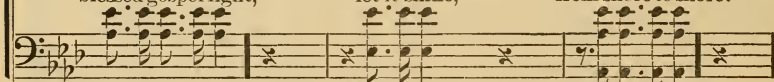
light!" There are souls to rescue, there are souls to save, Send the
 light!" And a gold-en off-ring at the cross we lay, Send the
 light!" And a Christ-like spir-it ev'rywhere be found, Send the
 light!" Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove, Send the
 Send the light,



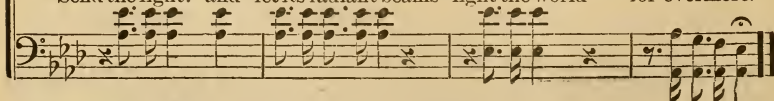
light! Send the light! Send the light, the bless-ed
 Send the light, Send the light, Send the light, the



gos-pel light, Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the
 blessed gospel light, let it shine, from shore to shore!



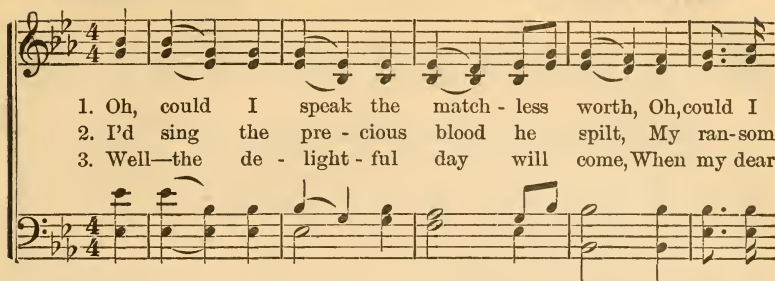
light! and let its radiant beams light the world for ever-more.....
 Send the light! and let its radiant beams light the world for evermore.



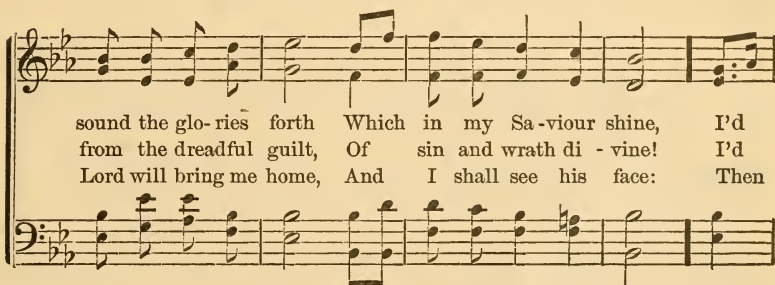
113. OH, COULD I SPEAK.

S. MEDLEY.

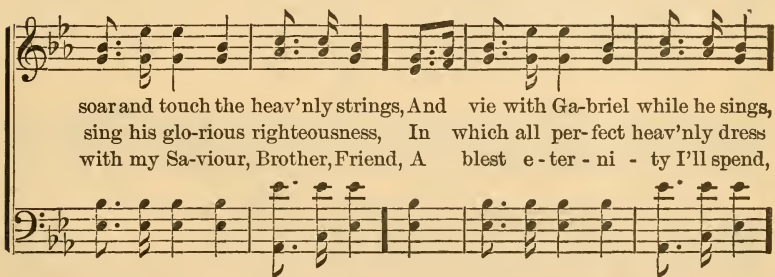
DR. LOWELL MASON.



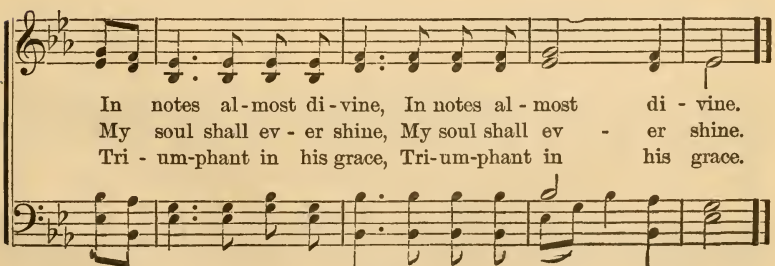
1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh, could I
 2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood he spilt, My ran-som
 3. Well—the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear



sound the glo-ries forth Which in my Sa-viour shine, I'd
 from the dreadful guilt, Of sin and wrath di - vine! I'd
 Lord will bring me home, And I shall see his face: Then



soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings,
 sing his glo-rious righteousness, In which all per-fect heav'nly dress
 with my Sa-viour, Brother, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend,



In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di - vine.
 My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
 Tri - umphant in his grace, Tri-umphant in his grace.

114. WILL YOU COME?

"And I will give you rest."

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your
 3. Will you come, will you come, you have noth-ing to pay; Je - sus, who
 4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his

sin op - press'd? Lay it down at the feet of your Sa-viour
 ach - ing breast; On - ly come as you are, and be-lieve on
 loves you best, By his death on the Cross purchas'd life for
 lov - ing breast, And what-ev - er your sin or your sor-row

REFRAIN.

and Lord, Je - sus will give you rest.
 his name, Je - sus will give you rest.
 your soul, Je - sus will give you rest.
 may be, Je - sus will give you rest. } Oh, hap-py rest,

sweet hap-py rest! Je - sus will give you rest, (happy rest,) Oh,

why won't you come in simple, trusting faith? Jesus will give you rest.

115. JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

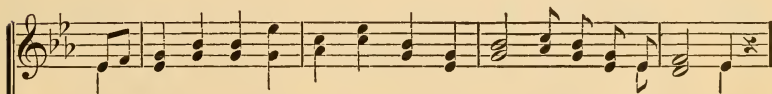
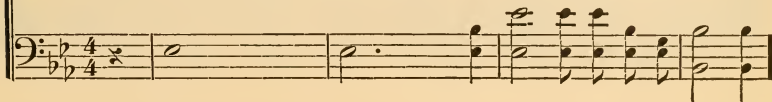
"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Psalm 30: 5.

Mrs. M. M. WEINLAND.

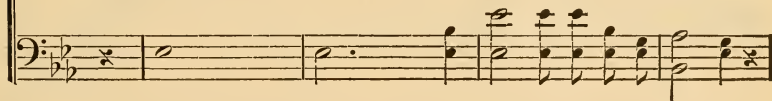
E. S. LORENZ.



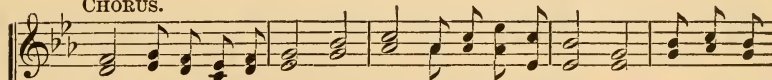
1. Oh, wea-ry pil-grim, lift your head, For joy cometh in the morning !
2. Ye fee-blesaints, dis-miss your fears, For joy cometh in the morning !
3. Let ev-'ry tear-ful eye be dry, For joy cometh in the morning !
4. Our God will wipe our tears a-way, For joy cometh in the morning !



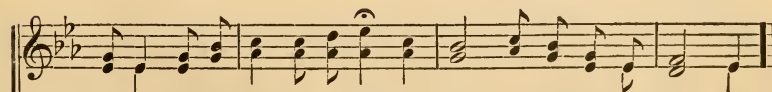
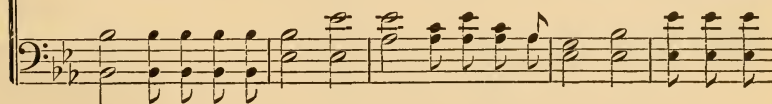
For God in his own word has said That joy cometh in the morning.
And weeping mourners dry your tears For joy cometh in the morning.
And ev-'ry trembling sin-ner hope, For joy cometh in the morning.
Sor-row and sighing flee a-way, For joy cometh in the morning.



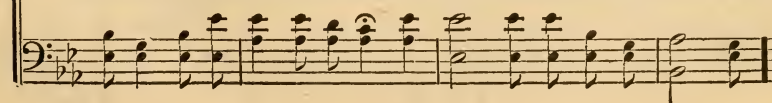
CHORUS.



Joy com-eth in the morning ! Joy cometh in the morning ! Weeping may



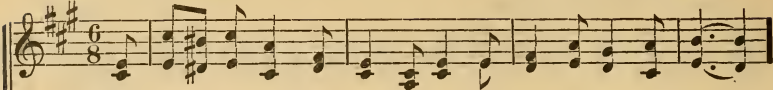
endure, may endure for a night, But joy com-eth in the morn-ing.



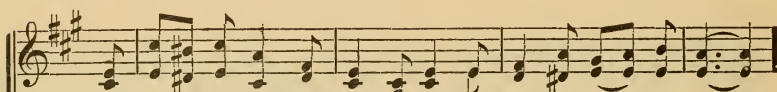
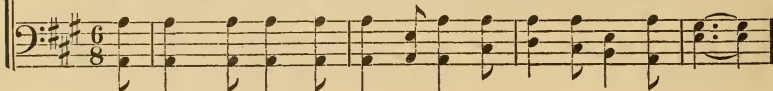
116. OH, SINNER, HEAR THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

Rev. A. W. CONNER.

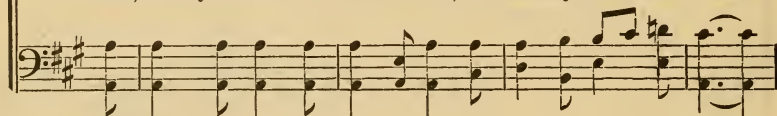
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



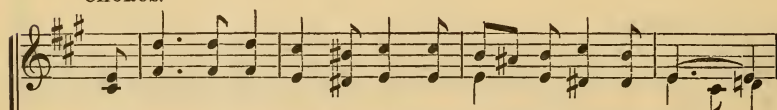
1. Oh, sin - ner, hear the *Saviour's Call*, He's call - ing now to thee;
2. Oh, sin - ner, hear the firm command, Be - lieve, re - pent, o - bey!
3. This ea - sy yoke—this burden light, You're ask'd to bear for him,
4. Oh, sin - ner, hear his promise sweet, "The weary I'll give rest."



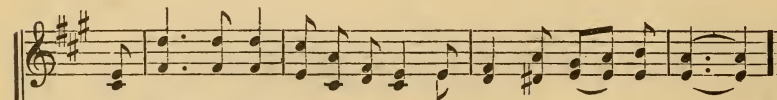
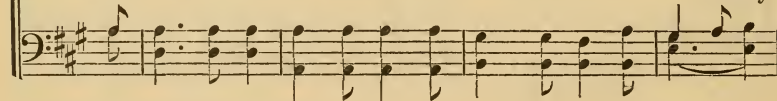
Oh, hear his ac - cents as they fall, "Oh, sin - ner, come to me."
 The way to come you un - derstand, Oh, why do you de - lay?
 Whose - pain - ful death up - on the Cross Can make you free from sin.
 Come, cast your-self at Je - sus' feet, And let thy soul be blest.



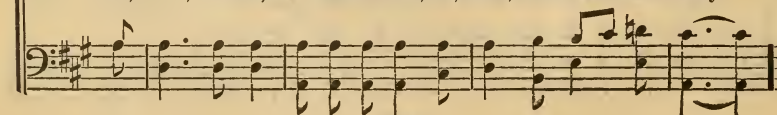
CHORUS.



Oh, come, sin - ner, come to me; Oh, come, oh, come to - day.....
 to-day.



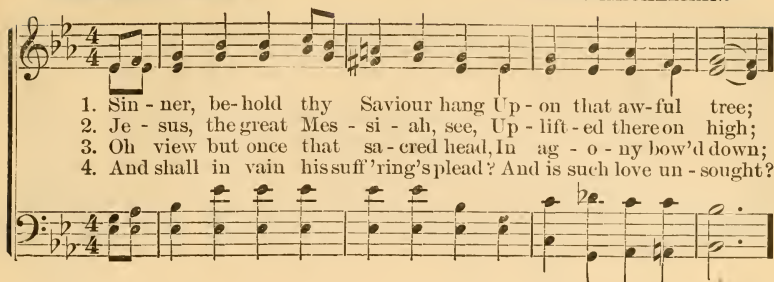
Oh, come, sinner, come and be free, Oh, come, turn not a - way.



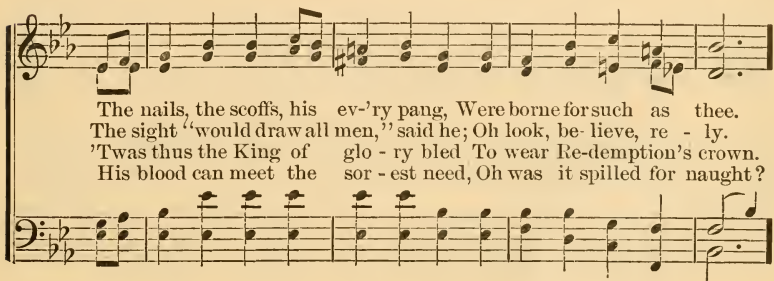
117. BEHOLD THE CRUCIFIED ONE.

REUBEN BUTCHART.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

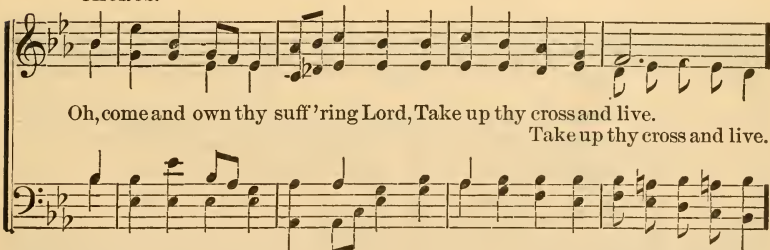


1. Sin - ner, be - hold thy Saviour hang Up - on that aw - ful tree;
 2. Je - sus, the great Mes - si - ah, see, Up - lift - ed thereon high;
 3. Oh view but once that sa - cred head, In ag - o - ny bow'd down;
 4. And shall in vain his suff'ring's plead? And is such love un - sought?

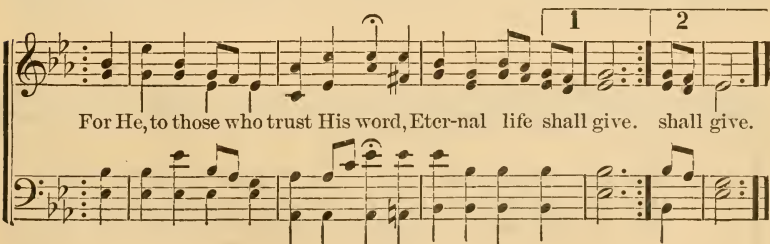


The nails, the scoffs, his ev'-ry pang, Were borne for such as thee.
 The sight "would draw all men," said he; Oh look, be - lieve, re - ly.
 'Twas thus the King of glo - ry bled To wear Re - demption's crown.
 His blood can meet the sor - est need, Oh was it spilled for naught?

CHORUS.



Oh, come and own thy suff'ring Lord, Take up thy cross and live.
 Take up thy cross and live.

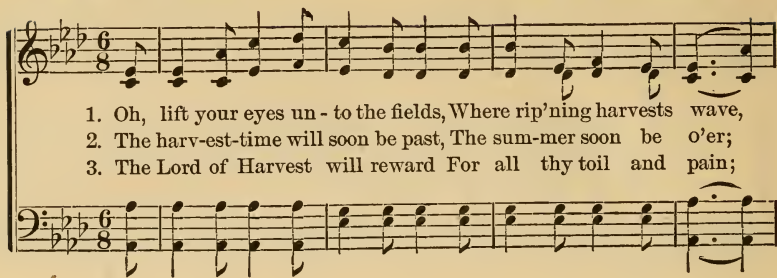


For He, to those who trust His word, Eter - nal life shall give. shall give.

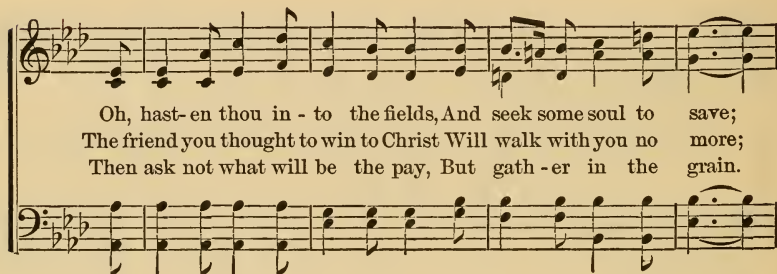
118. THE LORD IS THY REWARDER.

Rev. A. W. CONNER.

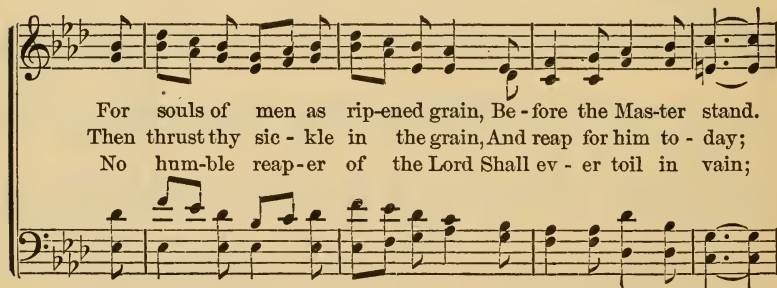
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



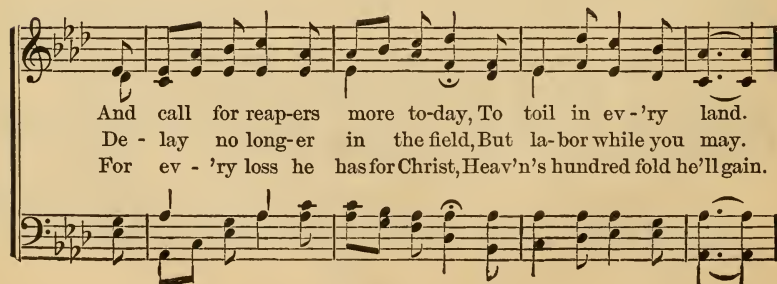
1. Oh, lift your eyes un - to the fields, Where rip'ning harvests wave,
 2. The harv-est-time will soon be past, The sum-mer soon be o'er;
 3. The Lord of Harvest will reward For all thy toil and pain;



Oh, hast-en thou in - to the fields, And seek some soul to save;
 The friend you thought to win to Christ Will walk with you no more;
 Then ask not what will be the pay, But gath-er in the grain.



For souls of men as rip-ened grain, Be - fore the Mas-ter stand.
 Then thrust thy sic - kle in the grain, And reap for him to - day;
 No hum - ble reap-er of the Lord Shall ev - er toil in vain;



And call for reap-ers more to-day, To toil in ev - 'ry land.
 De - lay no long-er in the field, But la - bor while you may.
 For ev - 'ry loss he has for Christ, Heav'n's hundred fold he'll gain.

THE LORD IS THY REWARDER.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

A-wake, a - wake,..... awake, And to the harvest go.....
A-wake, oh, child of God, awake, harvest, harvest go.

A-wake, a - wake..... awake, And toil while here be - low.
A-wake, oh, child of God, awake,

119. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea ;
D. C. Chart and compass came from Thee ; Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild ;
D. C. Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar,
D. C. May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rocks and treach'rous shoal ;
Boisterous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still !"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then while lean-ing on Thy breast,

120. HAPPY ON THE WAY.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. { Oh, good old way, how sweet Thou art, Bless the Lord, I'm
May none of us from Thee de-part; Bless the Lord, I'm

2. { But may our ac-tions al-ways say, Bless the Lord, I'm
We're marching in the good old way, Bless the Lord, I'm

3. { This note a-bove the rest shall swell, Bless the Lord, I'm
That Je-sus do-eth all things well, Bless the Lord, I'm

D. S.—Bless the Lord, I'm

FINE. CHORUS.

hap-py on the way, hap-py on the way, Hap-py on the way,
hap-py on the way.

D. S.

121. IS THERE ANY ROOM UP YONDER?

Rev. A. M. HOOTMAN.

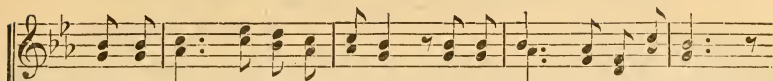
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Is there an-y room up yonder, In the man-sions of the blest,
2. Is there room for me up yonder, Where the Lord of glo-ry dwells,
3. Oh, I'm glad there's room up yonder, When I leave this weary land,

Where the heart will ne'er grow sad, And the wea-ry are at rest;
Where sweet strains of angel-anthems Thro' the courts of heaven swells,
Where my Saviour, in his mer-cy, Will re-ceive me by the hand,

IS THERE ANY ROOM UP YONDER? Concluded.



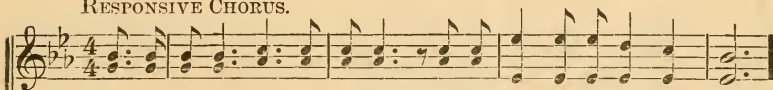
In the shin - ing courts of glo - ry, Where our an - gel lov'd ones dwell,
In the home of bliss e - ter - nal, Where all hearts are fill'd with joy,
I was lost, a ru - ined sin - ner, But he came and died for me,



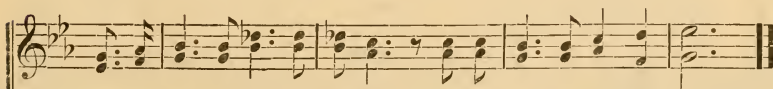
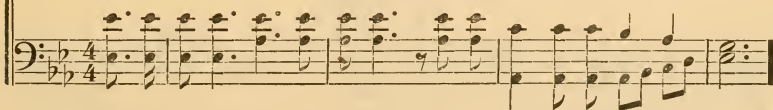
Is there an - y room for sin - ners? Tell me yes, and all is well?
Where death is but a stranger, And his pangs can - not an - noy?
And my sins are all for - giv - en, And my Sa - viour I shall see?



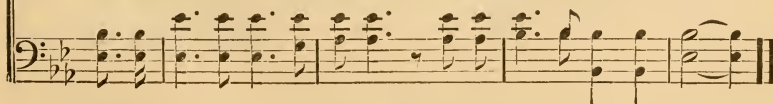
RESPONSIVE CHORUS.



Yes, my brother, in that ci - ty, In the land of E - ter - nal Day,



There is always room for sin - ners, Who be - lieve, repent, o - bey.



122. SWEET GOSPEL BELLS.

Hear, believe, repent, confess, obey.

Rev. A. W. CONNER.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Con spirito.

1. When the Prince of Peace was crowned, As the Sav-iour of the lost,
 2. On the streets, in tem - ple walls, Was the gos-pel preach'd each day,
 3. Help us ring the Gos - PEL BELLS, Let their joy - ous sound be heard,

And the Gos - pel Bells were rung — On the day of Pen - te - cost,
 And be - liev - ing souls made haste, Their Redeemer to o - bey.
 Till the na - tions of the earth Shall o - bey the Sav - iour's word.

Then the tongues of men like bells.....Sounded forth the wondrous plan.
 And to - day the Saviour's love..... Still the GOSPEL BELLS pro - claim,
 Till all hearts are filled with love..... As the wa - ters fill the sea,

bells, like bells.
 Saviour's love,
 love, with love

How the Son of God had died, To redeem re - bel - lious man.
 Off'ring peace and par - don free, In the Prince of Glo - ry's name.
 And each suff'ring soul on earth, From the curse of sin is free.

Copyright, 1892, by Fillmore Bros.

SWEET GOSPEL BELLS.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Be - lieve, re - pent of sin, Con - fess o -
 Oh, hear sweet bells, Oh, hear sweet
 Sweet gos - pel, gos - pel bells, Sweet gos - pel,

bey the Lord, The com - mand - ment is to all.
 bells,
 gos - pel bells, *Bass 8va.*

Oh, save your - selves from sin, Oh, save your -
 Oh, hear sweet bells, Oh, hear sweet
 Sweet gos - pel, gos - pel bells, Sweet gos - pel,

Little notes accomp.—large notes, alto.

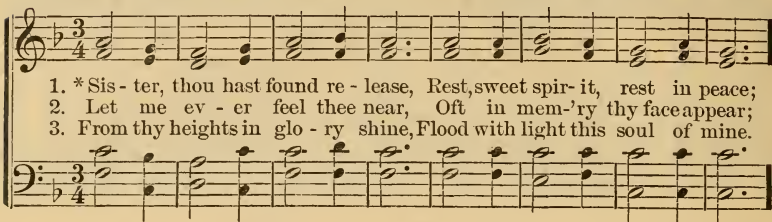
selves from death, Oh, ac - cept the Sav - iour's call.
 bells, Sav - iour's, Sav - iour's call.
 gos - pel bells, *Bass 8va.....*

123. LEONA,—COMING BACK AT MEM'RY'S CALL.

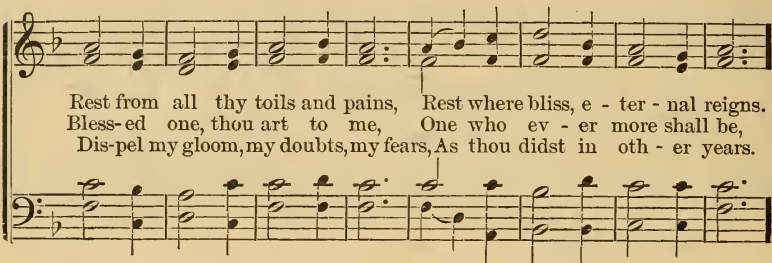
FOR FUNERALS.

Rev. A. W. CONNER.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



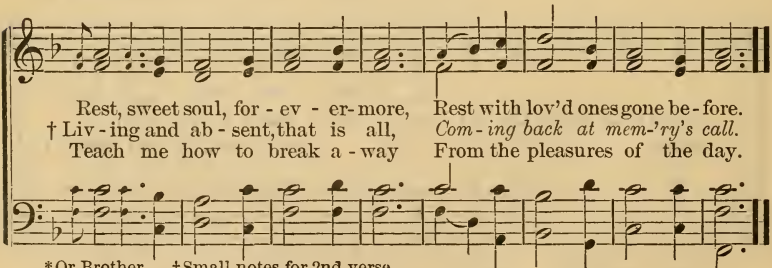
1. * Sis - ter, thou hast found re - lease, Rest, sweet spir - it, rest in peace;
 2. Let me ev - er feel thee near, Oft in mem - ry thy face appear;
 3. From thy heights in glo - ry shine, Flood with light this soul of mine.



Rest from all thy toils and pains, Rest where bliss, e - ter - nal reigns.
 Bless - ed one, thou art to me, One who ev - er more shall be,
 Dis - pel my gloom, my doubts, my fears, As thou didst in oth - er years.



I thy peace would not an - noy, Nor re - call thee from thy joy;
 Dead! Ah, no! 'Tis false, not true! Liv - ing! hid - den from our view;
 Lift my eyes from sor - did earth, To those things of great - er worth;



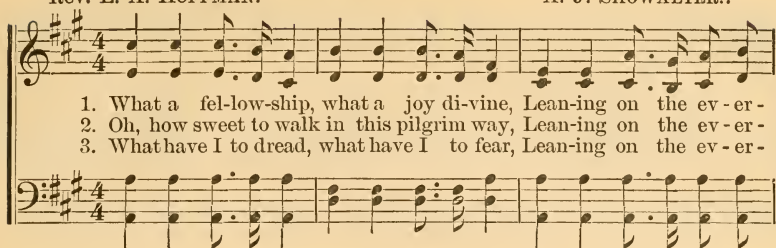
Rest, sweet soul, for - ev - er - more, Rest with lov'd ones gone be - fore.
 † Liv - ing and ab - sent, that is all, Com - ing back at mem - ry's call.
 Teach me how to break a - way From the pleasures of the day.

* Or Brother. † Small notes for 2nd verse.

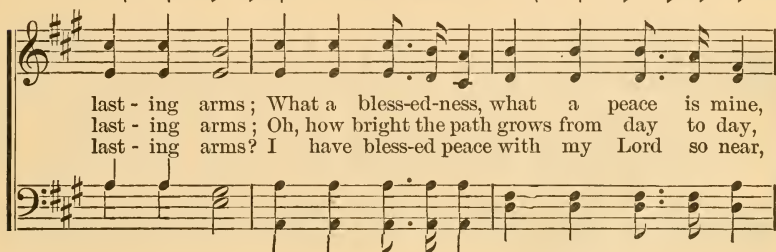
124. LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER..

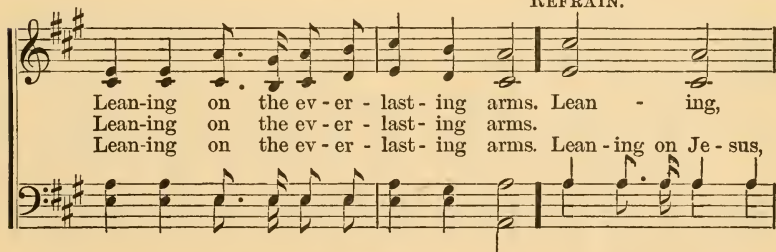


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-

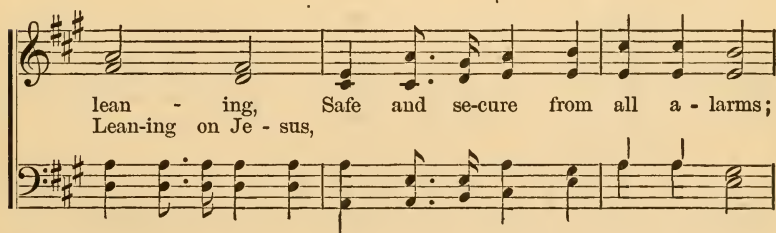


last - ing arms ; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
 last - ing arms ; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last - ing arms? I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,

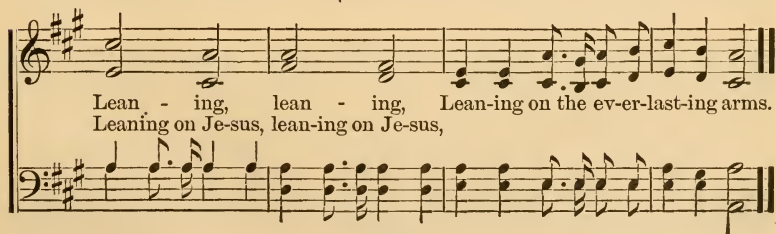
REFRAIN.



Lean-ing on the ev-er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
 Lean-ing on the ev-er - last - ing arms.
 Lean-ing on the ev-er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus,



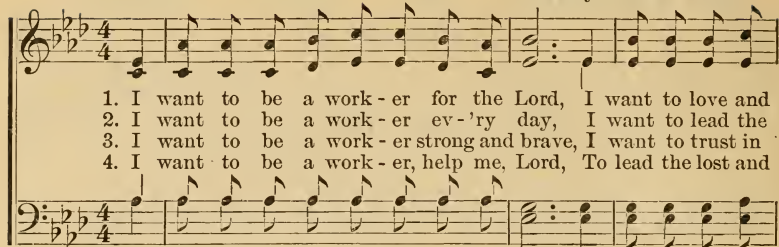
lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms ;
 Lean-ing on Je - sus,



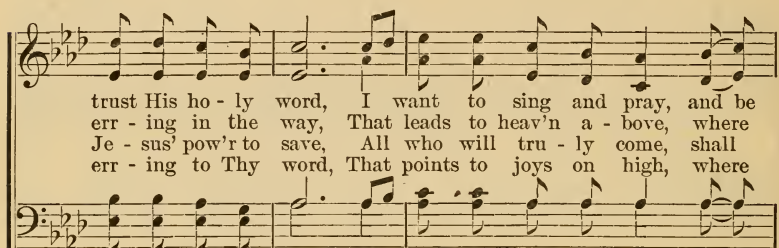
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
 Leaning on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,

125. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

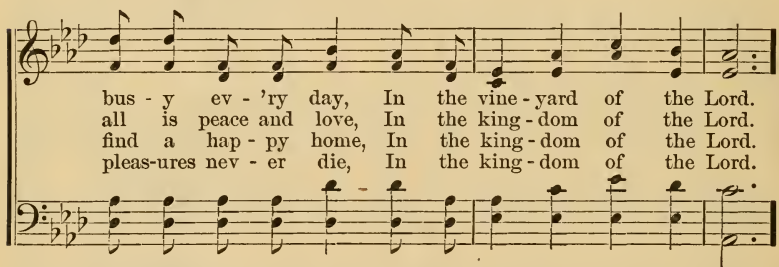
Words and Music by I. BALTZELL.



1. I want to be a work - er for the Lord, I want to love and
 2. I want to be a work - er ev - 'ry day, I want to lead the
 3. I want to be a work - er strong and brave, I want to trust in
 4. I want to be a work - er, help me, Lord, To lead the lost and

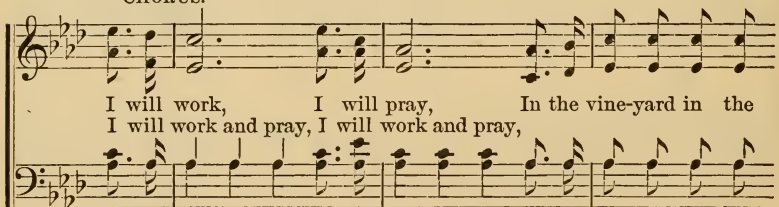


trust His ho - ly word, I want to sing and pray, and be
 err - ing in the way, That leads to heav'n a - bove, where
 Je - sus' pow'r to save, All who will tru - ly come, shall
 err - ing to Thy word, That points to joys on high, where

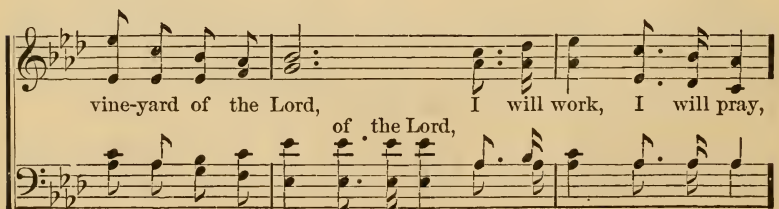


bus - y ev - 'ry day, In the vine - yard of the Lord.
 all is peace and love, In the king - dom of the Lord.
 find a hap - py home, In the king - dom of the Lord.
 pleas - ures nev - er die, In the king - dom of the Lord.

CHORUS.



I will work, I will pray, In the vine-yard in the
 I will work and pray, I will work and pray,



vine-yard of the Lord, I will work, I will pray,
 of the Lord,

I WANT TO BE A WORKER.—Concluded.

I will la - bor ev - 'ry day, In the vine-yard of the Lord.

126. LORD'S DAY.

JOHN NEWTON.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way ;
2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the blest Re - deem - er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise ; Let us feel Thy presence near ;

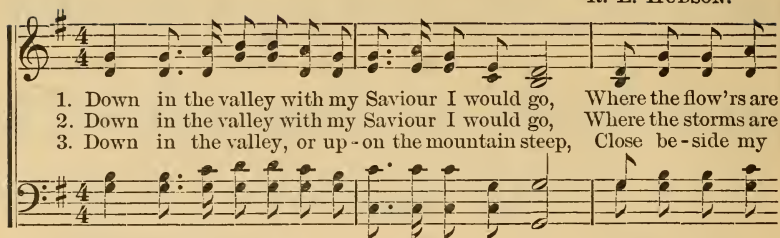
Let us each a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day—
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ing face, Take a - way our sin and shame ;
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear ;

Day of all the week the best, Em - ble - m of e - ter - nal rest,
 From our world - ly care set free, May we rest his day in Thee,
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing rest,

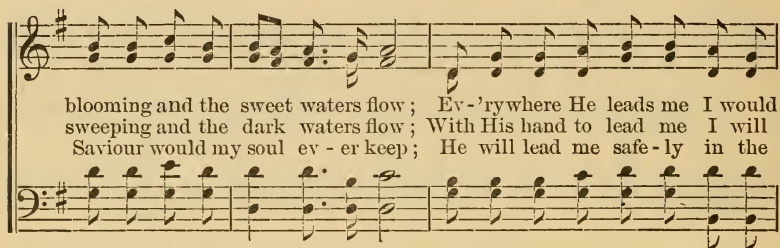
Day of all the week the best, Em - ble - m of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world - ly care set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste, Of our ev - er - last - ing rest.

127. I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

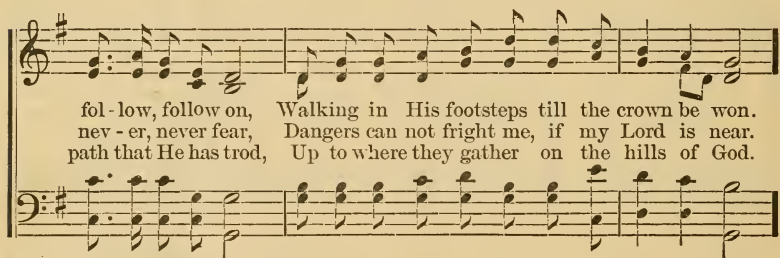
R. E. HUDSON.



1. Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go, Where the flow'rs are
 2. Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go, Where the storms are
 3. Down in the valley, or up-on the mountain steep, Close be-side my

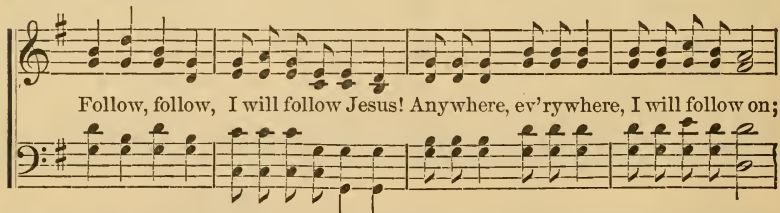


blooming and the sweet waters flow ; Ev-'rywhere He leads me I would
 sweeping and the dark waters flow ; With His hand to lead me I will
 Saviour would my soul ev - er keep ; He will lead me safe-ly in the

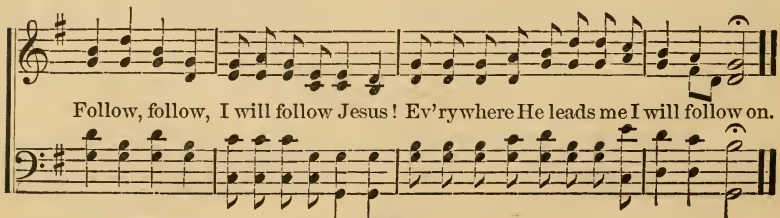


fol-low, follow on, Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won.
 nev - er, never fear, Dangers can not fright me, if my Lord is near.
 path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.

CHORUS.



Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus! Anywhere, ev'rywhere, I will follow on;

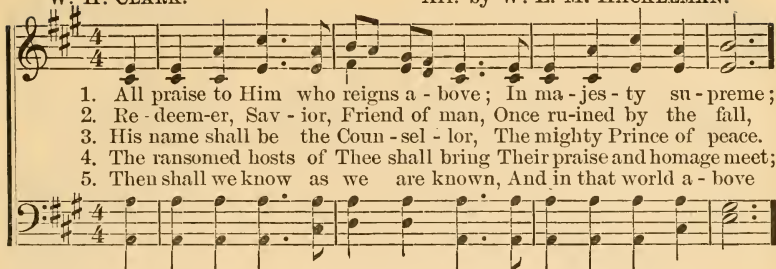


Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus! Ev'rywhere He leads me I will follow on.

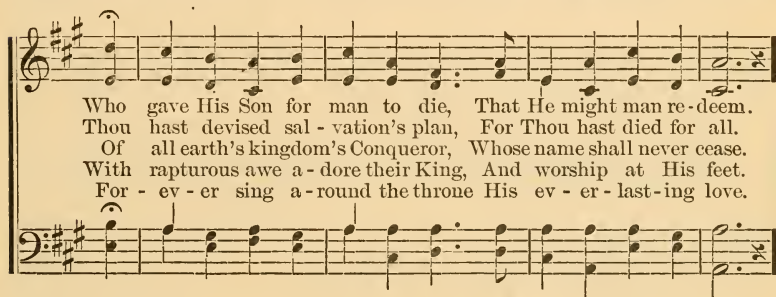
128. BLESSED BE THE NAME.

W. H. CLARK.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

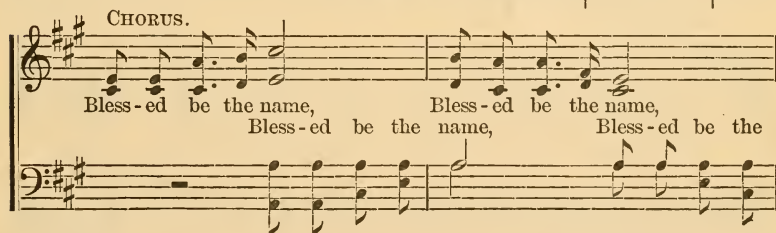


1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove; In ma - jes - ty su - preme;
 2. Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, Friend of man, Once ru - ined by the fall,
 3. His name shall be the Coun - sel - lor, The mighty Prince of peace.
 4. The ransomed hosts of Thee shall bring Their praise and homage meet;
 5. Then shall we know as we are known, And in that world a - bove

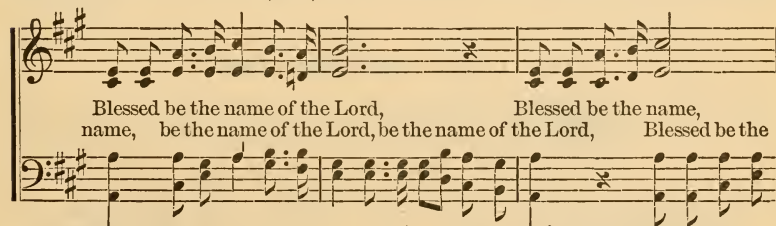


Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.
 Thou hast devised sal - vation's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
 Of all earth's kingdom's Conqueror, Whose name shall never cease.
 With rapturous awe a - dore their King, And worship at His feet.
 For - ev - er sing a - round the throne His ev - er - last - ing love.

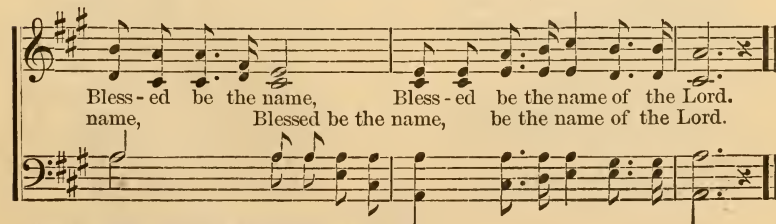
CHORUS.



Bless - ed be the name, Bless - ed be the name,
 Bless - ed be the name, Bless - ed be the



Blessed be the name of the Lord, Blessed be the name,
 name, be the name of the Lord, be the name of the Lord, Blessed be the

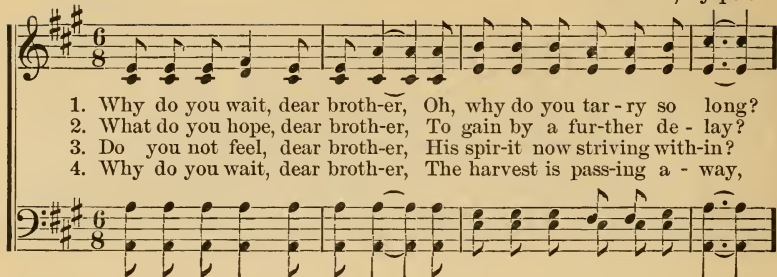


Bless - ed be the name, Bless - ed be the name of the Lord.
 name, Blessed be the name, be the name of the Lord.

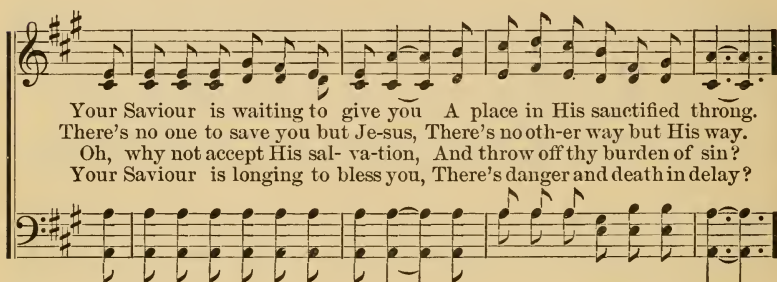
129. WHY DO YOU WAIT?

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

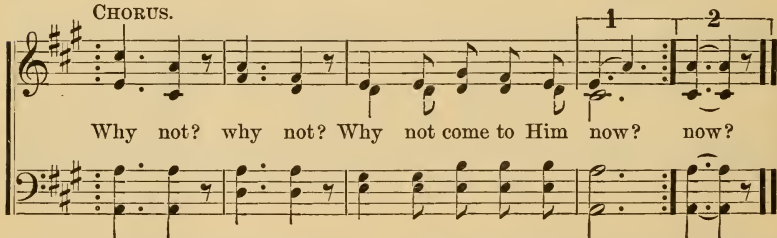


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His spir-it now striving with-in?
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, The harvest is pass-ing a-way,



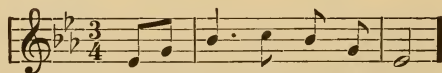
Your Saviour is waiting to give you A place in His sanctified throng.
 There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's nooth-er way but His way.
 Oh, why not accept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy burden of sin?
 Your Saviour is longing to bless you, There's danger and death in delay?

CHORUS.



Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

130. I Hear the Saviour Say.



I hear the Sav-iour say,

1. I hear the Saviour say,
 Thy strength indeed is small;
 Child of weakness, watch and pray,
 Find in Me thine all in all.

Cho.—Jesus paid it all,
 All to Him I owe;
 Sin had left a crimson stain:
 He washed it white as snow.

2. Lord, now indeed I find
 Thy pow'r, and that alone,

Can change the leper's spots,
 And melt the heart of stone.

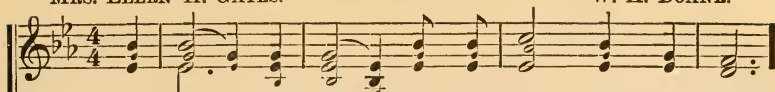
3. For nothing good have I
 Where by Thy grace to claim—
 I'll wash my garments white
 In the blood of Calvary's Lamb

4. And when before the throne
 I stand in Him complete,
 I'll lay my trophies down,
 All down at Jesus' feet.

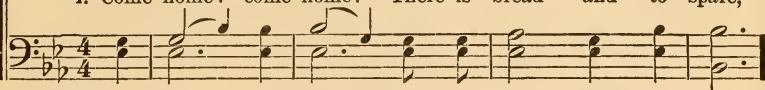
131. PRODIGAL CHILD.*

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

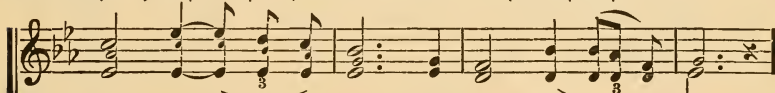
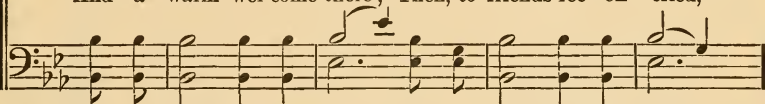
W. H. DOANE.



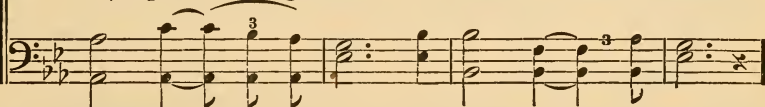
1. Come home! come home! You are wea - ry at heart,
2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait,
3. Come home! come home! From the sor - row and blame,
4. Come home! come home! There is bread and to spare,



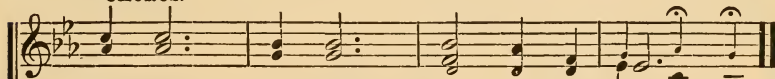
For the way has been dark, And so lone - ly and wild;
And we stand at the gate, While the shad - ows are piled;
From the sin and the shame, And the tempt - er that smiled,
And a warm wel - come there; Then, to friends rec - on - ciled,



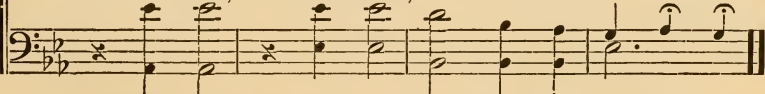
O, prod - i - gal child! Come home! oh come home!



CHORUS.

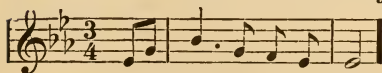


Come home, come home, Come, oh come home.
Come home, come home, come home.



* May be used as a Duet by using small notes with bass in octaves.

132. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.



I hear Thy welcome voice,

1. I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee!
For cleansing in Thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

Cho. I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood,
That flowed on Calvary. 127

2. Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.
3. 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope and peace and trust,
For earth and heaven above.
4. And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That every promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

133. AROUSE THEE!

REV. A. W. CONNER.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. Oh sin - ner, a - rouse thee! The day is draw - ing nigh;
 2. If Je - sus were com - ing In all His pow'r to - night,
 3. Oh how canst thou spurn Him, Who died up - on the tree,
 4. Thy friends now en - treat thee, To come, ac - cept His love,
 5. He on - ly com - mands thee, To HEAR, BE - LEIVE, RE - PENT,
 6. Pre - pare for His com - ing, The way is of - fered thee;

When Je - sus is com - ing, With pow - er from on high.
 Then thou couldst not meet Him, Thy heart would not be right.
 To pur - chase sal - va - tion, So free - ly of - fered thee.
 Oh join with thy loved ones, In praise to Him a - bove.
 CON - FESS, and O - BEY Him; Then feel thy heart's con - tent.
 O - bey his com - mand - ments, And hap - py thou shalt be.

CHORUS.

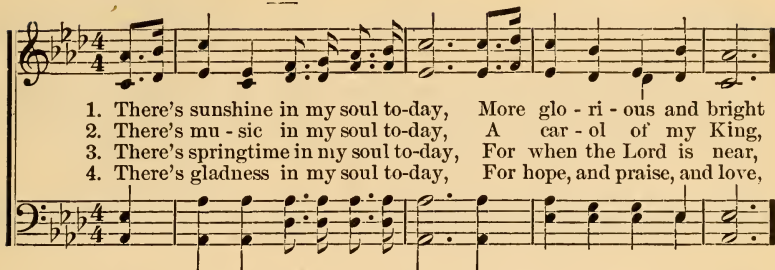
A - rouse thee! a - rouse thee! a - wake!
 A - rouse thee! a - rouse thee! Oh sin - ner a - wake! a - wake!

A - rouse thee! a - rouse thee! And all thy sins for - sake!
 A - rouse thee! a - rouse thee!

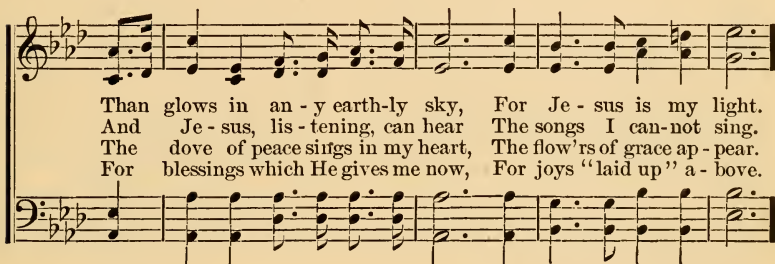
134. SUNSHINE IN MY SOUL.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

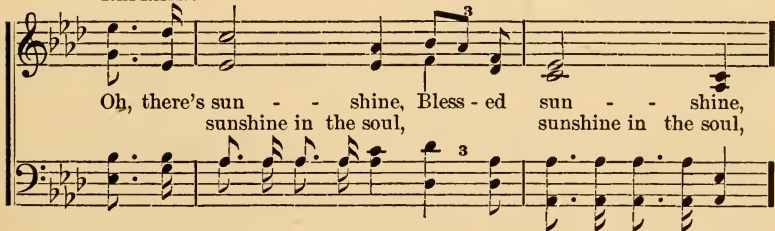


1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
 2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol of my King,
 3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near,
 4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, For hope, and praise, and love,



Than glows in an - y earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
 And Je - sus, lis - tening, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
 For blessings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

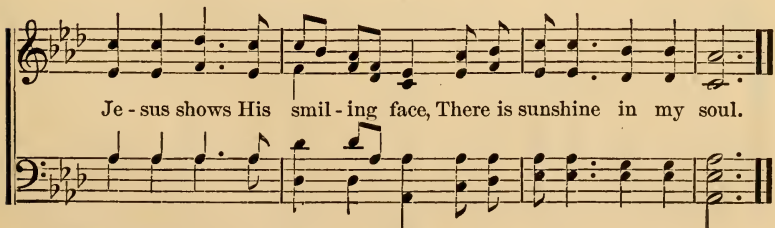
REFRAIN.



Oh, there's sun - - shine, Bless - ed sun - - shine,
 sunshine in the soul, sunshine in the soul,



While the peace - ful, hap - py moments roll; When
 hap - py moments roll;

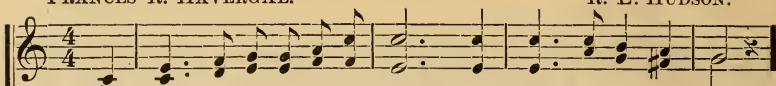


Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sunshine in my soul.


135. THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON.

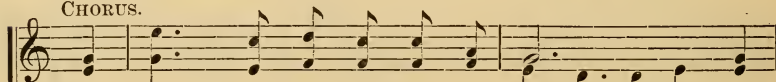


1. I know I love Thee better, Lord, Than an - y earthly joy,
 2. I know that Thou art nearer still Than an - y earthly throng,
 3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
 4. O Sav - ior, precious Savior mine! What will Thy presence be,

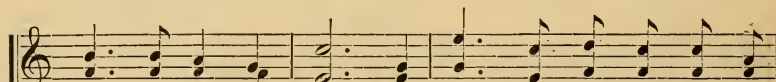


For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
 And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
 Without the se - cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?


CHORUS.



The half has nev - er yet been told, (yet been told,) Of



love so full and free; The half has nev - er yet been



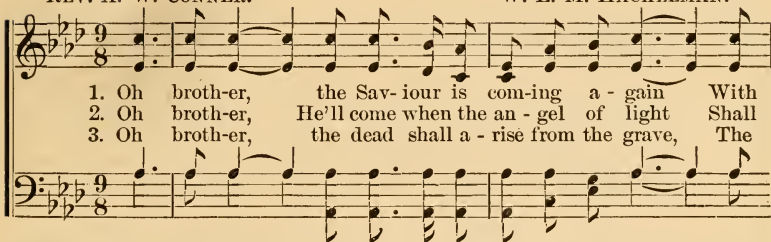
told, (yet been told,) The blood— it cleans - eth me, (cleanseth me.)

136. What Will You Do when the Saviour Comes?

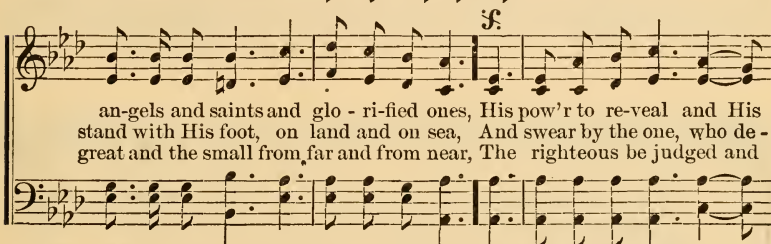
May be used as a Solo.

REV. A. W. CONNER.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

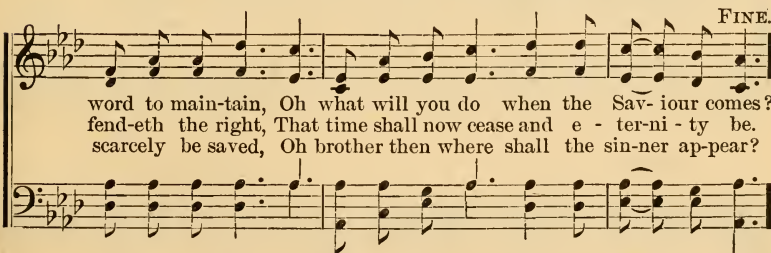


1. Oh broth-er, the Sav-iour is com-ing a - gain With
 2. Oh broth-er, He'll come when the an - gel of light Shall
 3. Oh broth-er, the dead shall a - rise from the grave, The



an-gels and saints and glo - ri-fied ones, His pow'r to re-veal and His
 stand with His foot, on land and on sea, And swear by the one, who de-
 great and the small from far and from near, The righteous be judged and

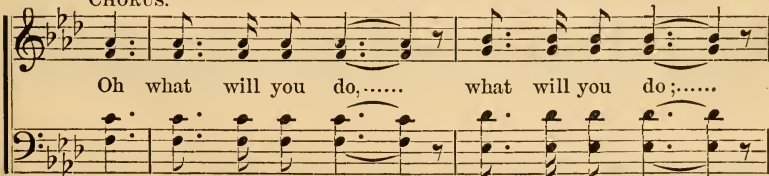
D. S.—He's com-ing to judge, and He's



word to main-tain, Oh what will you do when the Sav-iour comes?
 fend-eth the right, That time shall now cease and e - ter-ni - ty be.
 scarcely be saved, Oh brother then where shall the sin-ner ap-pear?

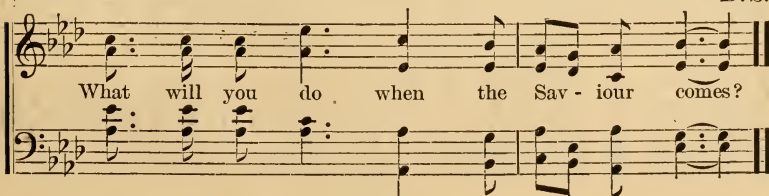
com-ing to save, Oh what will you do when the Sav-iour comes?

CHORUS.



Oh what will you do,..... what will you do;.....

D. S.

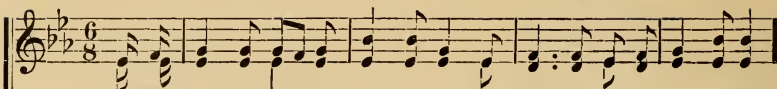


What will you do when the Sav - iour comes?

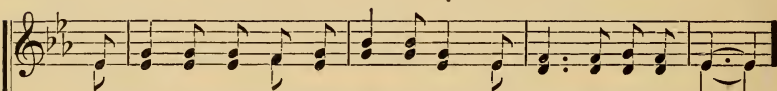
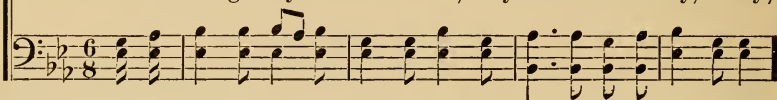
137. ALL TAKEN AWAY.

R. KELSO CARTER.

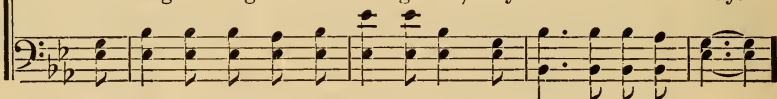
A. A.



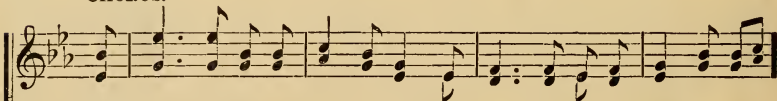
1. Did you hear what Je-sus said to me? They're all tak-en a-way, a-way;
2. Oh, this wondrous grace so free and full; They're all tak-en a-way, a-way;
3. Now the cleansing streams of mercy flow; They're all tak-en a-way, a-way;
4. So I praise the Lord for sins forgiven, They're all tak-en a-way, a-way;
5. And when in glo-ry we meet above; They're all tak-en a-way, a-way;



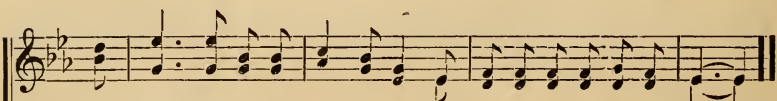
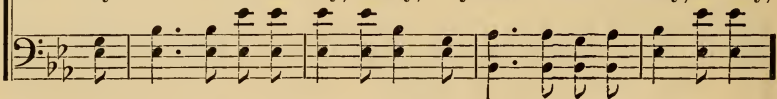
Your sins are par-doned and you are free, They're all tak-en a - way.
 Tho' red like crimson they're now as wool; They're all tak-en a - way.
 My sins like scar-let are white as snow; They're all tak-en a - way.
 While on-ward pressing my way to heav'n; They're all tak-en a - way.
 We'll sing the song of Re-deeming Love; They're all tak-en a - way.



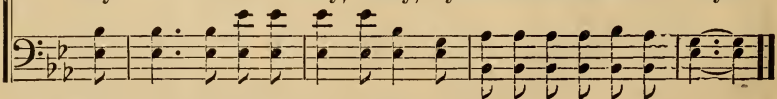
CHORUS.



They're all tak-en a - way, a-way, They're all tak-en a - way, a - way,



They're all tak-en a - way, a-way, My sins are all tak-en a - way.



138. REDEEMED.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. Redeemed, how I love to pro-claim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
 2. Redeemed, and so hap-py in Je-sus, No language my rapture can tell,
 3. I think of my bles-sed Re-deem-er, I think of Him all the day long,
 4. I know I shall see in His beau-ty The King in whose law I de-light.
 5. I know there's a crown that is wait-ing In yon-der bright man-sion for me,

Redeemed thro' his in-fi-nite mer-cy, His child and for-ev-er I am.
 I know that the light of his pres-ence With me doth continual-ly dwell.
 I sing, for I can-not be si-lent, His love is the theme of my song.
 Who lov-ing-ly guardeth my footsteps, And giv-eth me songs in the night.
 And soon, with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

Re-deemed, re-deemed; re-deemed by the blood of the Lamb,
 redeemed, redeemed,

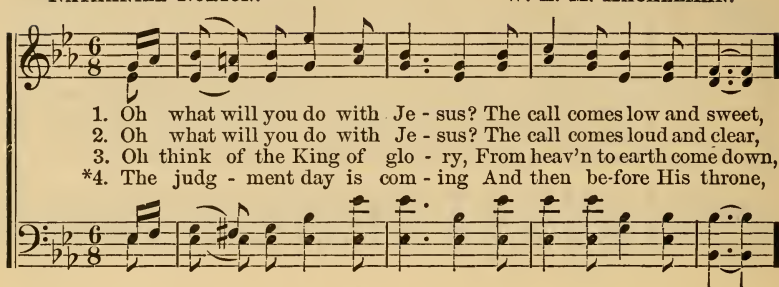
Re-deemed, re-deemed, His child and for-ev-er I am.
 redeemed, redeemed,

139. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH JESUS?

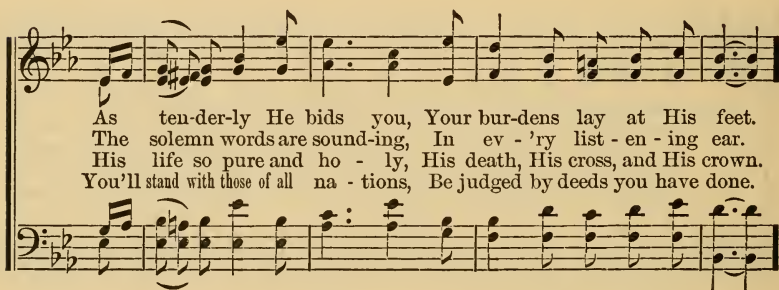
May be used as a Solo.

NATHANIEL NORTON.

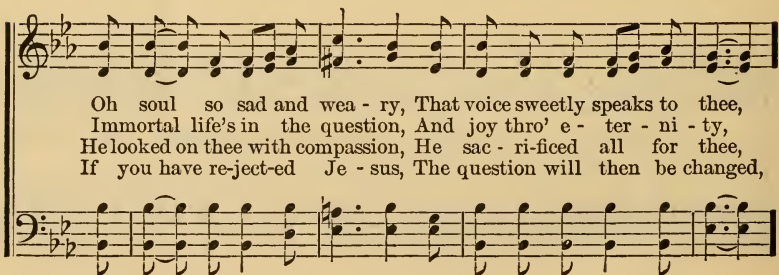
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



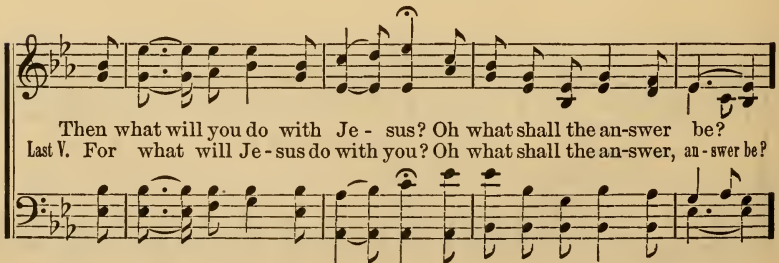
1. Oh what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes low and sweet,
 2. Oh what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes loud and clear,
 3. Oh think of the King of glo - ry, From heav'n to earth come down,
 *4. The judg - ment day is com - ing And then be-fore His throne,



As ten-der-ly He bids you, Your bur-dens lay at His feet.
 The solemn words are sound-ing, In ev - 'ry list - en - ing ear.
 His life so pure and ho - ly, His death, His cross, and His crown.
 You'll stand with those of all na - tions, Be judged by deeds you have done.



Oh soul so sad and wea - ry, That voice sweetly speaks to thee,
 Immortal life's in the question, And joy thro' e - ter - ni - ty,
 He looked on thee with compassion, He sac - ri-ficed all for thee,
 If you have re-ject-ed Je - sus, The question will then be changed,



Then what will you do with Je - sus? Oh what shall the an-swer be?
 Last V. For what will Je - sus do with you? Oh what shall the an-swer, an - swer be?

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH JESUS? Concluded.

CHORUS.

What shall the an - swer be? What shall the an - swer be?
 What shall the an - swer be? What shall the an - swer be?
 Last V. What will He do with you? What will He do with you?
 What will He do with you? What will He do with you?

Oh what will you do with Je - sus? Oh what shall the an - swer be?
 Then what will Je - sus do with you? Oh what shall the an - swer, an - swer be?

140. PRINCE OF PEACE.

MARY BARBER

Arr. from L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. Prince of peace, con-trol my will; Bid this struggling heart be still;
 2. Thou hast bought me with Thy blood, O - pened wide the gate of God:
 3. May Thy will, not mine, be done; May Thy will and mine be one;
 4. Sav-iour, at Thy feet I fall; Thou, my Life, my God, my All.

Bid my fears and doubtings cease; Hush my Spir - it in - to peace.
 Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in be - ing one with Thee.
 Chase these doubtings from my heart—Now Thy per - fect peace im-part.
 Let Thy hap - py ser-vant be, One for - ev - er-more with Thee.

141. OUR SAVIOUR.

MRS. P. R. GIBSON.
Con Spirito.

Solo.

Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. Long years a-go a Sav-iour, In Beth-le-hem was born,
 2. Oh come and let us wor-ship, And bow be-fore His throne,
 3. Oh let us sing the prais-es, That un-to Him be-long,
 4. And when our journey's end-ed, Life's bat-tle fought and won,

8va.

Then o'er a world in darkness, Broke forth a glo-rious morn;
 He is the King of glo-ry, And He must reign a-lone;
 Lift up our hearts in rev'rence, Our voi-ces in sweet song;
 'Tis then we'll hear Him saying, "Come home, my child, well done."

8va. *8va.*

He came the world's pure light, To ban-ish sin's dark night
 Homeless in Gal-i-lee, Thorn-crowned on Cal-va-ry,
 To tell this won-drous love, That He who reigns a-bove,
 We'll meet Our Sav-iour there, And all His glo-ry share,
cres. ff *cres. ff*

8va. *8va.*

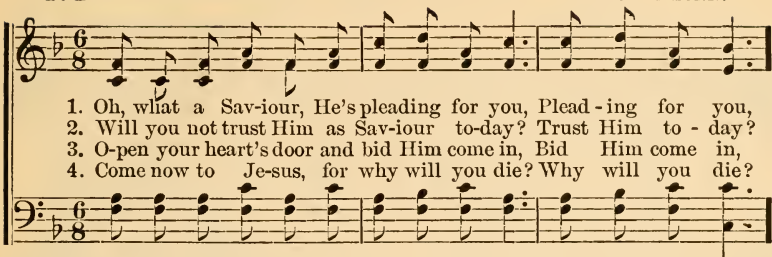
Lift up the poor and fal-len, And give the blind their sight.
 To-day His king-dom glorious, Is o-ver land and sea.
 Is still with us to comfort, Where-ev-er we may rove.
 Where there shall be no sor-row, No tears, no pain, no care.

8va.

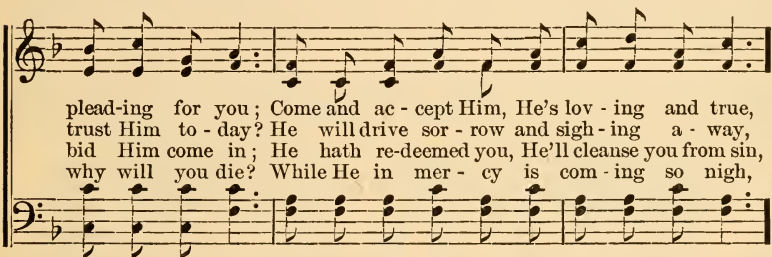
142. BID HIM COME IN.

P. B.

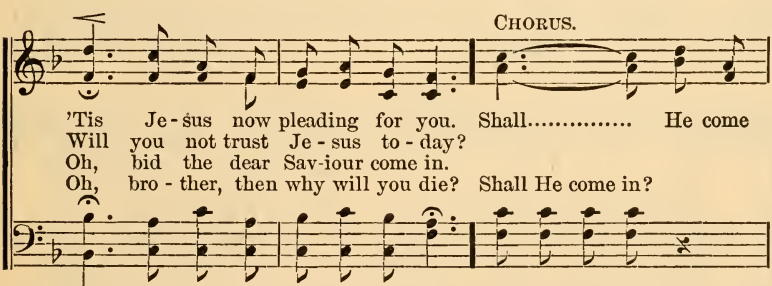
P. BILHORN.



1. Oh, what a Sav-iour, He's pleading for you, Plead - ing for you,
 2. Will you not trust Him as Sav-iour to-day? Trust Him to - day?
 3. O - pen your heart's door and bid Him come in, Bid Him come in,
 4. Come now to Je - sus, for why will you die? Why will you die?

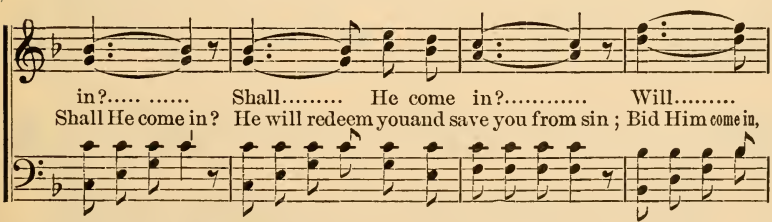


plead - ing for you ; Come and ac - cept Him, He's lov - ing and true,
 trust Him to - day? He will drive sor - row and sigh - ing a - way,
 bid Him come in ; He hath re - deemed you, He'll cleanse you from sin,
 why will you die? While He in mer - cy is com - ing so nigh,

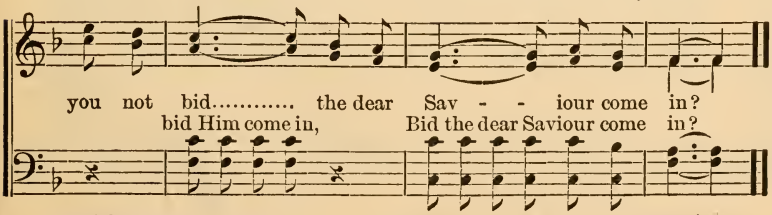


CHORUS.

'Tis Je - sus now pleading for you. Shall..... He come
 Will you not trust Je - sus to - day?
 Oh, bid the dear Sav-iour come in.
 Oh, bro - ther, then why will you die? Shall He come in?



in?..... Shall..... He come in?..... Will.....
 Shall He come in? He will redeem you and save you from sin ; Bid Him come in,



you not bid..... the dear Sav - - iour come in?
 bid Him come in, Bid the dear Saviour come in?

143. LIFE'S STORY IN SONG.

Solo or Quartette.

REV. A. W. CONNER.

Largo espressione.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

1. "Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en," Sang a lad of ten-der years,
2. "Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en," Sang a man of toil and care,
3. "Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en," Sang a pil-grim bent with years,
4. "Je-sus, I my cross have tak-en," Sang they at his last re-quest,

p Lit-tle thinking of life's burdens, Or its coming doubts and fears.
f Ma-n-y friends of earth had left him,—For the cross he chose to bear.
 Sang and tho't of friends de-part-ed, As he trod a vale of tears.
 As they sang he saw a vis-ion, 'Twas his home, his long sought rest.

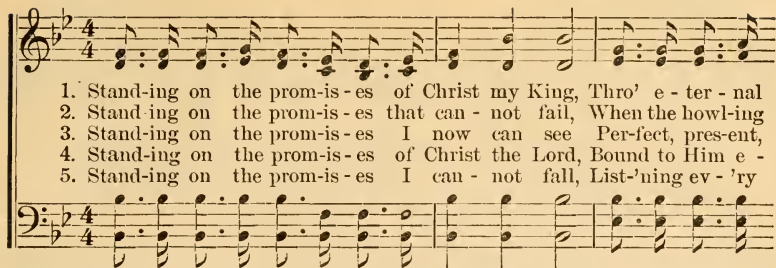
ff Glad-ly he his cross had tak-en, While his heart from care was free;
 Still his heart was fixed on Je-sus, And he trod life's path a-lone;
 Thought, and longed to leave his burdens, And his friends in glo-ry see.
 Then they stopped to catch the whispers, As he trod death's vale a-lone,

p And he sang with true de-votion, "Thou from hence my all shalt be."
 Ev-er sing-ing with submission, "God and Heav'n are still my own."
 But he sang with true e-motion, "Thou from hence my all shalt be."
 And they heard him calmly saying, "God and Heav'n are still my own."
 shalt be.
 my own.

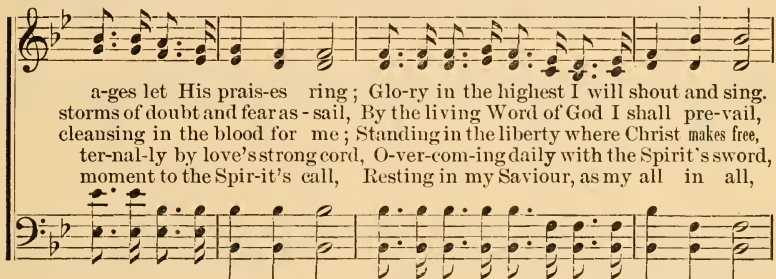
144. STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

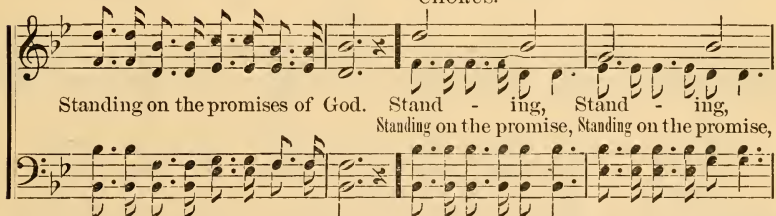


1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
 2. Stand ing on the prom-is-es that can - not fail, When the howl-ing
 3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per-fect, pres-ent,
 4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -
 5. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can - not fall, List-'ning ev - 'ry

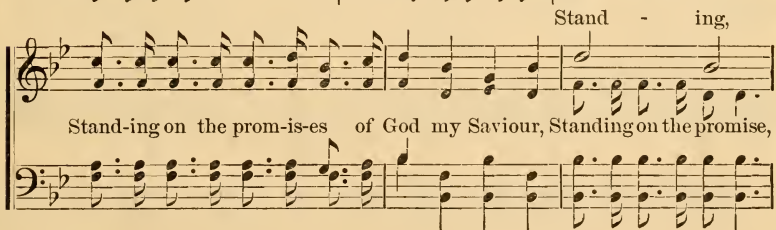


a-ges let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the highest I will shout and sing.
 storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the living Word of God I shall pre-vail,
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
 ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing daily with the Spirit's sword,
 moment to the Spir-it's call, Resting in my Saviour, as my all in all,

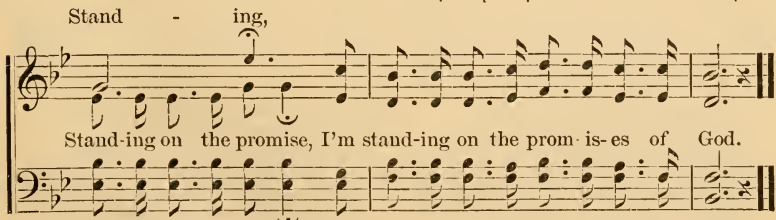
CHORUS.



Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, Stand - ing,
 Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,



Stand - ing,
 Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God my Saviour, Standing on the promise,



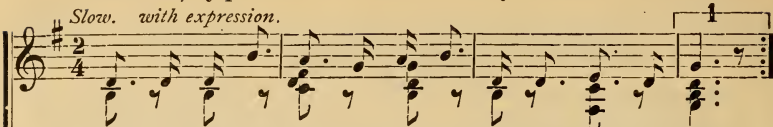
Stand - ing,
 Stand-ing on the promise, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.

145. GOING THRO' THE LAND.

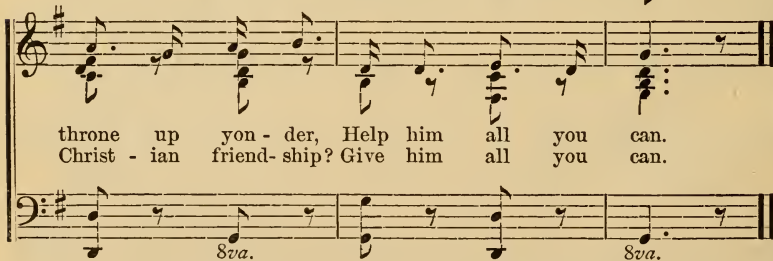
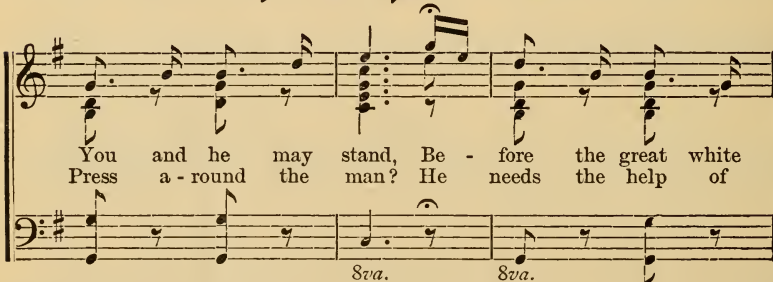
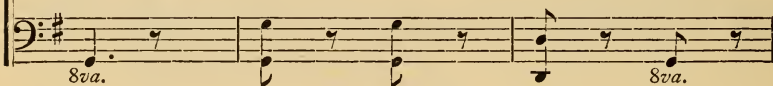
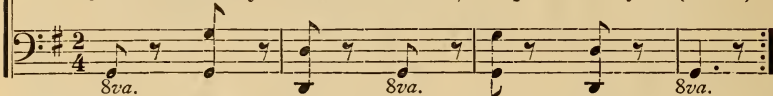
W. D. CORNELL, by per.

Solo. Arr. by W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Slow. with expression.



1. { If a Christian meets a Christ-ian, Go-ing thro' the land,
Just re-mem-ber he's your bro-ther, Reach to him your (*Omit.*)
2. { If a Christian gets in trou-ble, Go-ing thro' the land,
Don't condemn your weak-er bro-ther, Help him all you (*Omit.*)



3. If you meet a soul discouraged,
Going thro' the land,
Show to him God's word of promise,
Cheer him all you can.
For deeds and words in kindness given,
Mend the broken strand :
A little help when one is drowning
Often saves the man.
4. Would you have a home up yonder,
In the better land?
Do to others as you'd have them,
Do to you my man.
And when the Master comes for jewels,
Searching thro' the land,
He'll take thy weary faithful spirit
Home to Beulah Land.

146. THE SINNER'S FEAR, AND CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

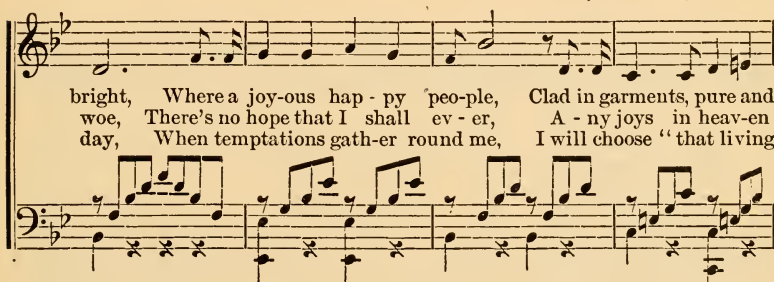
REV. A. W. CONNER.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

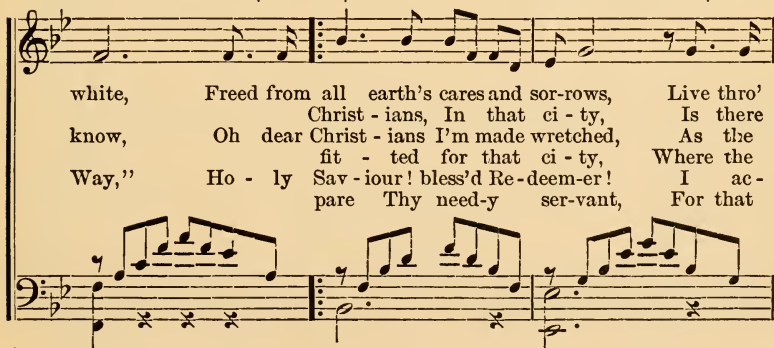
BASS SOLO. *Andante.*



1. Christians, I have heard you speak-ing, Of a ci - ty fair and
 2. While my sins like fet - ters bind me, To this life of guilt and
 3. Yes, I'll hope in Christ my Sav-iour, In His love I'll live each



bright, Where a joy-ous hap - py 'peo-ple, Clad in garments, pure and
 woe, There's no hope that I shall ev - er, A - ny joys in heav-en
 day, When temptations gath-er round me, I will choose "that living



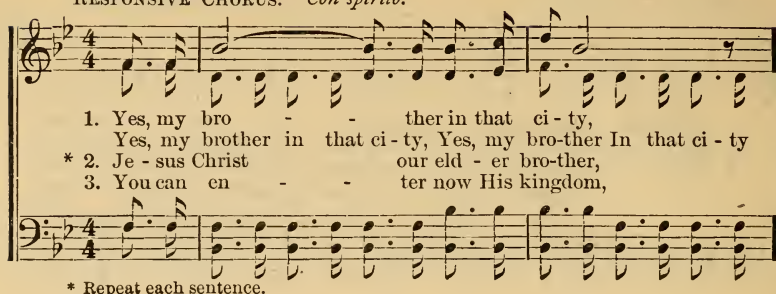
white, Freed from all earth's cares and sor-rows, Live thro'
 know, Oh dear Christ - ians, In that ci - ty, Is there
 Way," Ho - ly Sav - iour! bless'd Re-deem-er! As the
 pare Thy need-y ser-vant, Where the
 I ac-



all e - ter - ni - ty; Tell me } an - y place for me.
 words to me you tell; I'm un- } pure and righteous dwell.
 cept Thy won-drous love; Oh pre- } ci - ty bright a - bove.

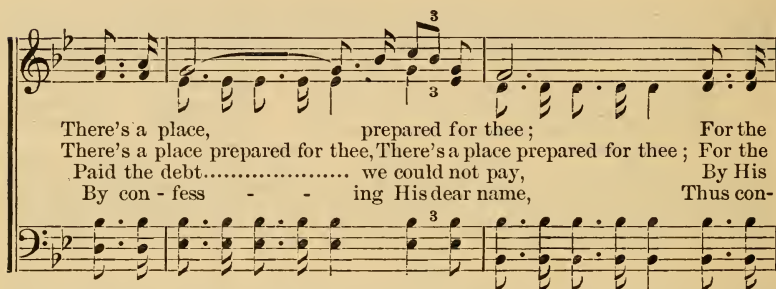
The Sinner's Fear and Christian's Hope.—Continued.

RESPONSIVE CHORUS. *Con spirito.*

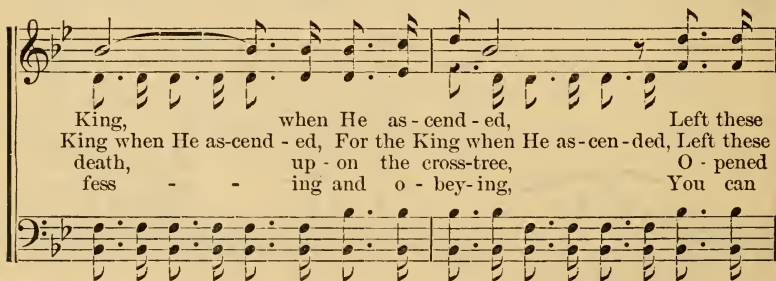


1. Yes, my bro - - - ther in that ci - ty,
 Yes, my brother in that ci - ty, Yes, my bro-ther In that ci - ty
 * 2. Je - sus Christ our eld - er bro-ther,
 3. You can en - - - ter now His kingdom,

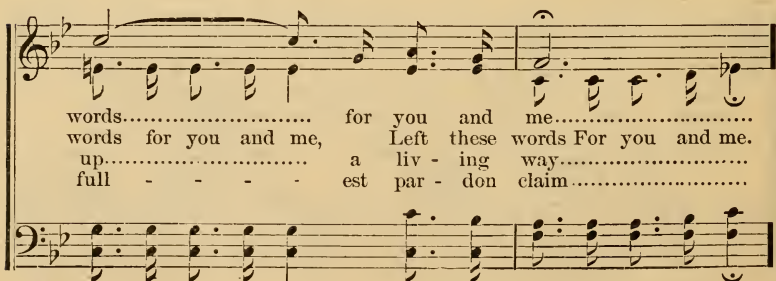
* Repeat each sentence.



There's a place, prepared for thee ; For the
 There's a place prepared for thee, There's a place prepared for thee ; For the
 Paid the debt..... we could not pay, By His
 By con - fess - - - ing His dear name, Thus con-

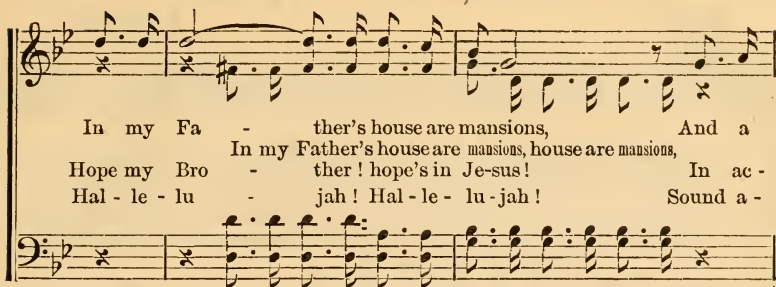


King, when He as - cend - ed, Left these
 King when He as-cend - ed, For the King when He as-cen-ded, Left these
 death, up - on the cross-tree, O - pened
 fess - - - ing and o - bey-ing, You can

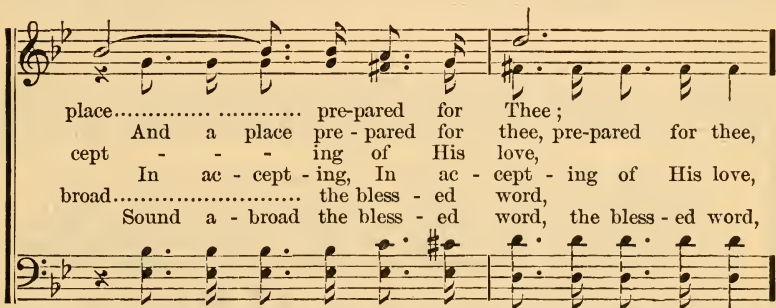


words..... for you and me.....
 words for you and me, Left these words For you and me.
 up..... a liv - ing way.....
 full - - - est par - don claim.....

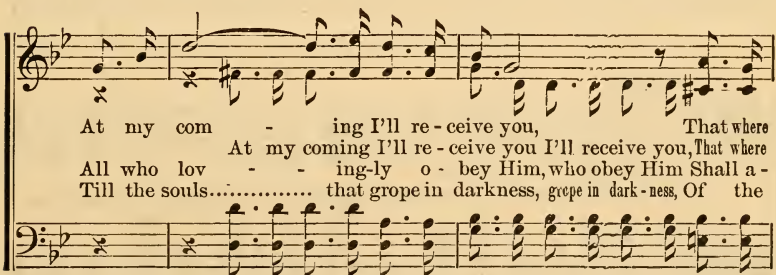
The Sinner's Fear and Christian's Hope.—Concluded.



In my Fa - ther's house are mansions, And a
 Hope my Bro - ther ! hope's in Je-sus ! In ac -
 Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Sound a -



place..... pre-pared for Thee ;
 And a place pre - pared for thee, pre-pared for thee,
 cept - - - ing of His love,
 In ac - cept - ing, In ac - cept - ing of His love,
 broad..... the bless - ed word,
 Sound a - broad the bless - ed word, the bless - ed word,



At my com - ing I'll re - ceive you, That where
 At my coming I'll re - ceive you I'll receive you, That where
 All who lov - ing-ly o - bey Him, who obey Him Shall a -
 Till the souls..... that grope in darkness, grope in dark-ness, Of the

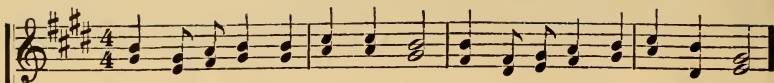


I am you shall be.....
 I am you shall be, That where I am you shall be.
 bide..... with Him a - bove.....
 Sav - - - iour's love have heard.....

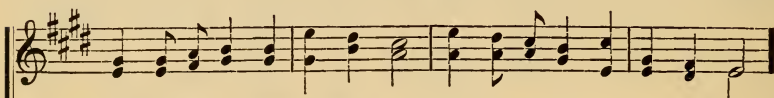
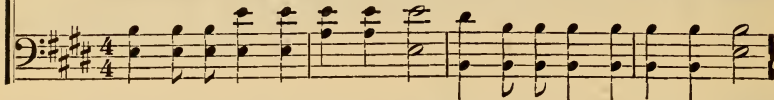
147. COME.

MASON.

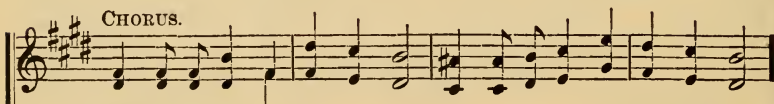
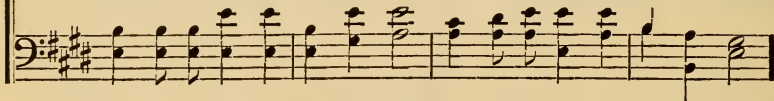
J. E. HAWES.



1. Come to the Saviour, hear His call, Oh, heed the message sent to all;
2. Come while the day of grace is thine, Trust in the Son of God di-vine;
3. List to His ten-der, pleading cry, Why will you stay away to die?
4. None are re-ject-ed, rich or poor, Come, for the King spreads wide the door;
5. What will you do with Christ today? Make now your choice without delay,

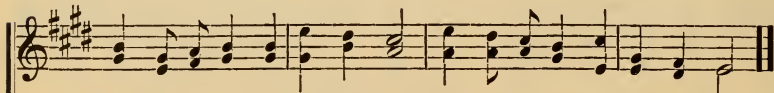


Ye who e-ter-nal life would have, Je-sus the Christ, a-lone can save.
 Give Him Thy love, He died for thee, Died on the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 Je-sus will par-don all your sin, Cleanse you from ev'ry guilty stain.
 Lo, at its por-tal now He stands, Beck'ning to thee with nail-scarred hands.
 An-gels will bear the tidings home, Where loved ones wait for you to come.

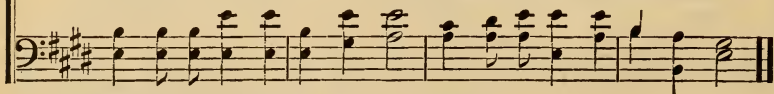


CHORUS.

Come lay thy bur-den at the cross; Earth's gain and glory are but dross;



Come, wea-ry one, in Christ find rest, Trusting His word thou shalt be blest.



148. MORE ABOUT JESUS.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show ;
 2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern ;
 3. More a-bout Je-sus ; in His word, Holding communion with my Lord ;
 4. More a-bout Je-sus ; on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own ;

More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love Who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faithful say - ing mine.
 More of His kingdom's sure increase, More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.

D. S.—More of His sav - ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus ;

149. I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Key of A \flat .

1. I need Thee every hour,
 Most gracious Lord,
 No tender voice like Thine
 Can peace afford.

CHO.—I need Thee, oh ! I need Thee,
 Every hour I need Thee ;
 O bless me now, my Saviour,
 I come to Thee.

2. I need Thee every hour,
 Stay Thou near by ;
 Temptations lose their power
 When Thou art nigh.

3. I need Thee every hour :
 Teach me Thy will ;
 And Thy rich promises
 In me fulfill.

150. HARK! TEN THOUSAND.

THOS. KELLEY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Hark! ten thousand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove! }
 Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joi - ces — Je - sus reigns, the God of love. }

See, He sits on yonder throne : Je - sus rules the world alone.
 See, he sits, Je - sus rules,

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

2.

3.

Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
 All above, and gives it worth :
 Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
 Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
 When we think of love like thine,
 Lord, we own it love divine.
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Lord, we own it love divine.

King of glory, reign forever—
 Thine an everlasting crown :
 Nothing from Thy love shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face.
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Destined to behold Thy face.

151. TAKE THE NAME OF JESUS.

LYDIA BAXTER.

Key of A.

1. Take the name of Jesus with you,
 Child of sorrow and of woe :
 It will joy and comfort give you ;
 Take it, then, where'er you go.
 CHO.—Precious name, O how sweet !
 Hope of earth and joy of heav'n ;
 Precious name, O how sweet !
 Hope of earth and joy of heav'n !
 2. Take the name of Jesus ever,
 As a shield from every snare ;

If temptations round you gather,
 Breathe that holy name in prayer.
 3. O the precious name of Jesus,
 How it thrills our souls with joy,
 When His loving arms receive us,
 And His songs our tongues employ.
 4. At the name of Jesus bowing,
 Falling prostrate at His feet,
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
 When our journey is complete.

152. ANGEL BAND.

REV. JEFFERSON HASCALL, 1860.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. { My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run ; }
 { My strongest tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun. }
 2. { I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear, }
 { For I brush the dew's on Jordan's banks, The cross - ing must be near. }

CHORUS.

p
 O come, angel band, come and around me stand, O, bear me away on your snowy wings, To
 my immortal home. O, bear me away on your snowy wings To my immortal home.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
 My spirit loudly sings ;
 Thy holy ones, behold, they come !
 I hear the noise of wings.</p> | <p>4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
 Who bled and died for me ;
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
 And gives me victory.</p> |
|---|---|

153. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

W. W. WALFORD.

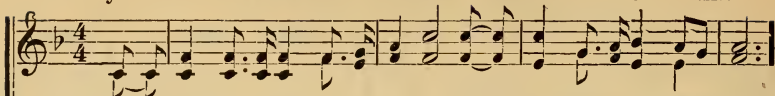
Key of D.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me, at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes known !
 In seasons of distress and grief
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
 Thy wings shall my petition bear
 To Him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless ;
 And since he bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

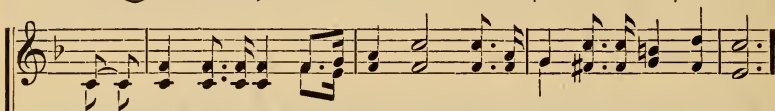
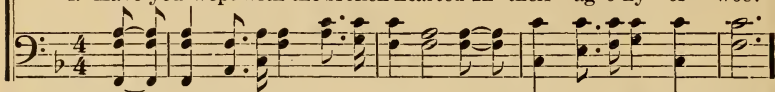
154. THE MASTER'S QUESTIONS.

Arr. by W. E. M. H.

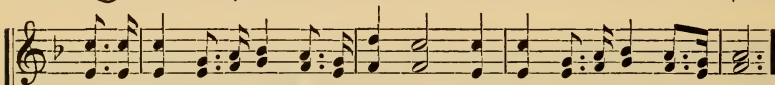
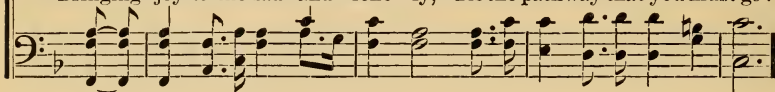
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.



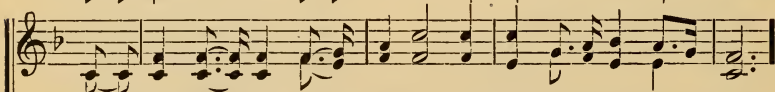
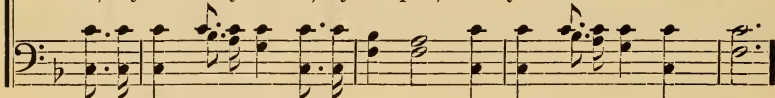
1. Have you looked for the sheep in the des-ert, For those who have missed their way?
2. Have you folded home to your bo-som The trembling ne-glec-ted lamb,
3. Have you car-ried the liv-ing wa - ter, To the parched and the thirsty soul?
4. Have you wept with the broken hearted In their ag-o-ny of woe?



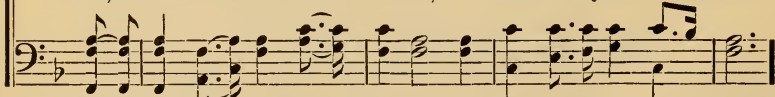
Have you been in the wild waste pla - ces, Where the lost and the wand'ring stray?
And taught to the lit - tle lost one The sound of the Shepherd's name?
Have you said to the sick and wound-ed, Jesus Christ can now make you whole?
Bringing joy to the sad and lone - ly, 'Tis the pathway that you must go!



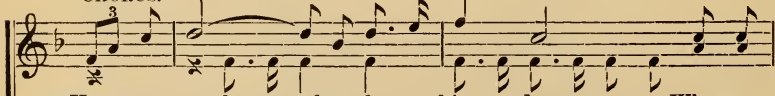
Have you trodden the lone-ly highway, The foul and the darksome street?
Have you searched for the poor and the needy, With no clothing, no home, no bread?
Have you told My weak fainting children Of the strength of the Father's hand?
Oh, My brethren, My friends, My disciples, Can you dare to follow Me?



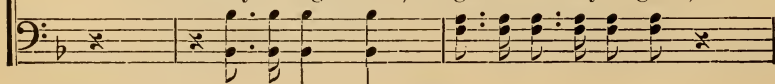
It may be you'd see in the gloam-ing The print of My wounded feet.
The Son of Man was a - mong them—With no where to lay His head.
Have you guided the tottering footsteps To the shore of the "golden land?"
Then, where e'er the Mas-ter dwelleth, There shall ev-'ry ser - vant be.



CHORUS.



Have you sought them for my king - dom— Who are
Have you sought them, Sought them for my kingdom,—



THE MASTER'S QUESTIONS. Concluded.

lost and wandering to-day, Have you told them of their
Who are lost and wandering to-day, Have you told them,

Sav - iour, And tried to help them on their way?
Told them of their Saviour, on their way?

155. COME, SOUND HIS PRAISE.

WATTS.

ISAAC SMITH.

1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing;

Je - ho-vah is the sov - ereign God, The u - ni-ver - sal King.

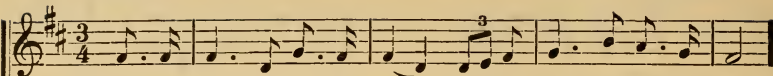
2. Come, worship at His throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His work, and not our own;
He formed us by His word.

3. To-day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

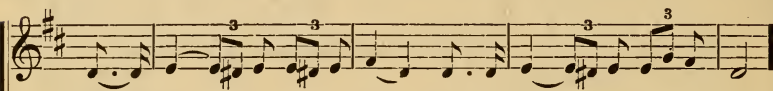
156. REFUGE.

C. WESLEY.

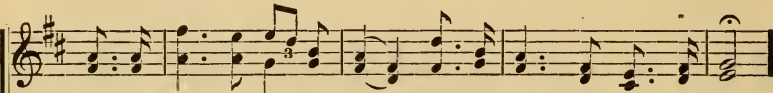
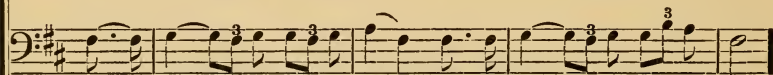
JOS. P. HOLBROOK.



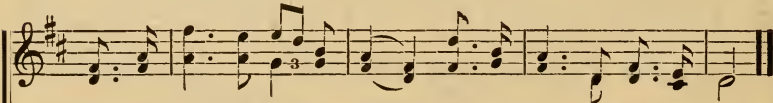
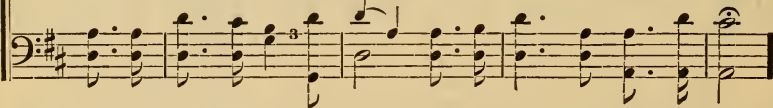
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy ho - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee ;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want ; More than all in Thee I find :
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cov - er all my sin ;



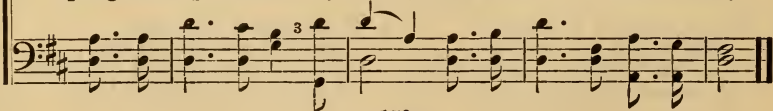
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high ;
 Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me :
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind :
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound ; Make me, keep me, pure with - in ;



Hide me, oh, my Saviour hide, Till the storm of life is past ;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring ;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness ;
 Thou of life the Fountain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee ;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head, With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Vile, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.



157. WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE.

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—JOHN 6 : 61.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. { Sing them o-ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life,
 { Let me more of their beau-ty see, Won-der-ful words of (Omit.)
 2. { Christ, the blessed One gives to all Won-der-ful words of Life.
 { Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of (Omit.)
 3. { Sweet-ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life,
 { Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of (Omit.)

Life, Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty ;
 Life, All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en,
 Life, Je - sus on - ly Sav-iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er,

Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life, Life.

158. STAND UP FOR JESUS.

For Music, See No. 25.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Ye soldiers of the cross ;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss ;
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall He lead,
 Till every foe is vanquished
 And Christ is Lord indeed.</p> <p>2. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 Stand in His strength alone ;
 The arm of flesh will fail you ;
 Ye dare not trust your own</p> | <p>Put on the gospel armor,
 Each piece put on with prayer ;
 Where duty calls or danger,
 Be never wanting there.</p> <p>3. Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
 The strife will not be long ;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song :
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be ;
 He with the King of glory
 Shall reign eternally.</p> |
|--|--|

159. REMEMBER ME.

RICHARD BURNHAM.

ASA HULL.

1. Je - sus, Thou art the sinner's friend ; As such I look to Thee :
 REF.—Re - member me, re - member me, O Lord, remember me ;

Now, in the full - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 Now, in the full - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

2. Remember Thy pure word of grace,
 Remember Calvary ;
 Remember all Thy promises,
 And then remember me.—REF.

3. Thou mighty Advocate with God,
 I yield myself to Thee :
 While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
 O Lord, remember me.—REF.

4. I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile ;
 Yet Thy salvation's free :
 Then in Thy all-abounding grace,
 O Lord, remember me.—REF.

5. And when I close my eyes in death,
 And creature helps all flee,
 Then, O my great Redeemer, Lord,
 I pray, remember me.—REF.

160. LOVING HIM.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Saviour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey :
 2. With a child-like heart of love, At Thy bid - ding may I move ;

Sweeter les - son can not be— Lov - ing Him who first loved me.
 Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee—Lov - ing Him who first loved me.

3. Love in loving finds employ
 In obedience all her joy ;
 Ever new that joy will be—
 Loving Him who first loved me.

4. Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
 Strong to follow in Thy grace ;
 Learning how to love from Thee—
 Loving Him who first loved me.

161. HELP US, O LORD.

T. COTTERILL.

HAYDN.

1. Help us, O Lord, Thy yoke to wear, De-light-ing in Thy will;
 2. He that hath pi-ty on the poor, Doth lend un-to the Lord;

Each oth-ers bur-dens learn to bear; The law of love ful-fill.
 And, lo! His rec-om-pense is sure, For more shall be re-stored.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. To Thee our all devoted be,
 In Whom we move and live;
 Freely we have received from Thee,
 And freely may we give.</p> | <p>4. And while we thus obey Thy word,
 And every want relieve,
 O may we find it, gracious Lord,
 More blest than to receive.</p> |
|---|--|

162. SUN OF MY SOUL.

J. KEBLE.

Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
 2. Whensoft the dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gent-ly steep,

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.</p> | <p>4. Be near to bless me when I wake,
 Ere thro' the world my way I take;
 Abide with me till, in Thy love,
 I lose myself in heaven above.</p> |
|---|--|

163. HOW CAN I BUT LOVE HIM?

J. E. RANKIN.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. So ten - der, so precious, My Sav - iour to me; So true and so
2. So pa - tient, so kind - ly T'ward all of my ways; I blun - der so

REFRAIN.

gracious, I've found Him to be; How can I but love Him? But
blindly— He love still re - pays;

love Him, but love Him? There's no friend above Him, Poor sinner for thee.

3. Of all friends the fairest
And truest is He;
His love is the rarest
That ever can be—REF.

4. His beauty, though bleeding
And circled with thorns,
Is then most exceeding,
For grief Him adorns.—REF.

ANNE STEELE.

164. NAOMA.

H. G. NAGELI.

1. Father; whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies,

Ac - cepted at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:

2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee;

3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

165. MY GRACIOUS REDEEMER.

B. FRANCIS.

GERMAN.

FINE.

1. { My gracious Redeemer I love! His prais-es aloud I'll proclaim; }
 { And join with His armies a-bove, To shout His a-dor-a-ble name. }
 D. C.—And feel them incessantly shine, My boundless in-ef-fa-ble joy.

2. { Earth's palaces, scepters, and crowns, Their pride with disdain I sur-vey; }
 { Their pomps are but shadows and sounds, And pass in a moment a-way. }
 D. C.—My joy ev-er-last-ingly flows— My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

To gaze on His glories di-vine Shall be my e-ter-nal em-ploy.
 The crown that my Saviour bestows Yon permanent sun shall outshine;

166. OLIVE'S BROW.

W. B. TAPPAN.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight, and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone;
 2. 'Tis midnight; and from all remov'd, The Saviour wretches 'lone with fears;

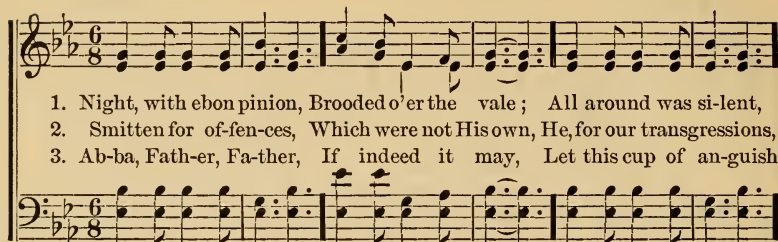
'Tis midnight—in the garden now The suffering Saviour prays a-lone.
 Ev'n that disciple whom He lov'd, Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.

3. 'Tis midnight, and for other's guilt
 The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
 Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
 Is not forsaken by His God.
4. 'Tis midnight, and from ether-plains
 Is borne the song that angels know,
 Unheard by mortals are the strains
 That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

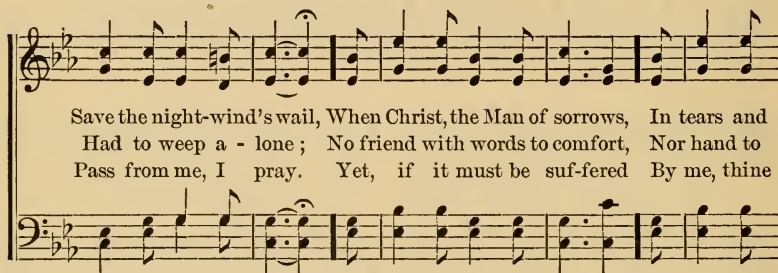
167. NIGHT WITH EBON PINION.

L. H. JAMESON.

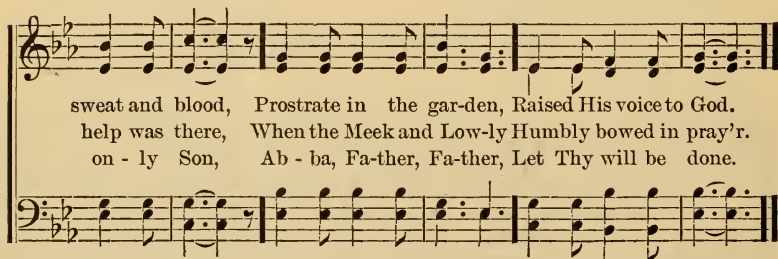
J. P. POWELL.



1. Night, with ebon pinion, Brooded o'er the vale ; All around was si-lent,
2. Smitten for of-fen-ces, Which were not His own, He, for our transgressions,
3. Ab-ba, Fath-er, Fa-ther, If indeed it may, Let this cup of an-guish



Save the night-wind's wail, When Christ, the Man of sorrows, In tears and
Had to weep a - lone ; No friend with words to comfort, Nor hand to
Pass from me, I pray. Yet, if it must be suf-fered By me, thine

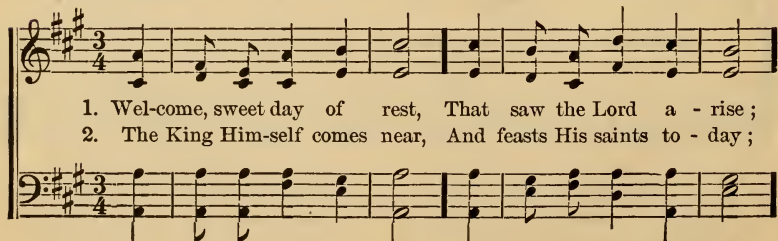


sweat and blood, Prostrate in the gar-den, Raised His voice to God.
help was there, When the Meek and Low-ly Humbly bowed in pray'r.
on - ly Son, Ab - ba, Fa-ther, Fa-ther, Let Thy will be done.

168. SWEET DAY OF REST.

ISAAC WATTS.

DANIEL READ.



1. Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise ;
2. The King Him-self comes near, And feasts His saints to - day ;

SWEET DAY OF REST, Concluded,

Wel-come to this re - viv-ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes!
Here may we sit and see Him here, And love, and praise, and pray,

3. One day, amid the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Within the tents of sin.

4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

169. HE CAME TO SAVE ME.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { When Je - sus laid His crown a - side, He came to save me;
When on the cross He bled and died, (*Omit*)
2. { In my poor heart He came to dwell, He came to save me;
Oh, praise His name, I know it well, (*Omit.*)

REFRAIN.

He came to save me. I'm so glad, I'm so glad,

1. I'm so glad that Je - sus came, And grace is free, (*Omit.*)
He (*Omit.*) came to save me.

3. With gentle hand He leads me still,
He came to save me:
And trusting Him, I fear no ill,
He came to save me.

4. To Him my faith with rapture clings,
He came to save me.
To Him my heart looks up and sings,
He came to save me.

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170. EVENING BLESSING.

J. EDMESTON.

D. E. JONES.

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re- pose our spir-its seal.
2. Tho' de- struc- tion walk a- round us, Tho' the ar- rows past us fly,

Sin and want we come con- fess- ing : Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
An- gel guards from Thee surround us— We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3. Though the night be dark and dreary, Darkness can not hide from Thee ;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

171. SONGS OF PRAISE.

J. MONTGOMERY.

MOZART.

1. Songs of praise a-woke the morn When the Prince of Peace was born ;
2. Heav'n and earth must pass a-way,—Songs of praise must crown the day ;

Songs of praise a-rose when He Cap-tive led cap-tiv-i-ty.
God will make new heav'ns and earth—Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

3. Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

4. Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

172. KING JESUS, REIGN,

RALF WARDLOW.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. King Jesus, reign for- ev- er- more, Un-ri-valed in Thy courts above,
2. No oth-er Lord but Thee we'll know, No other pow'r but Thine confess;

While we, with all Thy saints, adore The wonders of re-deem-ing love.
We'll spread Thine honors while below, And heav'n shall hear us shout Thy grace.

3. We'll sing along the heavenly road That leads us to Thy blest abode;
Till, with the vast, unnumbered throng,
We join in heaven's triumphant song:
4. Till, with pure hands and voices sweet,
We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
And sing of everlasting love,
In everlasting strains above.

173. WHEN I SURVEY.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my Lord;

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.

3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

174. AWAKE, MY TONGUE.

JOHN NEEDHAM.

JOHN HATTON.

1. Awake, my tongue, thy tribute bring To Him who gave thee pow'r to sing;
2. How vast His knowledge! how profound! A deep where all our thoughts are drowned:

Praise Him who is all praise a - bove, The source of wisdom and of love.
The stars He numbers, and their names He gives to all those heav'nly flames.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 3. Thro' each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak His wisdom all divine. | 4. But in redemption, O what grace!
Its wonders, O what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines forever bright;
Praise Him, my soul, with sweet delight. |
|--|---|

175. TO US A CHILD IS BORN.

JOHN MORRISON

LOWELL MASON.

1. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n: Him shall the tribes of earth obey;
2. His nameshall be the Prince of peace, For evermore adored, The Wonderful, the Counselor,

Him, all the hosts of heaven: Him shall the tribes of earth obey; Him, all hosts of heaven.
The great and mighty Lord! The Wonderful, the Counselor, The great and mighty Lord!

- | | |
|---|---|
| 3. His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below. | 4. To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven! |
|---|---|

176. PRAISE THE SAVIOUR'S NAME.

J. V. C.

J. V. COOMBS.

1. The Lord has saved me from my sins, Yes, He has made me free,
 2. I put my trust in Christ the Lord, My voice to Him I'll raise,
 3. Oh, sin-ner, come ac-cept His name, Re-pent, o-bey His word,

And now He bids me fol-low Him, And He my friend will be.
 I'll tell the sto-ry of His love. In songs of grateful praise.
 Con-fess the Christ the Son of God, And He will be your Lord.

CHORUS.

Praise the Sav-iour's name, Praise His ho-ly name, Oh,

Je-sus Christ God's on-ly Son, Praise His ho-ly name.

177. I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

Key of C.

1. I gave my life to thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou might'st ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead.
 I gave, I gave my life for thee:
 What hast thou given for Me?
2. My Father's house of light,
 My glory-circled throne,
 I left—for earthly night,
 For wanderings sad and lone.
 I left, I left it all for thee:
 Hast thou left aught for Me?

3. I suffered much for thee—
 More than thy tongue can tell,
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue thee from hell.
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee:
 What hast thou borne for Me?
4. And I have brought to thee,
 Down from my home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and my love.
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee:
 What hast thou brought to Me?

178. IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

J. BOWRING.

I. CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-oy,

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3. When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance, streaming.
Adds more lustre to the day.</p> | <p>4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified,
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.</p> |
|---|---|

179. AWAKE AND SING.

WM. HAMMOND.

THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Awake, and sing the song Of Moses and the Lamb; Wake, ev - 'ry heart and
2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His rising pow'r; Sing how He in - ter-

ev - 'ry tongue, To praise the Saviour's name, To praise the Saviour's name.
cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore, For those whose sins He bore.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. Sing on your heavenly way,
You ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the glorious King.</p> | <p>4. Soon shall you hear Him say,
"You blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His pilgrims home.</p> |
|---|--|

180. PRAISE THE LORD.

J. KEMPTHORNE.

LOWELL MASON.

Praise the Lord; ye heav'ns, a-dore Him; Praise Him, angels in the height;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of
 Sun and moon, rejoice before Him; Praise Him
 light, Hal-le-lujah! Amen, A-men, A-men, A - men.
 all ye stars of light, Hal-le-lujah!

2. Praise the Lord: for He hath spoken;
 Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
 Laws which never shall be broken,
 For their guidance He hath made.
3. Praise the Lord: for He is glorious;
 Never shall His promise fail;

God hath made His saints victorious;
 Sin and death shall not prevail.

4. Praise the God of our salvation;
 Hosts on high His power proclaim;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify His name.

181. Near the Cross.

Key of G.

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross:
 There a precious fountain,
 Free to all, a living stream,
 Flows from Calvary's mountain.

Chorus:—

- In the cross, in the cross,
 Be my glory ever,
 Till my raptured soul shall find
 Rest beyond the river.
2. Near the cross a trembling soul,
 Love and mercy found me;
 There the bright and morning star
 Sheds its beams around me.
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
 Bring its scenes before me;
 Help me walk from day to day,
 With its shadows o'er me.

—F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

182. Almost Persuaded.

Key of G.

1. "Almost persuaded" now to believe;
 "Almost persuaded" Christ to receive.
 Seems now some soul to say,
 "Go, Spirit, go thy way,
 Some more convenient day
 On thee I'll call."
2. "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
 "Almost persuaded," turn not away.
 Jesus invites you here,
 Angels are lingering near;
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
 O wanderer, come!
3. "Almost persuaded," harvest is past;
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last;
 "Almost" can not avail;
 "Almost" is but to fail—
 Sad, sad that bitter wail—
 "Almost, but lost!"

183. HE LEADETH ME.

J. H. GILMOUR.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me: O blessed thought! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught!
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur or re-pine;
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic-tory's won,

What-e'er I do, where-e'er I be, Still, 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
 By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea—Still, 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
 Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-don leadeth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me; By His own hand He lead-eth me;

His faithful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

184. WHERE'ER THOU GOEST.

T. E. HALL.

T. E. HALL.

1. Wher-e'er Thou go-est I will go; Dear Sav-iour, lead the way;
 2. Wher-e'er Thou go-est I will go, Tho' up the mountain steep;

WHERE'ER THOU GOEST. Concluded.

F. **FINE.**

Just where, or how, I do not know, But thou'lt not lead a - stray.
A faithful guide Thou art I know, So close to Thee I'll keep.

D. S.—Where'er Thou goest I will go, Thro' all life's wea-ry way. *D. S.*

CHORUS.

Wher-e'er Thou go - est I will go, Near Thee I'll keep each day.

3. Where'er Thou goest I will go,
Though in some lonely dell;
Thou wilt be there—how sweet to know:
And cheerless hours dispel.

4. Where'er Thou goest I will go,
Through all my life's rough way;
And, at its end, I'll pass, I know,
Into an endless day.

185. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

MRS. S. F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

F.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, Daylight all gone, Darkness be o - ver me,

D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee,

FINE. **D. S.**

That rais-eth me! Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee!
My rest a stone; Yet, in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near-er to Thee.

3. There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4. Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward, I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

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